



The Abbot Courant

January, 1917

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1917

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLIII., No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
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THE DINING ROOM

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THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. XLIII

JANUARY, 1917

No. 1

Ralph Dougall, "Missing," June 3, 1916

You left our trenches at the break of day,
True-hearted — you who never turned aside
To praise the great or batten on their pride,
But sought, like God, perfection in the play
Of unobtrusive things. You went away
When that lost land where truth may not abide
Was lit with dawn upon the farther side —
A gleam athwart its murk and foul decay.
"Wounded and lost to sight"— no more they tell;
But we who know what honesty was yours,
What clear-eyed blindness to life's vulgar lures,
Know that you reached, beyond the blasts of hell,
The summer day, and that, whate'er befell,
God's light for you increases and endures.

Lillie Dougall, 1884

Cumnor, Oxford,
New Year's Day, 1917

A Royal funeral

The last Sunday in June, 1914, we came down from the peaceful mountains into Austria's great capital, Vienna, and found that city, usually overflowing with life and flashing colors and joyful music, now grieving and angry, its palaces and buildings draped with black, its flags lowered, an ominous silence prevailing. What had happened? The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir-apparent to the Austrian throne, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, had been assassinated in Serbia, and the countries were in an uproar.

Thursday evening, we joined the crowds in the Ring-strasse and waited for the funeral procession to pass by on its way from the railroad to the royal palace. The hours of waiting seemed endless, the mobs were excited, angry, furious; there was nothing to relieve the awful tension that hung like a pall over the city. Did this mean war? War! The mutterings grew high, the soldiers had trouble enforcing order. But there—far down the avenue came the roll of drums, the tramping of many feet. The people struggled once more for the best places of observation, and then, as the procession came into view they eased their fighting, they were so still it seemed as if they had been turned to stone. With hats removed and wet faces, thousands of men stood silently paying their last respects to the late heir-apparent and his beloved wife.

The torch bearers cast a glow over the street and lighted the way for the great war-horses directly behind, in their splendid trappings and plumes. And then followed hundreds of soldiers of the royal guard. Amid a silence disturbed only by the muffled roll of the drums and the sound of marching feet upon hard pavement came the two hearses, each drawn by eight coal-black horses and surrounded by bodyguards. Not a sound from the crowds—except, now and then, uncontrolled sobs—and the moon and the stars looked quietly down upon the sorrowing people.

The procession passed on. The people were held spell-bound a moment by the impressive sight and then pandemonium broke loose. Peaceful citizens feared for their lives among the unruly crowd and hastened to their homes.

The next morning we arose early for we had heard that the public might go to the chapel during the last services for the deceased in Vienna. The doors were to be opened at eight o'clock. We had been warned that if we did not get there early we should not get in at all; consequently it was six o'clock that morning when we reached Holburg. We found a crowd—a long line of people, six abreast—waiting outside the chapel for admittance. The line already was six blocks long and we felt rather discouraged by the prospect as we placed ourselves at the end of it. We were amazed to find that within fifteen minutes there was another line behind us, stretching back for a block and a half and that more people were adding themselves to it every minute. On either side of us was a line of soldiers with guns in their hands ready for use. It was rather disconcerting to stand for hours before such soldiers as these. They looked ready to fire upon one if he made the slightest move.

At eight o'clock the doors were opened and the line began to move. At the entrance to the courtyard the people had to enter in single file and this delayed matters somewhat, so it was ten o'clock by the time we reached the place. We passed quickly through the courtyard and up a private staircase into the Hofburg. There seemed to be soldiers on every side of us and we were conducted by them through several rooms until we reached the chapel—our destination.

The walls of the chapel were covered with the most beautiful flowers to be had and the whole room was a mass of loveliness. On three sides of the room were altars, and here priests in richly colored robes were saying mass. At the back of the room were a few seats, and here sat members of the royal family, and other noble persons. But that to which all eyes were turned was in the center of the room. On a raised dais of white velvet, stood the two coffins, side by side. Over them and around them on the dias were scattered the royal jewels. There were crowns and rings and stars and beautiful swords and many other ornaments made of stones of the finest water; they flashed and sparkled as they lay there carelessly. They were not unguarded, however. Around the dais were stationed the Austrian bodyguards, famous the world over. They were over six feet tall and stood looking

straight before them. The sun, stealing through some small windows above the front altar, gleamed on their drawn sabers and on their-tiger skins, thrown gracefully over their broad shouders.

Awe-struck, the people passed in a single line around the room and out into the other rooms. We went into the front courtyard this time and it seemed good to be in the bright sunshine.

Elizabeth Holmes, C. P. 1918

A Romance of the Woods

The chargers stamp impatiently,
The greyhounds leap and bark,
The good king goes upon a hunt,
And fain would make a start.

At eve with trophies of the chase,
The king and his men stood
In silence, by a small, clear brook
That babbled through the wood.

The peaceful calm of parting day,
The reverie of them all
Was broken by a rare sweet song
Which on their ears did fall.

As they with baited breath did wait,
The bushes moved apart
And showed the spirit of the wood
Which captured the king's heart.

A maid with tumbled, nut-brown hair,
And cheeks pink as the rose,
Her lips shaped like a Cupid's bow,
Stood clad in ragged clothes.

"Your voice thrills with the truth of life;
Your charm is not of art."
"I am the spirit of the woods,
My song from out my heart."

"I've found you now, my queen of love."
He put her on his steed.
Together they two rode away,
Though she with him did plead.

She had rich robes bedecked with pearls,
Maids numbering twenty-three.
She did not know this kind of life,
And ill at ease was she.

She tried to sing as in the wood,
To make her husband gay,
But found her voice a prisoned thing
And sadly went away.

Beside the brook there lay a dress,
And in its depths a ring;
Now one might hear again full oft
The loosened spirit sing.

Margaret Van Voorhis, 1918

A Winter Day

A winter day by the sea! The ocean lay comparatively quiet, with only a few choppy white-caps to break the monotony of the vast stretch of slate-colored water. A few gulls swept in wide circles over some intended prey, raising their note in a shriek as they suddenly dropped down into the water. Across the harbor the sound of the water incessantly breaking upon the sea wall came back again and again with a dull boom. The day goes on, and with it the sky begins to match the water. Soft grey and white clouds drift across the sky; the white clouds give way to the grey. The rocks turn into a dull purple-grey, as though by some magic power. The whole scene might well be termed a "study in grey"! But no! Across the water a flash of white appears! The full set sails of a boat beating into shelter before the arrival of the fast approaching storm. Behind this, the flash of another set of sails, bound on the same errand. A sudden dead calm—the calm before the breaking of the storm, and then the storm itself. Not a howling north-east blow, with beating wind and breaking waves, but a quiet veil of whiteness extending from the heavens to the water, a blur of homlier objects, a softening of every thing into a white drifting cloud, which touched the water with a mist of oblivion. Thus on and on until an early darkness hides both earth and water, to await the arrival of a new day sparkling with the jewels of a vast snow-storm.

Katherine Pinckney, 1918

On the Pacific

As I was sailing over the expansive Pacific, some weeks ago, there happened an event which impressed me deeply. When we were about three days out from Shanghai, we reached Yokahama. As soon as the boat was anchored, the Japanese came on board in search of Koreans. Unfortunately, there was one Korean girl on board. She dressed herself in Chinese costume, but in some way or other the Japanese found this out. For two days they paced up and down, looking for this girl. But, providentially, she had two very kind and sympathetic cabin-mates. So these, with the aid of the cabin boy—hid her beneath her berth. They had great difficulty in expressing to her the trouble that had befallen her, for she understood neither English nor Chinese.

As all this was going on, I thought of poor Korea. What a wretched time she is experiencing—how difficult it will be for her to escape the despotic rule of Japan! Ought we—who still retain our own governments—not to be grateful? The Japanese, as I understand, had been trying to prevent the Koreans from being educated. Yet when we arrived at San Francisco, we found that there were quite a number of Koreans receiving their education at the University of California. In spite of the interference of the Japanese, these “faithful few” had the courage to come over to America. Their ambition is so great that their courage is strengthened by it.

Why do the Japanese want the Koreans to be uneducated, ignorant people? Is this not simply to keep them subordinate to their rule? Tyranny—as we all know—does not help in making tributary nations submissive. They, in fear of despotism, may appear to be so; but in reality, in their hearts lies the flame of rebellion, or rather the motive to save their own country. The greater the oppression, likewise will the patriotism of the oppressed be. It is not by pride nor by haughtiness that we win the hearts of men, but by love and good-will.

Tsing Ling Li, 1918

Betty's Awakening

"Oh, I can't wait to get home!" Betty informed herself excitedly. She settled herself comfortably in the big brown chair as the train pulled out of the station.

"Just imagine going to a real dance! Why, I haven't been to one for ages—not since I've been cooped up in that school. And there's Mother and Dad! I'm just wild to see the dears! We'll all have such a wonderful time together. Of course there will be dances and parties evenings, but I can see Mother mornings and then I can run in to the office to see Dad any time I'm in town."

She tried to content herself with the comforting thought, "They were young once, they'll understand."

Yes, they would understand. But it would hurt. Many long evenings had those parents sat together in the cozy library, making plans for Betty, and looking forward, with the eagerness of their whole hearts, to the return of that young life which meant so much to them. They were confronting financial reverses. But Betty must not know—at least, not yet! Already two faithful servants had been dismissed and the hand of economy had tightened its grasp on the household purse-strings.

"Oh, you dear!" cried Betty as she alighted from the train steps. She rushed into the embrace of two big fatherly arms. "Weren't you a peach to come for me yourself! I'm so glad you didn't send John," she chattered as she climbed into the roadster which awaited them.

The man said nothing. A sad smile played on his once jolly lips. But Betty didn't notice. On and on she prattled until they stopped before the entrance of their beautiful suburban home.

"It's awfully dark! Doesn't look as though anyone's home," she added. Just then the porch light shone. The door opened. "Hello Mother! I'm back," she called to the slender figure in the doorway. As she stooped to kiss those faded lips she might have seen the silver glisten among the dark locks of her hair—the man who stood beside them saw.

"How are you, Katie?" she greeted the ancient cook with a friendly smile as she entered the dining-room. "Why, where's Mary?"

"Oh, Mary had to leave rather suddenly," returned her father after his usual jolly manner. "Katie's chief cook and bottle washer now, aren't you Katie?" he laughed.

Katie grinned her approval and shuffled her way out.

"Well, Girlie, we shall want some more of those gay stories this evening in the library, shan't we, Mother?" he said as he led them out of the dining room, one under each arm.

"I'm sorry, Dad," Betty flushed. "But you see Jack's coming over this evening—and I look like the Dickens so I'll—"

"Oh, yes, Miss Vanity, I meant to have had your mirror enlarged, but I declare I forgot all about it," he teased.

Betty laughed, hugged them both and rushed up the broad stair case.

The two watched her fleeting figure out of sight. Then they entered the library—that protecting harbor of all their hopes. Neither attempted to break the stillness of that silence for a long time. A lump of disappointment was in the throat of each. Finally when the silence was broken they talked of everything but the one thing that was nearest their hearts.

"Good morning, Dad," greeted Betty from the doorway of the breakfast room the next morning. "Where's Mother?"

The man looked up absently from the newspaper which was spread out at one side of his plate.

"Oh, good morning, Betty," he answered, half mechanically. "Mother isn't feeling well. She won't be down till later."

"I'm so sorry! But you and I can have breakfast together, can't we?" she added sweetly.

"I'm afraid not, dear, I have to be off now to catch my train."

"Why! So early! Can't John take you in later?"

He had already left the room and Betty's questions remained unanswered.

"Oh dear," she sighed. "I thought I was starved—but I can't eat a thing. What's the matter? Everything seems so strange around here!"

She left the table unmindful of where she went. Presently she stood in front of her Mother's door. She knocked.

"Come in," came faintly from the depths of the bed within. Betty went softly in that direction and knelt down by its side.

"What is it, Muddie? What is it?" she begged.

The tired eyes closed—not too soon to hide the tears that were gathering there. "I can't talk now, dear," she whispered, "It will be all right—later."

"Why, Muddie, you're ill! I'll call——" and she rushed to the telephone.

An hour later the family doctor came out from the sick room and gently closed the door behind him. Betty was anxiously waiting on the top stair.

"She's very tired, Betty, and needs a long rest and good care."

"Can't I do something to help, Dr. Mason? I don't know much about nursing," she added apologetically, "but——"

"You'll do," he broke in. He was an intimate friend of the family and understood the circumstances of it better than did its own daughter.

For three long days and the greater part of as many nights, Betty watched by the bedside of the frail mother. She was learning the things she had refused to find in books. She was learning the sadness of sorrow and the true value of that life that seemed slipping away from her. She knew the real situation of her new circumstances. At length came a shade of improvement in her mother which grew slowly but surely, day by day.

One evening, after her patient had gone to sleep, the tired little nurse slipped down the stairs and in through the library door.

A man sat in a big leather chair by the open fire. Betty went to him and, putting her young arm around his tired shoulders, sat on the arm of his chair. His shoulders raised perceptibly as if part of their load had been lifted. For a long time they sat thus, gazing into the fire; each was thinking his own thoughts. For the first time, Betty stopped to wonder what the other girls had been doing in those long days which had been such a mental and physical strain on her. There was no regret in her thoughts.

She could take back to school with her something new—that thoughtfulness for the comfort of others, which had never been awakened in her before.

“It wasn’t easy to gain, either,” she added with a sigh.

“What’s the matter, Girlie?” Her father looked up questioningly at this slight demonstration of feeling. “Tired?”

“No, Dad, I’m just being glad,” she breathed—“Glad that I’ve really begun to live!”

The man tightened his grasp on the small hand that rested in his. He understood.

Lucy Atwood, 1917

Kittens at Play

One soft, small ball of grey hides 'neath the chair
And with a glistening eye peeks out from there.
No danger near? A paw put forth with care,
A stealthy creeping out. Ah! but beware.
Two other eyes are watching with an air
Of craft. A ball of black does now prepare
To pounce. A cuff, a hiss, a short, mad tear.
Back, once again, to safety 'neath the chair

Elizabeth Bacon, 1917

An Incident of My Childhood

As I sit down to recall the things of my childhood everything seems to be in a dream, but there is one thing which I still remember well and clearly as if it had happened at this very moment. I have told it over and over again, but I am very happy to tell it once more.

One summer day Mother told me that we were all going to the woods that afternoon. Aunt and she bought many flowers, so I wondered what were we going to do, but I was so excited that I did not care to ask then. The flowers were a wonder to me that day.

When we came to the forest, Father led us to a place where we had never gone before and when he stopped I saw there was a cottage and in front there were several monuments. As we approached the place everyone was quiet and they planted the flowers around the graves. I did not understand what all the things meant, but I could wait until all was over, for something seemed to have stopped my childish curiosity.

We sang several hymns and we sat down to talk. I could not keep my silence any longer so I asked, and they were all so kind and tried to explain to me. Aunt told me that when I was only a little more than a year old there was a great rebellion in the northern part of China, where Peking is situated. The rebels went about to seek for Christians and asked whether they believed in Christianity or not. If they did believe, they were killed, but if they swore against their faith they could save their lives, and many had yielded to the temptation.

My grandfather was a pastor of a church not far north from Peking. During the rebellious time he and my grandmother and two of their children lived in a house near the church. All the Christians around that place came to ask for help and advice. He knew there was no other way, so he comforted them with the words of God. He wished to strengthen them a little, too, and asked them to hide themselves in the country place for some time. At last most of the people had gone, so he thought they ought to hide for several days until the rebels were quieted a little bit, so they started to go, but the rebels came to the door at the same time.

The first question they asked was "Are you Christians?" "Yes, we are," was the brave answer. When the rebels saw that they were so brave they said, "We do not want to kill you, but if you still hold your foreign religion we can not help it. If you swear against religion we will let you free." But they received an answer saying, "What can you do to hurt us, for the Almighty One is our Lord, Saviour and Redeemer. It is better to follow God than man." Then the rebels took the youngest child and killed her to see if they would be tempted or not, but their faith was the firmer, so they all laid down their lives for their Saviour who died for them. God took them to heaven as I was told. And my father came to preach to the people who had killed his parents, brother and sister.

At that time I could not keep my tears from running down, but I was so happy they had died for God that henceforth I have a wish to accomplish what they wanted to do. That is the message of invitation for everybody to the everlasting life. Since then I have not forgotten what was told to me and I am hoping all the time that I am doing a little of my wish.

Katherine Chen, 1918

A Mistake in Identity

It had been cold all day and after the sun sank it was even colder. Dusk had settled over the land. There was no sound save the low moaning of the wind through the dead leaves of the trees. I was hurrying home, the milk-can clutched tightly in my right hand, a pat of butter in my left. As I walked swiftly along the lonely old road, I couldn't help thinking of all the awful ghost stories I had ever heard. My hair began to rise and I broke into a run. Of course Mother should have sent Jack, I thought. How I wished I were home.

Before me were Carter's Woods, growing densely on either side of the road, and very thick and dark in the deep twilight. I ran faster, faster, till my feet scarcely touched the ground. Would that awful forest *never* end? All out of breath I stopped, for the woods had ended and father's broad fields stretched away into the darkness. Like a streak of lightning a shiver went up and down my spine. What was that coming toward me, that great, white thing, so silent, so ghost-like, so mysterious? Nearer, nearer it came. I tried to scream but in vain! Oh how long the seconds seemed! Yes I knew I had been naughty in school. I had talked back to Mother; oh yes, loads of things—but to come to this! Would something (I didn't seem to care just what) never happen? A low call reached my terrified ears, my heart skipped a beat and then—I laughed! Of course! I had forgotten all about poor Dolly in my rush for the milk. I had neglected to bring her in from the pasture, and she, getting tired of waiting, had wandered out into the lane.

I slipped my hand into her silky mane and we walked home together, that great, lovable old horse, who wouldn't hurt a fly, and her foolish, trembling mistress.

Grace Prescott, 1920

Jerry

One clear, frosty morning in October, I was walking in the woods behind our house with my dog Jerry. Jerry's one great fault was his mania for chasing squirrels and cats. He was very clumsy and hasty in his methods, however, so the cats in the neighborhood scorned him, and the squirrels delighted in teasing him by sitting bolt upright on their hind legs staring at him, while he, with a great affectation of cunning, would crawl towards them for a few minutes, then growing impatient, spring at them with joyous, self-confident barks, whereupon, with a disdainful whisk of their tails, they would skip up to the topmost branches and chatter merrily at his discomfiture.

He never lost hope, though, and now he was sniffing eagerly on each side of the path, fully expecting at last to discover a fat, lazy squirrel, less spry than most of its tribe, which would allow itself to be devoured. Sometimes he would give a challenging bark, but the squirrels were busily storing nuts in the treetops and only took time to drop a few shells on him with a tantalizing "chitter." This enraged him, and he trotted on with ears pricked, growling in his throat.

After a time we came to a great oak, around whose roots was a tangle of bright poison-ivy vine. Curled up in this I noticed a small bristly brown ball, and so did Jerry. He stopped abruptly, quivering with excitement. This squirrel actually looked asleep! He began to crawl cautiously towards it, his nose wriggling, his tail twitching. Seeing that it did not move, agitation overcame him and he pounced upon it with a triumphant bark. He snatched it in his gaping mouth and half closed his jaws with a delighted snarl. Instantly he dropped it as if it were red-hot, gave an astounded and agonized yelp, and dashed madly off, with his tail between his legs, wildly shaking his head and howling with all the power of his lungs. The ball picked itself up, leisurely shook itself and waddled off.

It took a long time to extract the quills from poor Jerry's smarting mouth. He could eat nothing but bread soaked in milk for a week, and has showed a chilly indifference to squirrels since that day.

Mary Shipman, 1920

The Lady in the Picture

He had discovered the picture one day while engaged in a game of robber bandits, which was taking him all over the great house. Now, playing robber bandits by one's self, however great may be one's powers of imagination, is sadly lacking in excitement, so Philip had stopped to rest in the room where he happened to be when his inspiration deserted. Then it was that he first made the acquaintance of his Lady. She gazed down at him from the wall, with dreamy, half-closed eyes. She was dressed in clinging white, her shoulders bare, and she was encircled by a blue cloud of smoke from the cigarette which she held carelessly between two fingers. She seemed very attractive to Philip, who decided that she must be an Angel. He dimly remembered some bed-time tales of his dead mother in which these personages had largely figured. They always wore clinging white, and were encircled by clouds, he remembered, and always smiled kindly at inquisitive little boys.

Philip's mother had died when he was but three years old, and his father had followed her a few months later. The boy was left to the care of an uncle, who, being wrapped up in the writing of six volumes on "Insect Life", had no time to waste on a small boy. He had hired a "capable young woman, neat, experienced, fond of children," who turned out to be a block of wood in human form. She conscientiously taught Philip his daily lessons and then forgot about him. The youngster was left entirely to his own devices, and even denied the privilege of playing with the boys of the neighborhood, or associating with the cook, his one-time friend, for reasons which he was "too little to understand." Naturally he made up games and stories for himself, and acquired many strange ideas of life.

He re-visited the Lady in the Picture often after his first discovery of her, and took to her all his troubles and puzzling questions. He had no one else to take them to, poor baby. He had, at first, made one or two attempts at asking questions, but the governess always told him to "run and play," and his uncle always slammed the door in his face. So he settled his problems for himself.

The room in which his Lady lived, belonged to a younger uncle, absent at college, and so was never occupied except during vacation. Philip spent most of his spare time there, and always trotted in the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning for a word with his Lady. The more he saw of her, the more convinced he became that she was an angel.

Ore night, during the Christmas vacation, Philip, feeling that he would like to see something of the World, begged his college uncle to take him out somewhere to dinner. Being rather a freakish youth, and having nothing particular to do, his uncle decided it would be quite a lark to give the kid a taste of Life. Accordingly the two went together to the most fashionable hotel in the city.

Philip settled himself in his chair behind the little white table, and gazed about him with wondering, dazzled eyes. Could they be real, these creatures in trailing gowns, these splendid men in spotless black and white?

Suddenly, way across the lighted room, Philip beheld a Vision. It was his Lady of the Picture, alive. There were the bare shoulders, the clinging white dress, the dreamy eyes, the laughing mouth, the cloud of cigarette smoke. He stared wonderingly, and a wave of happiness rushed over him. Now, at last, he could really talk with her and she would answer him. Before his uncle could stop him, he slipped out of his chair and made his way across the crowded room. He reached his Lady at last and, with no hesitation, put forth the question that had long been troubling his baby-mind. "Are you an angel?" he asked her. There was an uproarious burst of laughter from the table, and Philip's uncle hurried up with a murmured apology.

"Don't apologize for the boy, please," said the Lady. "Apologize rather, for bringing a baby to a place like this. Take him home at once."

Philip's uncle led him away, struggling, unwilling to give up so soon his chance to talk with his Lady in reality. His uncle called a taxi, and they started for home.

"What in the name of Heaven possessed you, youngster?" demanded his uncle. "Why did you want to talk to perfect strangers?"

"I wanted to know if she was an angel," answered Philip, simply. "Was she? She didn't tell me."

His uncle roared with laughter, and Philip, feeling somehow, that it was an insult to his Lady, began to kick and pound the man until he stopped. They reached home, and Philip went to bed with his question still unanswered, but happy in the knowledge that his Lady was somewhere near, alive and smiling. To-morrow he would go out and look for her.

The woman whom he had left, was rather silent for the rest of the dinner and refused to accompany her friends to the theatre, saying she was tired and would prefer to go straight home. Settled back in the soft cushions of her limousine, she tried to shake off the memory of a solemn-faced little boy, with wide, admiring eyes, but he followed her everywhere, and his baby question still rang in her ears, "Are you an angel?" She reached home with her mind in a disturbed state. She had been so sure that the quarrel between herself and her husband could never be ended, but now—perhaps, after all, it had not been entirely his fault that they had drifted so far apart. Of course, their tastes were widely different. He loved to sit at home, with a book and an open fire, while she loved a whirl of social life, dinners, dances, teas, the theatre, something every evening. At least she had thought she loved it, but did she? She knew that to-night she was tired, tired, tired of it all. She had only been awaiting a good opportunity to broach the subject of divorce to her husband, but perhaps, after all, it was not necessary, perhaps she could learn to love her home and quiet evenings with him. She knew that if her baby boy had lived, she would have cared for nothing but to stay at home with him. If he had lived (she smiled wistfully) he, too, might have wondered, like the wide-eyed little boy to-night, if she were an angel. For the sake of her dead baby, wasn't it worth another trial?

She shook herself impatiently. Was she going to let her whole future be decided by the words of a five-year-old youngster? How utterly foolish she was. Yet it had been strangely sweet, that baby question, "Are you an angel?" He had trusted her, he had thought her everything that was good. She wondered who the little fellow was. She suddenly remembered that the

young man who had taken the boy away, was someone she knew. He was young Fred King, whose sister she had known in girlhood. The boy must have been the little nephew whom she had heard the older brother had adopted. Why, he must be the son of her old friend. "Are you an angel?"

Suddenly she sprang up and went to the door of her husband's room. She knocked and, being told to come in, found him in his favorite place, before the fire. She stood, silent, in the doorway. Her husband looked up, surprised, then rose and said, "You're home early to-night. Not enough excitement for you?"

She choked and said haltingly, "It's not that. It's—I—oh, Basil, I'm sick of it all. I don't want excitement. I want to stay here with you. For the sake of—of our dead boy, let's be friends again! Don't say anything, please! If you say anything, I shall break down."

The man stood silent, but there was joy and wonder in his eyes. A long time they stood, without a word, then the man spoke.

"There's nothing I can say. It seems like a dream to me—a dream too good to be true; but as long as I don't wake up—Louise, do you know what you look like, standing there? An angel."

His wife laughed tremulously, happily. "That's the second time I've been told that, to-night. I shall begin to think so myself, if I'm not careful."

* * * * *

In a house, several blocks away, the Lady in the Picture smiled gently in the darkness. Her work was done. She had established a peaceful home and gained for Philip a real Lady to tell his troubles to, who would take the place, to the best of her ability, of his dead mother, and make him always wonder if she were not, at heart, an angel.

Sally Humason, C. P. 1917

One Day Last Week

The song is old.
I do not know it all,
Why care? The music is enough,
And these few words
"Mighty lak' a Rose."

One day last week,
An odor, sound or touch
Came to me.
I cannot tell you which —
It might have been the clock.
And with it, like a flash,
The music and the words
"Mighty lak' a Rose."

From dawn that day
'Til Morpheus came that night
I was a maniac
Haunted and delighted
By one idea and the wish
To sing and sing
"Mighty lak' a Rose."
Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
Hum, "Mighty lak' a Rose."

It was no easy task
To entertain or talk to friends
Or even to partake of meals,
When in my mind
Was beating like a bird
Against a cage
"Mighty lak' a Rose."
Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
Hum, "Mighty lak' a Rose."

The next day came,
And to that day's sane mind
The song was but a lot of words.
I could not sing it if I would.
How foolish I was yesterday!
But — yesterday is not to-day
And I am not the same.

One day last week
An odor, sound or touch
Came to me.
I cannot tell you which —
It might have been the clock.

Bernice Boutwell, 1917

Reflections

Alone, I sit in silence which grows denser as the night creeps on. The wind in piercing coldness, whisks about the stretch of moonlit snow, outside.

Quickly, I draw the shade, and turn once more to welcome the warm light and heat of my own fireside. The flickering shadows dance upon the empty chairs around me.

There is my mother's old green chair, a trifle faded. The carpet before it, well worn, where tired feet have rested.

No longer do I feel alone. Familiar figures seem to sit there. I see the light on her hair. The shadows play among the folds of her soft garments.

Gwendolen Brooks, 1918

Editorials

Our dear Mrs. Draper has passed into "the Other Room." The sunny window is empty, and no loving greeting comes to us as we go in and out of the circle. An influence precious and far-reaching has gone from our daily life. Yet we rejoice that to her eager spirit the larger life has opened, of whose fullness the heart of man cannot conceive.

As we look back upon Mrs. Draper's long and devoted service to Abbot Academy, we give thanks for so great a gift. Through all the seventy-six years since—a timid young girl—she came with her father to enroll herself here, as a "scholar," she gave of her best to the school that she loved. During Mr. Draper's life, she worked with and through him, and their common interest expressed itself not only in their many generous gifts, but in constant thoughtful service. So united were Mr. and Mrs. Draper in mind and purpose, that those who knew them both intimately have said that at Trustees' Meeting they always felt that Mrs. Draper was present by Mr. Draper's side, and that her voice was speaking through his. Indeed when this close and tender relationship was broken by death, few thought that Mrs. Draper could long survive. But the sense that she must continue to care for the interests that both had cherished, enabled her in time to rise above her grief, and for twelve years her serene and beautiful life was a benediction to all who knew her.

What she meant to Abbot during these ripe years of after-glow cannot well be expressed. Her life was inspiring, full of loving and gracious power. Her influence upon the students was profound, yet few of them ever entered her presence or heard her voice. Her affection radiated with a pervasive power that reached every girl who walked about the circle, and voices were softer, hearts were gentler, deeds more kindly, because she watched from her window. How interested she was in all our activities, how keenly she enjoyed our gala days, how generously she gave to our needs, great and small! "I want to have a share in your party," she would say, as she sent her roses, or apple blossoms, or rhododendrons to brighten some festivity. "What can I do for Abbot Academy?" was almost the last question she asked before she left her window, not to return.

Those who were privileged from time to time to sit by her side and look out with her, not only upon Abbot Academy, but upon all the wide interests to which her heart went out, went away uplifted and strengthened. Her thought and her love followed those who were dear to her to the ends of the earth. She was keenly alive to the activities of our time, and rarely ready for one of her age to accept and approve the new thing. She felt the confusion and turmoil of these latter days, yet she never for an instant doubted that God ruled.

She never complained of her increasing infirmities, though she prayed constantly that her mind might remain clear to the end. She gave thanks that the sun shone, that the birds sang, that she was able to enjoy her comforts, that her friends were so good to her, that she was "so blessed." But ever her thought was projected forward into the life beyond, whither so many of her dear ones had gone. "If I am here" and "so long as I stay" qualified all her plans. "How much we shall have to talk about, of all that has happened since they went!" she often said. Yet she was not impatient. "What God hath ordered must be right," was the constant tenor of her thoughts.

So in serene trust that the will of God for her transcended her thoughts and her dreams, she entered into life.

May God grant that the peace and power of her life may live on in the lives of those who loved her, and may abide ever in the school she loved!

Irene Rowley Draper was born in Lansing, N. Y., January 25, 1824. Later she lived in Wrentham, Mass. She was a student in Abbot Academy from 1840 to 1843. During the last of these years she was in charge of the "Commons House", facing School street, nearly on the present site of the McKeen Memorial Building.

On May 24, 1848, she was married to Warren Fales Draper, who as bookseller, printer and publisher, was identified throughout his long life with the town and schools of Andover, and widely and honorably known throughout the country. The

Draper homestead was built in 1868. Mr. Draper was a Trustee of Abbot Academy from 1868 to 1905, and Treasurer from 1875 to 1901.

Mr. Draper died January 8, 1905, and Mrs. Draper, December 27, 1916.

MOST IMPORTANT GIFTS FROM MR. AND MRS. DRAPER

From Mr. and Mrs. Draper

\$25,000 to Draper Hall—(1888)

\$40,000 to Abbot Academy—(1896)

Casts and Models for the Studio

Books for the Library

Reading table with magazine rack

Portrait of Mr. Draper (from Mrs. Draper)

\$1,000 for founding a Library Fund

By Mr. Draper's will, Abbot Academy was made the residuary legatee of the Draper Estate after Mrs. Draper's death.

From Mrs. Draper

For the Senior Parlor: antique brass vase, desk chair, electric lamp, engraving of Pilgrim's Progress

For the Faculty Parlor: silver tea service, gold band china, \$300 for furnishing

For McKean Rooms: grandfather's clock.

For Recreation room: wall seats and cushions

\$500 to Downs Fund

The fund for the Memorial Gate in honour of Miss Merrill is growing steadily. The response by old girls to the appeal has been very hearty and the memorial will certainly have one characteristic greatly desired:—it will be a tribute erected, not by a few, but by many loyal, loving friends.

It is hoped that those who have not yet answered the letters already sent out will do so soon, and that the gifts which will come in reply to letters still to be written will swell the sum sufficiently to permit the Trustees to begin construction work in the early spring.

Plans for the gate and the necessary changes in the School Street front, have already been submitted by the architects, McKim, Mead and White, of New York City.

A really brilliant debate was held at Abbot on the evening before the great presidential election, in which the merits of the two candidates were put forth and upheld by four girls who were quite competent to speak on the subject. Short rebuttal speeches were made which were noteworthy for their clear conciseness and for the ready knowledge of the events of the campaign displayed by the speakers.

Good form was held throughout the debate, and the speakers showed great skill and cleverness in their arguments as well as a great deal of intelligence on questions of modern politics. For many years there have been no debates at Abbot, but it has now been proved that more of such debates would be a very good thing for the girls and for the school. It certainly seems as if the time had come for the founding of a debating society.

The silence in which the girls listened to the debate and the keenness with which they noted the points, showed how great was their interest in it. Indeed the enthusiasm of the school is unbounded, and one of the most satisfying things about boarding school life is the responsiveness of the girls to their surroundings and to the various people they come into contact with. The girls are always ready to applaud, always willing to listen, and quick to sympathize. It is this spirit of sympathetic interest among the girls that helps to make the school what it is to-day.

This year everything in the line of athletics has been systematized. During the basketball season, certain squads reported on certain days, and everyone got a chance to play at least twice a week. Hockey was managed in the same way, and there was one day every week for beginners at tennis. Later in the year walking was made a regular sport and organized. Every girl who takes walking and no other sport, must walk a certain number of miles a week, handing in a slip every night, saying where she went. A leader has been elected over every sport. This leader is responsible for the attendance of the different squads. The basketball practice was greatly helped by the addition of the new field, which was completed early in the fall.

While the girls who played in the Bradford game have deservedly received their A's, a new system has been arranged which will give those who do not excel in basketball a chance to gain the coveted honor. In the spring a number of A's will be awarded. To obtain one, a girl must excel in one sport, must have good school spirit and good sportsmanship, must have received a grade of A in gymnastics and dancing, and must have good posture. She must also stand well in her studies. It is certainly a great honor which every girl should be proud to gain.

Why is it that people are much more eager to tell something bad, rather than something good, about a person? If you know something you don't quite like about another girl, do you think it's going to make it any better by telling someone else, and letting her tell someone else, until the story has spread through the whole school, and grown a little bit worse by every repetition? If you don't approve of a certain action or attitude of a girl, why not go straight to her? That's the only fair thing to do—only fair to the girl, to yourself, to the whole school. If you go about it in the right way, she'll thank you for it heartily. A girl certainly can't be expected to repair a fault, if she doesn't know she possesses it. Go to her and tell her frankly what you think.

If you're afraid of being told that it's "none of your business" and feel that you simply can't say anything to the girl herself, then don't say anything at all! If it isn't any of your business to talk it over with the person principally concerned, it certainly isn't any of your business to talk with every outsider you happen to meet.

It is perfectly natural to want to talk. It is also perfectly natural, at times, to want to talk about those with whom you work and play and live, but why not talk about their good points, not their faults? There is certainly good, a great deal of good, to be said for everyone. Find it out and talk about that all you want to. You'll make everyone concerned feel a great deal better than if you'd told them the latest scandal.

Why is it some accomplish so much more than others?

"I don't see where Louise finds time to do it all," Peggy exclaims.

But isn't it just this way? Louise works while she works, and plays while she plays. As for Peggy, her study hour is a series of disconnected attempts. First it is a few pages of English, punctuated by sighs and groans, then a bit of Latin, digested by the aid of an occasional chocolate. Then she discovers much to her astonishment that, *as usual*, Math comes first period in the morning. She makes a mad dive for that unfathomable volume. But it is not there. It is—— Where do you suppose? Over in the gym. It must be. Peggy had it over there the last period that afternoon, and she hasn't seen it since. She can't go after it. Besides study hour is nearly over, and she hasn't prepared one single, solitary subject for to-morrow. Time is suddenly growing precious to Peggy. After a few preliminary plans as to whose book she shall borrow, and as to what she will say when she asks for permission, she sallies forth and in due time returns to begin *her* study hour.

In the next room Louise is closing the covers of her book, and when the recreation bell rings is ready for a good time with her friends.

She was late to breakfast because the rising bell was late in ringing—she was late to her room because the study hour bell was early in ringing—she didn't have that lesson done because she simply couldn't find her book—she didn't have the other one done, she didn't know where to begin—and she didn't have the third one done because the assignment had been given out too far ahead. She was just going to do that part, when the bell rang—unexpectedly. Well, if only the teacher had explained just what she wanted done, that lesson would have been perfect, she's sure of that. It was because she had had to spend so much time on Latin that that English theme was late. It was because she had had to spend so much time on English that that Latin translation was so poorly prepared. Always and invariably, somebody or something is to blame!

Haven't you ever seen a girl like that—one who must always "blame the cat" when she herself is absolutely the only person at fault? The chances are ten to one that her nice warm bed so appealed to her at 7. a.m., that she stayed in it until the

last minute and the poor, innocent bell was the easiest thing to blame. Books *can* be borrowed in cases of necessity; the time to find out an assignment is *before* you want to recite; bells have a habit of ringing when the time is up; a teacher will be very glad to explain anything you didn't understand in class, if you go to her *in time*.

Leave the cat out of it and, when you know you deserve the blame yourself, take what you deserve, and say nothing.

Why is an opportunity within reach often disregarded, and even overlooked, or, if not overlooked, simply considered worthless because it would be so easy to step in and make use of it? At Abbot Academy, golden opportunities are actually cast aside daily, recklessly, and thoughtlessly, simply because they are within easy reach of every girl in school. Why not look about, appreciate and make use of a few of the many fine things the school offers?

The most important change in the organization of the teaching staff of the school is the long-desired separation of the department of gymnastics from that of elocution. Miss Alida Benham Carson of New York City, a graduate of the Wellesley School of Hygiene, is in charge of the work in Physical Education, and Miss Ethel Potter, a graduate of Wellesley, who has studied and taught at the Boston School of Expression, comes from Boston on Friday and Saturday, for the classes in elocution and dramatics.

The Household Science department is under the management of the Garland School in Boston. Miss Evelyn Cummings, who has been for seven or eight years one of Mrs. Stannard's strongest teachers, has charge of the work in housewifery, and Miss Grace E. Porter has the classes in household management.

A course in Spanish is offered this year by Mme. Romero, who is assisting Miss Sherman in the French classes. Mme. Romero is a native of Tours, but she married a Spanish lawyer, and has lived in Spain and the Argentine Republic.

The head of the Latin department is Miss Laura Pettingell of Cambridge. Miss Pettingell is a graduate of Smith College, where she also received her master's degree, has studied at Radcliffe, and has had four years' experience in teaching. She is assisted by Miss Adele Martin of New Brunswick, New Jersey, a graduate of Wellesley College.

Miss Nichols still has charge of the violin teaching; she is assisted by Miss Mildred Gates of Worcester. Miss Harriet Bixby, who was once secretary to Miss Bailey, is supervisor of the day-scholars' room.

School Journal

Calendar

OCTOBER

- 7 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Regulations of our School Life.
- 8 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Secret of the Efficient Life.
- 10 A. C. A. Picnic to the new girls.
- 11 Sherman Cottage Picnic.
- 14 Hall Exercises. Miss Carson: Perfect Health.
- 15 Chapel. Mr. Stackpole: A Religion Worth Having.
- 17 "Baby Party" in the recreation room.
- 21 Hall Exercises. Mr. Ashton: Symphony Concerts.
- 22 Miss Bailey talks to Seniors in Drawing room.
- Chapel. Mr. Henry: Influence of the Christian Spirit.
- 24 Annual Senior Picnic at Haggett's Pond.
- 28 Hall Exercises. Miss Howey: Around the Abbot World of Art.
- 29 Chapel. Mr. Robert Speer: Begin Life Now.
- 31 Hallowe'en Party in Davis Hall.

NOVEMBER

- 3 Chapel. Miss Burton from New York Y. W. C. A.
- 4 Senior-Mid Picnic. Pomp's Pond.
- 5 Chapel. Mr. Ryder: The Progress of Womanhood.
- Organ Recital: Mr. Ashton.
- 6 Chapel. Mrs. Lang representing Boys' Club of Lawrence.
- Wilson and Hughes Campaign Speeches in Abbot Hall.
- 8 Miss Mason takes girls to Lexington and Concord.
- Reading by Charles Rann Kennedy.
- 11 Abbot-Bradford Basketball game at Abbot. Abbot 23, Bradford 11.
- Senior tea to Bradford Seniors.
- 12 Chapel. Mr. Clark Carter brings Message from Lawrence City Mission.
- 15 Miss Bailey's tea to faculty.
- 18 Andover-Exeter game at Andover. Exeter 6, Andover 0.
- 19 Chapel. Mr. Barbour: The Development of Character.
- 21 Corridor Stunt Party in Davis Hall.
- 23 Tennis Finals, won by Gertrude Goss '17.
- 26 Chapel. Dr. Fitch: Belief in God.
- 27 Chapel. Mrs. Ralph Harlow: Work in Smyrna.

DECEMBER

- 1 Hall Exercises. Miss Chickering: The War in Rumania.
- 2 Chapel. Mr. Knox, Chaplain of Columbia University: Do prayers come true?
- 9 First recital. Concert by Hoffmann Quartet and Mr. Ernst Perabo.
- 10 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Love of Jesus Christ.

- 13 Lecture on Archery by Mr. Wallace Bryant.
- 15 Miss Bailey takes Seniors to the Tabernacle. Mr. Sunday.
- 16 Christmas Party for Andover Children.
- 17 Chapel. Christmas Service in Davis Hall. Organ recital: Mr. Ashton.
- 20 Chapel. Miss Kinney, Bible teacher of Mr. Sunday's staff: The Bible. Christmas Songs in McKeen Rooms.
- 21 Carols. Glee Club.

JANUARY

- 5 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Service for Mrs. Draper.
- 7 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Mind.
- 8 Lecture on California: Mr. Erwin.
- 10 Miss King takes Biology class to Cambridge.
- 11 Reading by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson at Phillips Chapel.
- 13 First Senior tea-dance in Recreation Room.
- 14 Chapel. Lecture and Songs, Hampton Quartette.
- 18 Lecture on Philippines by Mrs. Alice McKay Kelly.

Lectures

On the evening of November 8 we had the honor of having Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy with us in Davis Hall. He read to us three passages from the New Testament, with dramatic interpretations, and an act and a half of *The Servant in the House*, also the whole of *The Terrible Meek*. Mr. Kennedy not only introduces his characters to us, he makes us know them as he knows them, and by contrasting them he points out the shams of the world. His satire is not biting. It is not thrust upon us. We see it — feel it, not so much through what is said but by the way it is said. In *The Servant in the House* he makes us see that all are equal in God's sight — that Robert has just as much of a chance, in spite of his lack of education, as the Bishop of Benares and far more than the Bishop of Lancaster.

Mr. Kennedy understands human nature and deals with it as few have dared to. The author most certainly had a motive in saving *The Terrible Meek* for the last. The profound silence at the close told better than words the success of the evening.

In Davis Hall, on Monday evening, January 8, Mr. James W. Erwin entertained a large audience by a superbly illustrated lecture on California. Mr. Erwin was so eloquent in his talk of the golden state, and the pictures shown were so alluring that the audience quite forgot the cold weather and the slippery pavements outside, in rapt delight over crocodiles, luscious orange groves and beautiful gardens. Mr. Erwin's remarks on the artistic pictures shown on the screen were both appropriate and interesting. As Mr. Erwin closed, it was hard to realize that the evening had not been spent in that fascinating land of joy and sunshine which he loved so well and made so charmingly visible to those not fortunate enough to have visited it.

On Thursday evening, January 18, Mrs. Alice McKay Kelly lectured at Abbot on her experiences in the Philippine Islands. Mrs. Kelly has spent fifteen years in the northern part of Luzon, where she endeavored to teach the untrained tribe of Igorrotes a little of what civilization means. The lecture was illustrated by pictures of the island and of the people in their homes and

in the new schools established there by the United States. No one who heard Mrs. Kelly could fail to realize the conditions of that country as they were before civil government was established there, or to appreciate the improvements brought about there under the governorship of Mr. Taft and Mr. Forbes. Mrs. Kelly inspired her audience to help a little in the great work which lies before us in the Philippine Islands.

Concert

The first of the Abbot Academy Recitals for this season was given Saturday afternoon, December 9, in Davis Hall. Mr. Ernst Perabo, pianist, and the Hoffmann Quartet from the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a very beautiful and interesting program. Mr. Perabo has long been an ardent friend of Abbot and is revered and loved by all Abbot girls. His interpretation of Mozart's Larghetto and Bach's Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue was exceedingly lovely. The Hoffmann Quartet played Beethoven's Quartet in B Flat very impressively, and the two movements from Debussy's Quartet in G Minor were played in a most expressive and beautiful way which won the hearts of all. The final number on the program, a Piano Quartet from Rheinberger, was exquisite in its ensemble effects, and Mr. Perabo and the Quartet were encored again and again. Everyone was happy in having the opportunity of hearing such good music, and the afternoon seemed only too short.

Northfield

For the second time Abbot sent a delegation to a Northfield conference on June 15, 1916. Formerly the school was represented at Silver Bay, but in 1915, owing to the fact that the conference at Silver Bay was changed so as to include only colleges, Abbot chose to attend that at Northfield, sending a delegation of about eighteen. The girls returned so enthusiastic about it that in 1916 the number was greatly increased. We were represented by thirty-four girls. We were all together in Music Hall under the chaperonage of Miss Bancroft and Miss Countway, and Miss Bailey was with us for a few days.

Our days were crowded with events. One beautiful and inspiring talk followed another, and in the time for recreation, sports and games between various delegations occupied the time. Perhaps the best way to give an idea of a Northfield Day is to outline a typical program. After breakfasting in Marquand Hall, everyone went to chapel, which was conducted each day in Stone Chapel by the Reverend J. Stuart Holden of London. After this we scattered to our various Bible classes. At 11.30 there was a meeting in the auditorium conducted by various prominent speakers, among them Dr. Merle Smith, Dr. Erdman and Bishop Brent of the Philippines. Abbot took a great interest in all the sports conducted in the afternoons. Because of rain, Field Day was held in the auditorium and it was an additional source of happiness that we won the day. In former years it had been a custom to hold a meeting at Round Top at 6.45, but this year because of the rainy weather the meetings were held in Stone Chapel. After this we met once more in the auditorium to hear the last speaker of the day and then returned to Music Hall for our own good-night meeting. Of course it was impossible for everyone to attend all the meetings, but we tried to divide them up as evenly as possible so that when our delegation left on June 22, we felt that we took with us an infinite amount of help and inspiration.

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER

Martha Grace Miller, Katherine Ch'en, Julia Abbé	91
Elizabeth Bacon, Tsing Lien Li, Margaret Van Voorhis, Margaret French	
Helen Walker	89
Avalita Howe	88

HONORABLE MENTION

Carita Bigelow, Mildred Daniels, Helen Donald, Mary Shipman	87
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Athletics

The tennis finals between Miss Julie Sherman and Miss Gertrude Goss were played on the morning of November 22. Both contestants played a remarkable game, in spite of the condition of the court. After three close sets, Miss Goss won with a score of 6-2, 4-6, 6-2. The doubles finals, Miss J. Sherman and Miss G. Goss against Miss C. McReynolds and Miss R. Eaton, were won by Miss Goss and Miss Sherman, with a score of 6-2, 1-6, 6-4. Cups were awarded for both doubles and singles.

The odd-even class game was played on November 25. After a close struggle the odds (classes of 1917 and 1919) won by a score of 23 to 11, the same score by which Abbot defeated Bradford.

Enthusiasm was aroused for the sport of archery on December 13 and 14, when Mr. Wallace Bryant, an enthusiastic archer and the former national champion, came to school to lecture and coach any girls who were interested. Mr. Bryant will return in the spring to coach further, and it is hoped that he may turn out some expert archers. Mr. Bryant also generously offers a cup to be awarded at the end of an archery tournament, held in the spring.

A little before 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, November 11, a long line of girls, dressed in white, with caps and scarfs of light blue, appeared around the corner of Draper Hall, marching toward the basketball field and singing, "Glory, glory, glory to the Abbot girls in blue, for this is Abbot's day." And it was Abbot's day, for when the whistle blew for time at the end of the annual game with Bradford, the scoreboard showed Abbot 23, Bradford 11. For the first time in five years Abbot had won a hard-fought and well-deserved victory. The two teams lined up as follows:—

ABBOT

G. Goss (Capt.), r.f.
H. Vedder, l.f.
D. Fairfield, c.
J. Sherman, s.c.
I. Solle, E. Davis, r.g.
M. Church, l.g.

BRADFORD

r.f. M. Foss
l.f. M. Herrick
c. M. Storrs
s.c. H. Dunning (Capt.)
r.g. M. Driggs
l.g. F. Lennon

Abbot had no easy task in winning. Bradford's teamwork and passing were remarkable and for quite a while the score was very close. Then Abbot's superior playing told, her skilful forwards made basket after basket and, although Bradford strove hard and well, she was not able to catch up before the end of the game.

Abbot showed that her team was well-trained by the fact that only one foul was called on her during the entire game. A great deal of credit is due to Miss Carson, Abbot's coach, and also to Gertrude Goss, the captain and champion player.

After the game a tea was given for the Bradford Seniors by the Abbot Seniors. The Bradford team remained for dinner and until about 7:30. Then the A's were given out and every member of the team made a speech.

Abbot-Bradford Games

1901	Basketball	Bradford	13-12
1902	Basketball	Bradford	5-2
1903	Basketball	Abbot	5-4
1904	Basketball	Abbot	17-9
1905	Basketball	Bradford	22-6
1906	Basketball	Abbot	14-8
1907	Basketball	Bradford	35-5
1908	Basketball	Abbot	23-16
1908	Hockey	Bradford	3-2
1909	Basketball	Bradford	43-6
1909	Hockey	Abbot	7-2
1910	Basketball	Abbot	20-12
1910	Hockey	Abbot	2-1
1911	Basketball	Abbot	22-11
1911	Hockey	Bradford	6-4
1912	Basketball	Abbot	25-18
1912	Hockey	Bradford	5-3
1913	Basketball	Abbot	19-16
1913	Hockey	Tie	4-4
1914	Hockey	Bradford	5-1
1915	Basketball	Bradford	13-9
1916	Hockey	Bradford	6-2
1917	Basketball	Abbot	23-11

GAMES: Abbot won 11. Basketball 9. Hockey 2.
Bradford won 11. Basketball 6. Hockey 5. Tie 1.

POINTS: Abbot 233. Basketball 208. Hockey 25.
Bradford 268. Basketball 236. Hockey 32.

Corridor "Stunts"

Corridor "stunts" were given in Davis Hall the evening of November 14, and, as a good-natured burlesque, the performance was a great success. Sherman Cottage started the program smoothly with a charming solo dance by Katherine Greenough, followed by a song and a clever charade in which all of the cottagers participated. The girls of the First Corridor appeared in startling costumes, and after we had listened to the witticisms of a college student, Maud Arey danced a jig to the weird music afforded by the mandolins of some strange-looking darkies. Activities on the Mexican Border then began, when Janet Davis appeared as a nurse among the brave soldiers of the Third Corridor Front. Great excitement prevailed when she was seized by the Mexicans, and, after a furious volley of shots from American umbrellas, Carranza, alias Miss Howey, was captured. Scott's tale, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, was beautifully portrayed by the girls of the Fourth Corridor, and "Blossom" then won vehement applause in her role of bold Lochinvar. The circus troupe of the Third Corridor Wing then amused us with their interesting antics and their

trained animals brought many a laugh. Highly instructive was the "magazine" which then appeared on the stage, and the pages of it brought many a sigh of admiration from the audience. From the beautifully posed cover, through "Helpful Hints", Stories, Fashions, et cetera, to the interesting advertisements, it was a complete success, especially the impersonation of Miss Carson. Small tables and soft lights transformed the stage into a veritable cabaret which set off to great advantage the lovely-gowned girls and their dashing escorts of the Second Corridor Front as they gave their orders to the famous waiter, M. Church, and applauded the graceful dancing of Mlle. Antoinette. The entertainment ended amid shouts of laughter and approval, and everyone declared that this year's "stunts" would not be forgotten very soon.

Humoresques

NOTICE ON BULLETIN BOARD

"Dolls must be in by 3:30."

Might we suggest that now, as the days are growing longer, they might be allowed to stay out until four? Dolls must have their exercise, you know.

Ruth Hathaway, in geometry, finishes her proposition and stops.

MISS ELLIOTT (*to remind her*): "Q. E. D."

RUTH: "Quite enough done."

Yes, Ruth, we think so too.

NOTICE ON BULLETIN BOARD

"Senior-Mid class meeting. Important associates come also."

We have heard that the associates almost came to blows as to which of them should attend that meeting.

MISS BAILEY (*in Bible III*): "Name the twelve disciples."

G. COLE: "Andrew, Peter, er-er Job ——"

We have heard that Job was the most patient of mortals. How about Miss Bailey?

Ending to one of J. Davis's English themes: "Although she never married, she suffered a great deal."

You seem to have dark ideas in regard to matrimony, Janet.

MISS SHERMAN (*at table*): "Katharine, will you have light or dark meat?"

K. COE: "I like both."

So do we all, Kitty, but we never quite dared to say so.

A. STONE (*at German table*): "Ich kann den Sohn sehen, wenn er aufsteht."

For the benefit of the ignorant, we will translate. "I can see the son when he gets up."

We trust that Tony had her genders mixed. Phillips and the rising sun are in the same direction.

D. EMERY (*at table*) recites the poem which she had handed in for English.

K. McKOWN (*artlessly*): "Why, I guess I'll hand in the poem I wrote."

Poor Dick feels that the life of a poet is not for her.

While going through Boston on the way to the Symphony, Doris Emery was informed by a school-mate that a certain building was a Jewish mosque. As it happened to be the Christian Science Church, Doris's thoughts about said school-mate were not particularly complimentary.

The tame crow visited Miriam Bacon's room the other day, scattered her letters all over the floor and carried away a yellow pencil.

We hope he asked permission of the corridor teacher.

Items of General Interest

Miss Countway spent the summer with Charlotte Fleming in Iowa. After a few months on a ranch in Wyoming, she returned in the late fall to Cambridge. Her address is 1654 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, and she is at home to Abbot friends on Wednesday afternoons.

Miss Spalding is teaching Expression, Physical Training and Swimming at the Mary Baldwin Seminary in Stanton, Virginia.

Miss Stooddy is teaching at the Cathedral School in Orlando, Florida.

Miss Runner is expecting to come east early this winter. For a time she will visit Miss Tyler, who is working at Columbia University for her doctor's degree, and later we hope she will come to Andover.

Miss Aldred attended the summer school of Columbia University last summer, taking courses in Institutional Management and Nursing Education.

Miss Kelsey spoke at the fall meeting of the New York Abbot Club.

Through the kindness of one of the trustees, the floor and walls of Davis Hall were thoroughly renovated and refinished during the summer. The grading of the color for the walls was under the personal direction of Mr. Richardson, the Boston architect.

All the officers of school and class organizations meet once a week now with Miss Elliott in her new class in Parliamentary Law, which deals with the rules of etiquette and methods of procedure in public meetings. It is very good training for the girls and will doubtless prove a source of great benefit to all.

Miss King has had classes this fall which every girl in school has attended, not only for the purpose of learning the classification of the books in the library and how to use them, but also for getting training in making bibliographies for research work.

The school has received as a gift from the Art Department of the November Club a cabinet containing some very interesting photographs collected for the Art Department by Miss McKeen. The November Club has given the school a bronze statue of Mozart, which was formerly the property of Mrs. G. W. W. Dove. For the John-Esther gallery there has also been loaned, by Miss Amelia Shapleigh, Della Robbia's *Singing Boys*. A copy of Miss Margaret Slattery's new book, *The Girl and Her Religion*, was presented to the school by Mr. George A. Ripley of Andover.

In an exhibition held in Concord in the summer, there were oil paintings by Miss Pooke, and two former teachers in the department of art, Miss Angelica S. Patterson and Mr. Frederick A. Bosley.

There were about thirty-five "old" Abbot girls back for the Abbot-Bradford game, and it must have been largely their intense loyalty to the school that made our team score so highly. If so, we hope there will be as many alumnae present next year to help us win again.

Alumnae Notes

The Abbot Club

CALENDAR 1916-1917

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|----------|----|--|
| November | 4. | Miss Lorence Munson. |
| December | 2. | Our Shakespearean Day. Miss Ingalls. |
| January | 6. | Representatives from Miss Grace Ripley's School of Artistic Dressmaking. |
| February | 3. | Midyear Luncheon. |
| March | 3. | "Wanted, a Job." Mrs. Stuart Chase. |
| April | 7. | Annual Meeting. Recital by Mrs. Oliver Hewitt. |

1836. A little blue ribbon badge was sent to Elizabeth (Barnwell) Flanders with the suggestion that she wear it on June 6, the day of the alumnae meeting, when mention would surely be made of the earliest living alumnae, of the eighty-year class. Early in the fall her daughter wrote: "Your kind note of May 27 came in time to give my mother much pleasure, and I thank you for it. On June 5, I pinned the little badge to her pillow, for we did not think she would live until the following day. She evidently enjoyed her physician's comments upon it, and I think that was the last of this earth's memories that penetrated to her tired brain. She lingered until August 17, but in spirit lived wholly in the other world. The end was peaceful and without pain. She was ninety-six years and four months old."

1851. This class was represented in June by Maria (Parker) Howard, who came over from Lowell with her daughter, her granddaughter, Miriam (Howard) Bushnell, 1911, and her great-granddaughter.

†1856. Though no one of the graduates of the sixty-year class was present on Commencement Day, letters came from Mary (Hazen) Finn of Sedgwick, Kan., and Hannah (Flint) Brown of Andover, both formerly Andover girls. Five non-graduates, however, well represented the class.

1856. Several cordial letters were received about commencement time from Mrs. Jules Levy, known when in school as Jennie Stimson. She was in Tours at the time of writing, but has a permanent address in Paris. A message came also from the twin sisters, Victoria Wilder George and Virginia Wilder Coates, who were seventy-five years old on June 12.

1858. Dr. and Mrs. James G. Merrill (Louisa Boutwell) celebrated their golden wedding on October 11 at the home of their daughter, Perley (Mrs. Macfarland), in Mountain Lakes, N. J. Many of their relatives were present, including Dr. Merrill's sister, Mrs. Sara Merrill Wilson (1865), who read a poem. On the following day Dr. and Mrs. Wilson left for their winter home in Lake Helen, Fla., where Dr. Merrill is pastor.

1863. Mrs. Jennie Abbott Marland has been bereaved by the death of her only son, George Abbott, in Augusta, Ga., June 8, 1916.

1863. Mr. John H. Flint, long a prominent business man of Andover, died on November 30. Many friends will mourn with his wife, Frances Tyer, and his daughters, Gertrude Flint Grier, †1895, and Nellie Flint Rand, 1898.

1863. Professor Junius W. Hill, husband of Sarah Brigham, died in Hollywood, Cal., September 7, 1916. He was well known in Boston and vicinity as an organist and teacher. For nearly fifteen years he was professor of music at Wellesley College. Their home for many years was at Newton, but lately at Redlands, Cal.

†1864. Dr. Sarah A. Jenness of Wolfeboro, N. H., met a tragic death when her house was burned to the ground on the night of December 26. She was a teacher in Abbot Academy 1880-82, and in Baltimore, Md., Rockford, Ill., and elsewhere. After finishing her medical course at Boston University in 1889, she practised in Boston until her retirement about ten years ago, and did a great deal of good among the poor, especially in connection with the Salvation Army Rescue Mission and the Talitha Cumi Home.

1864. Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Flint (Lavinia Barnard) of North Andover passed their golden wedding day, September 6, very quietly at their home because of Mrs. Flint's feeble health. She died on November 4.

†1866. Four of the fifty-year class held a pleasant reunion on Commencement Day,— Mrs. Sarah Lord Hall of Cambridge, Mrs. Henrietta Walker Day of Hopedale, Mrs. Sarah Hunking Cheney of Haverhill, and Miss Sarah Sawyer of Andover. Each of these spoke briefly at the alumnae meeting. Letters of regret came from Miss Mary C. Wheeler of Providence and Mrs. Sarah Allen Benner of Waldoborough, Me. Mrs. Benner worked energetically to promote the reunion and was much distressed that her health at the time would not permit her to come.

†1867. Mrs. Emily (Fellows) Reed and her daughter Beatrice (1899) have taken a house in Belmont this year at 26 Cedar Road. Her son Philip has recently been married to Miss Sarah Shattuck of Norwood. Mrs. Reed was welcomed by many friends in Andover when she attended the first meeting of the November Club in the fall.

†1868. Mrs. Milton P. Higgins (Katharine Chapin), president of the Massachusetts Branch of the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Associations, was in charge of the parents' department at the meeting of the Massachusetts Sunday School Association, recently held in Boston.

1871. Through the kindness of Lucinda Pierce Reed, some remarkable lantern slides of California scenery were shown to the school on January 8. Mrs. Reed had not visited Andover since leaving school and was much interested in looking over the catalogue and learning of her old friends.

1873. *The Romance of a Christmas Card* by Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs was published by Houghton and Mifflin for the holidays. It is a pretty story, with something of the real Christmas spirit permeating its pages.

1873. Elizabeth Rollins, who has taught in the Garland School of Home-making for ten years, had as a pupil there the present teacher of Household Science at Abbot Academy, Evelyn Cummings.

†1877. An item has recently been received in regard to the memorial to Carrie (Hall) Bird in South Chicago. It is a square tower seventy feet high, erected at one corner of the church of which Mr. Bird was pastor. It contains several rooms one above the other. The wall bears the following inscription: "To Mrs. Carrie Hall Bird, who gave the best eighteen years of her life to self-

sacrificing work for the Calumet region, on the spot where most of her time was spent and in connection with the church which she devotedly loved, there is erected by her husband, church members, and loving friends, as a monument ever pointing all lives heavenward, and for the living use of this church and its resident workers — this memorial tower." Mr. Bird lived alone in this tower for several years before his death in 1914. It is said that he kept a bed in his sleeping-room for wayfaring men and that ten times he took under his own care for a time men who were striving to free themselves from the liquor habit.

1877. Emily Clark's husband, Mr. Frank W. Stearns, of the firm of R. H. Stearns Company, Boston, has been recently elected a life trustee of Amherst College.

†1879. Isabel Parker has much sympathy in the recent death of her husband, Mr. Edward C. Brewer.

†1881. Sara Puffer McKay is spending the year in this country and was present at the November meeting of the Boston Abbot Club. She spoke a few words on the conditions across the water from the point of view of her residence in Switzerland. In her honor, several of her classmates served the tea.

1888. By a sad accident, Foster, the little son of Maude (Foster) French was instantly killed on October 12, in Newtonville. He was riding a velocipede and swung in front of an automobile.

1891. News of Laura Miller came in a very pleasant way by the visit of her two sisters-in-law to the school in the summer. She is now Mrs. Horace A. Blackford and lives at 1034 South Main Street, Findley, Ohio. Her children are Emerson and Maria.

†1894. Mabel Bosher Scudder has changed her home from Hawaii to Japan. Dr. Scudder, who was for nine years pastor of the Central Union Church in Honolulu, has resigned and accepted the pastorate of Union Church, Tokio. This church is composed chiefly of English-speaking people engaged in business or missionary work. Dr. and Mrs. Scudder spent the summer in New England, and made a flying visit to Andover one day, calling on Mrs. Draper and one or two other friends.

1894. Miss Ellen C. Lombard, who has been for three years secretary of the Home Division of the U. S. Bureau of Education in Washington, is taking courses at the George Washington University.

†1894. Mr. and Mrs. Millard (Winifred Barber) have moved from Andover to 170 Pine Ridge Road, Waban.

†1894. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Holt (Hannah Greene) are now living on Abbot Street in Andover. Their daughter Jane is a student at Abbot.

1896. An interesting letter has been received from Beatrice Farnsworth since her marriage in August, telling something of her life since leaving Abbot. After teaching a while and traveling in Europe, she took up the study of nursing at Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School, where she was graduated in 1912. After an additional year of study, she volunteered for five months of work with Dr. Grenfell in Labrador. In June, 1913, she received her appointment from Yale University as the first woman worker to go out to China under

the support of the Woman's League, composed of professors' wives and others. In her two years there she organized and directed the Yale Training School for Chinese women and was also in charge of the Yale Hospital at Changsha. She found this work with Chinese girls the most satisfying thing she has ever done. Her husband, Dr. Grover F. Powers, is on the staff of Johns Hopkins University and of the Hospital.

†1897. The surgical dressings made in Andover are being sent direct to Mrs. Marlborough Churchill (Mary Smith), who is working in Paris for the American Fund for French Wounded. Captain Churchill has been sent to France by the government as a military observer.

†1899. Mary Ryder, who has been for several years teaching in Newark, N. J., is taking graduate courses in English at Columbia University this year for her Master of Arts degree.

†1900. Ethel Hazen Lillard has moved from Andover to Marion, where her husband is principal of Tabor Academy.

1900. Marjorie Ide's husband, Mr. Shane Leslie, son of an Irish baronet, has recently issued a book called *The End of the Chapter*, which contains a note written to his grandmother by Thackeray, said to be the last letter he ever wrote. Mr. Leslie, who returned to England wounded from the front in France, came to the United States in the fall as an emissary for John Redmond. He has started a publication in New York called *Ireland*.

1901. Helen Whittemore has resigned her position in the welfare department of the Cheney Brothers Silk Company of South Manchester, Conn., and is at present at home in Andover.

†1904. Mary Byers Smith is one of the founders of the Hampshire Book Shop of Northampton, the Smith College co-operative bookstore which was started this fall.

†1904. Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Baldwin (Helen E. Childs) and their daughter Elizabeth have moved from Holyoke to 1243 South 53rd Street, West Philadelphia. Mr. Baldwin is an instructor in Mechanical Engineering in the Towne Scientific School of the University of Pennsylvania.

†1906. Marjorie Bellows has changed her address from West Newton to 220 Clarendon Street, Boston.

†1907. Clara Jackson Hukill has entered into partnership with Miss Margaret Miller in the business of interior decoration, in Cleveland, Ohio. They have recently decorated the new rooms of the Women's City Club, and one floor of the new addition to the Hotel Statler. Their studio address is 4500 Euclid Avenue.

†1909. Edith Gardner is teaching Violin, German and History in the Good Will School, Hinckley, Maine.

†1909. Mary Sweeney is a senior at Radcliffe this year.

1909. Nora Sweeney is the gymnasium and dancing teacher at Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School in Montreal.

†1910. Ruth Newcomb was counsellor last summer for the second season at Camp Apenindis for girls, near Willimantic, Conn. Florence MacCreadie, †1909, was also there.

†1911. Henrietta Wiest came in October to put her sister Katherine in school, and afterwards spent several weeks visiting friends in New England, among them Clarissa Hall and Ruth Newcomb.

†1911. Marion Brown writes of her work since graduating at Wellesley in 1915. Last year she taught Latin and History in the high school at Stow, Mass., and is this year teaching in the high school at Milton, N. H.

1911. Helen Vail has entered this fall the kindergarten training school of the Froebel League in New York City.

†1912. Evelyn Brewster graduated at Simmons College last June and is now secretary in the office of the president of Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst.

†1912. Barbara Moore is teaching at Chattanooga, Tenn. She writes: "Did you know I'm teaching, too? But have nice, lovable little ones that bring me green persimmons to eat because I'm a Yankee and don't know better than to bite. I'm having such a good time, but it is funny to be on the other side of the fence. I still have to be gently reminded not to put my feet on top of my desk or not to vault the railing to get off the porch, but to *step* down the stairs. I'm learning powerful fast, though."

†1912. Mildred Chutter graduated at Mount Holyoke last June and is now teaching at Rochester, N. H.

†1912. Ruth Draper and Dorothy Simpson are freshmen at Teachers College, New York, taking Household Science as major subjects.

†1913. Esther Pickels, Mount Holyoke 1917, was manager this year of the Vacation House for working girls in South Hadley. This is open every summer under the charge of the college Y.W.C.A. and certain members are there to entertain the guests with all sorts of good times.

†1914. Hildegard Gutterson is thoroughly interested in the practical study which she is taking up this year in the School of Salesmanship, conducted jointly by the Educational and Industrial Union and Simmons College. She is required to do practice work in various Boston stores, so as to become acquainted with their different methods. Her study will prepare her to be an educational director in a store.

†1914. Elsie Gleason is a junior at Radcliffe this year. She is subscription manager of the *Radcliffe News*, the college weekly paper, is treasurer of the Radcliffe Art Club, and played fullback on the Varsity Hockey team this fall.

†1915. Catherine and Elizabeth Leach are both sophomores at Boston University. They are members of the Alpha Delta Pi sorority, and Catherine is on the staff of the *Beacon*, the college magazine.

†1915. Frances Dowd is taking regular freshman work at Teachers College, Columbia University, and is majoring in music. She was given extra credit for her work in English at Abbot. She is enjoying her course greatly and finds it broader and better suited to prepare her for the position of supervisor of music than that of the New York Musical Institute which she took last year.

†1915. Charlotte Morris is at her home in Germantown, Pa., doing hospital work and studying music.

†1915. Marion Barnard studied last year at Pine Manor, the school for advanced work connected with Dana Hall. She is now at the Springfield Library fitting herself to be a children's librarian.

†1915. Marion Brooks is attending the Garland School in Boston and is studying the violin.

†1916. Charlotte Eaton, Agnes Grant, Grace Merrill, Marion Selden, and Helene Sands are freshmen at Smith College. Elizabeth Wood is at Mount Holyoke College, and Dorothy Johnson and Esther Van Dervoort are at Vassar College. Edith Bancroft and Agnes Leslie are freshmen at Wellesley College.

†1916. Elsa Wade is taking the nurses' training course at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, and is doing splendid work there.

†1916. Vera Allen is studying this year at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School. Her home address is changed to Orris Place, Melrose Highlands.

†1916. Helen Warfield's address is 510 Linden Place, Cranford, N. J.

†1916. Mildred Jenkins is taking the two years course at Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, specializing in Domestic Science and Art.

†1916. Josephine Walker is teaching History and Current Events at St. Mary's School in Concord, N. H., and is keeping house for her father.

†1916. Eleanor Black, who has been keeping a gift-shop in Ohio, is now teaching cooking and English to children in a settlement house.

†1916. Dorothy Dann, who has been Eleanor Black's partner in the gift-shop, is going soon with her uncle to the Aviation Field in California.

†1916. Rachel Foster is studying at Miss Farmer's Cooking School in Boston.

†1916. Lois Erickson and Helene Hardy are studying Domestic Science in the Garland School in Boston.

†1916. Louise King has been in the mailing department at Daniel Low's, in Salem.

†1916. Esther Kilton visited Helen Danforth Prudden in Chicago and came home very enthusiastic about the charms of little Carol Prudden.

†1916. Margaret Perry is taking a secretarial course in Boston.

†1916. Lillian Sword is at an art school in New York City.

†1916. Dorothy Niles is at the Scidmore School of Practical Arts in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

†1916. Marjorie Freeman is at her home in Lawrence doing settlement work. In the spring she expects to move to Providence, her old home city.

†1916. Ruth Ottman is at home having a good time and teaching a gymnasium class in a settlement school.

†1916. Eleanor Frary is at a kindergarten school in New York City.

†1916. Myrtle Dean is taking a business course at the Bryant and Stratton School in Boston.

†1916. Ruth Lindsay took some courses at Abbot last fall, but because of her health she was obliged to give up the work after Christmas.

1916. Jane Patteson is taking a course in short story writing at Cornell.

1916. Irene Baush is playing the organ in a church in Springfield and is making great progress in her work.

1916. Barbara Ferguson is at the Garland School in Boston.

1916. Mildred Kling is taking courses at Simmons College this winter.

1916. Dorothy Cole is studying this year at St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn., where her sister taught for four years.

Visitors

Louise Kimball, †1916, Helen Warfield, †1916, Emma Stohn, †1916, Martha Hart Moore, †1889, Adelaide Howard Wetherbee, 1871, Alice Fleek Miller, 1891, Mary Carter Righter, 1889, Frances Hinckley Quinby, †1897, Henrietta Wiest, †1911, Clarissa Hall, †1910, Louise King, †1916, Katharine Odell, †1916, Olga Erickson, †1913, Rebecca Newton, †1911, Frances P. Moses, †1916, Myra McLean, 1916, Anna Decker French, 1893, Alice Joy Arms, †1889, Lydia Skolfield Parsons, †1910, Meriel Thomas, 1916, Barbara Ferguson, 1916, Dorothy Bigelow, †1911, Esther Kilton, †1916, Norma Allen, †1915, Marjorie Freeman, †1916, Jessie Nye Blodgett, †1915, Agnes Leslie, †1916, Marion Brooks, †1915, Lillian Sword, †1916, Josephine Walker, †1916, Rachel Foster, †1916, Mildred Akerley, †1915, Rena Atwood, †1915, Dorothy Higgins, †1916, Eugenia Parker, †1916, Alice Prescott, 1916, Charlotte Eaton, †1916, Agnes Grant, †1916, Marion Hamblet, †1915, Helen Hamblet, †1914, Ada Brewster, 1914, Edith Wade, †1913, Elsa Wade, †1916, Margaret Perry, †1916, Helene Hardy, †1916, Lois Erickson, †1916, Irene Baush, 1916, Ruth Moore, 1916, Grace Duffill, 1916, Dorothy Pillsbury, †1916, Lucy Squire, †1916, Charlotte Amsden, †1913, Sylvia Gutterson, †1916, Grace Chapman Spear, †1900, Helen Heywood, †1880, Ruth Newcomb, †1910, Agnes Park, †1858, Ruth Laton, †1916, Elizabeth Wood, †1916, Katherine Selden, †1914, Marion Selden, †1916, Phyllis Brooks, †1915, Esther Parker, †1908, Lucinda Pierce Reid, 1871, Elisabeth Bartlett, †1914, Bessie Barr Kimbark, 1895, Edith Bancroft, 1916, Harriette Tufts Loring, 1868, Mrs. Reynolds.

Engagements

†1897. Marion D. Paine to Dr. Charles Wadhams Stevens of New York City.

1905. Myra H. Dean to Mr. Guy Rindge Merrill (Dartmouth 1907) of Cambridge.

†1907. Marjorie Bond to Mr. J. Edward Crowley of Boston.

†1911. Rebecca Hardwick Newton to Mr. Daniel Weedon of North Carolina.

†1911. Jessie Wightman to Mr. Louie S. Jones of New Britain, Connecticut.

†1911. Lillian Walworth to Mr. William S. Sagar.

†1913. Marion Martin to Mr. Ercell A. Teeson of New York City, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1915.

†1913. Olga Marie Erickson to Mr. Paul Rogers Tucker.

1913. Clara Dore Robinson to Lieut. Austin G. Frick, U. S. A.

1914. Anna May Burke to Mr. William John Mahony of Sterling.

Marriages

†1888. BEACH—WALKLEY.—In Southington, Conn., Oct. 20, 1916, Ellen Olive Walkley to President David N. Beach, D. D., of Bangor Theological Seminary. At home, Bangor, Me.

†1894. DENNEN—DEARBORN.—In Cambridge. November 30, 1916, Annie Strout Dearborn to Mr. Fred Eugene Dennen. At home, 29 Brattle Street, Cambridge.

1896. POWERS—FARNSWORTH.—In Lincoln, August 21, 1916, Ida Beatrice Farnsworth to Prof. Grover Francis Powers. Address, 1600 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.

1910. O'BRIEN—DOLE.—In Andover, June 24, 1916, Dorothy Cutter Dole to Mr. Frank O'Brien. At home, Adams Hall, Andover.

1910. BUBB—JENKINS.—In Portland Maine, June 7, 1916, Katherine Rust Jenkins to Mr. H. Burrows Bubb. At home, 1036 West Fourth Street, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

1911. COOPER—THOMAS.—In New York City, June 20, 1916, Katherine Trumbull Thomas to Mr. Leslie Bradford Cooper.

1912. TUKEY—BLAKE.—In Portland, Maine, November 18, 1916, Margery Emma Blake to Dr. Philip E. Tukey. At home, Sherman Street, Portland, Maine.

1912. BLANCHARD—ESTABROOK.—In Worcester, June 23, 1916, Gladys Martha Estabrook to Mr. Edward Payson Blanchard. At home, 1 Allen Street, Worcester.

†1913. ESTABROOK—PERKINS.—In Newark, New York, January 27, 1917, Dorothy Perkins to Mr. Edwin Burk Estabrook.

1913. HOLMES—HADLEY.—In Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 27, 1916, Barbara Dorothea Hadley to Mr. Fred S. Holmes. At home, 800 Fifth Street, Northwest, Canton, Ohio.

†1914. APPLEBY—WINSOR.—In Asbury Park, New Jersey, November 29, 1916, Marie Estell Winsor to Mr. Theodore Franklin Appleby. At home, 105 Ocean Avenue, Lock Arbour.

†1914. LOWD—DEAN.—In Andover, June 2, 1916, Olive Wanda Dean to Mr. Dana Joseph Lowd. At home, 73 Chestnut Street, Andover.

†1915. WHITTEMORE—LARRABEE.—In Roslindale, December 2, 1916, Mattie Catlin Larrabee to Mr. Theodore Peters Whittemore.

1915. HAYES—DAVIS.—In Worcester, December 13, 1916, Margaret Davis to Mr. Raymond Noble Hayes. Address, 43 Lancaster Street, Worcester.

Births

†1896. September 27, 1916, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Morgan (Frances Saunders), of Brookline.

†1900. In Marion, November 30, a daughter, Barbara Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Huston Lillard (Ethel Hazen).

†1902. At Camp Stotsenberg, Philippine Islands, October 18, 1916, a daughter, Frances MacCumber, to Captain and Mrs. Frank P. Amos (Katharine I. Herrick).

1902. In Lawrence, January 9, 1917, a son, Richard Irving, to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher T. Barron (Vivia M. Dearborn).

†1903. In Billerica, November, 1916, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Rev. and Mrs. John Harold Dale (Elizabeth Gilbert).

†1905. July 9, 1916, a son, Lyndon, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Gordon Crawford (Frances L. Tyer).

†1906. August 11, 1916, a son, Lawrence Porter, to Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Bridge Hastings.

†1907. In Manchester, N. H., September 29, 1916, a daughter, Rosamond, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Taylor (Maria Pillsbury) of Derry, N. H.

1908. December 20, 1916, a daughter, Ruth Virginia, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Perry Manville (Helen E. Chaffee).

†1910. In Hartford, Conn., January 19, 1916, a son, William Silsby, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen Morgan (Emily Silsby).

†1912. October 4, 1916, a son, Harold Brewster, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brewster Bretz (Helen I. Cram).

†1913. In Hartford, Connecticut, May 2, 1916, a son, Lucius Middlebrook, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kemble Smith (Marion Middlebrook).

Deaths

1836. In Los Angeles, Cal., August 17, 1916, Elizabeth Barnwell, wife of the late Henry Flanders, aged ninety-six years.

1843. In Andover, December 27, 1916, Irene Rowley Draper, wife of the late Warren F. Draper.

1843. In Coulterville, Cal., November 29, 1915, Fanny E. Chase, wife of the late Hosea E. Dudley.

1845. In Cambridge, December 13, 1916, Annie E. S. Gale, wife of the late Lyman R. Williston.

1849. In North Andover, September 11, 1916, Hannah Armstrong Kittredge.

1853. In Andover, August 1, 1916, Mary Elizabeth Abbott.

1857. In West Medway, August 28, 1916, Mary E. Ladd, wife of the late Rev. John C. Smith.

1860. In West Andover, November 9, 1916, Mary E. Holt, wife of the late Moses Albert Bailey.

1864. In Methuen, November 4, 1916, Lavinia Barnard, wife of Henry K. Flint, of North Andover.

1867. In Boston, September 7, 1916, Laura Worthington Cobb, M. D., for many years a practising physician in Chelsea.

†1872. In Boston, July 11, 1916, Anna Fuller.

†1877. In Worcester, October 28, 1916, Adeliza Brainard, wife of Albert H. Chaffee.

†1899. In Lawrence, October 9, 1916, Harriet Dodson, wife of George M. Austin.

1913. In Andover, November 8, 1916, Helen Lewis.

†1914. In Andover, October 29, 1916, Elizabeth M. Johnson.

1914. In Brewer, Maine, December 20, 1916, Madeline Rich Wyman.

IN MEMORY OF MISS MERRILL

The life that is spent for others
 May seem small in its daily round,
 But only in service and loving deeds
 May eternal life be found;
 For example is more than precept,
 And days spent in deeds of love
 Die not when the body turns to dust,
 But shed light on the soul above.

Sue E. Hertz Howard (1890)

ANNA FULLER, †1872

"Loyalty, sincerity, cheerfulness, fortitude! It is probably in terms such as these that those of us who have known Anna Fuller are accustomed to think of her."

So Basil King wrote last July when the news came of the death of Anna Fuller, after two years of intense suffering. Many other tributes appeared from fellow-writers and friends. We quote more at length from Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

"With her great spirit she kept fully alive to the last. She was interested in all the questions of the day, in suffrage, in the advancement of women, in the stage. Her early life in Germany had taught her to love the gentle and poetic German people, yet she detested the militarist authority there, and was from the beginning of the wicked war an adherent of the Allies. On returning home, in those younger days, she for a time taught German and music; she was an accomplished pianist, and gave her friends freely the delight of listening to the best music.

"She began her literary work in 1892, publishing "A Venetian June," "A Literary Courtship," "Peak and Prairie," and other Colorado sketches, all of which met wide welcome, and had great sales. "Pratt Portraits" and "Later Pratt Portraits" contain possibly her best work, full as they are of fine delineation, incisive wit, tender sympathy and truth to nature, amusing and arresting and of supreme literary execution."

ADELIZA BRAINERD CHAFFEE, †1877

Mrs. Albert H. Chaffee (Adeliza Brainerd), died in Worcester, Saturday, October 28. She was born in St. Albans, Vt., July 22, 1857, was a graduate of Abbot Academy, and was afterwards a special student at Wellesley College, where she took honors in English. She taught school in Middlebury, Vt., for three years, and then began to give lectures on History of Art, a subject in which she had achieved a brilliant record in the Art course at Abbot Academy.

Her lectures were at once a marked success. For many years she took enthusiastic classes abroad.

In 1896 she married Mr. Albert H. Chaffee of Worcester, and with the exception of these trips abroad and time spent at the Chaffee Studio in New York, she lived practically all her married life in Worcester. Mrs. Chaffee

was one of the privileged lecturers at the Metropolitan Art Museum, and in her career as speaker has addressed many of the most important clubs in the country.

She was also the author of several books on Art, "Cupid and Psyche in Art and Painting" and "The Story of Raphael's Hours" probably being among the best known.

She was a woman of such great charm of manner and of magnificent mental attainments that friends and admirers alike are one in voicing regret at her passing, and in declaring that her place in the community can not easily be filled.

Since school opened in October, we have been saddened by the deaths of three girls who had but recently been at Abbot. Two of these were Andover girls. Elizabeth Johnson, who since her graduation two years ago, had borne with wonderful patience and courage, an illness from which she knew she could not recover, died on October 29, and ten days later, we heard of the tragic death of Helen Lewis, who was instantly killed in an automobile accident. Madeline Rich Wyman, of Brewer, Maine, who was in school during the year 1914-15, died on January 8, after a very short illness.

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Class colors, Purple and white

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follow the king."

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Class flower, Yellow rose

Class colors, Yellow and white

Class motto: Ad astra per aspera

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Class flower, Rose

Class colors, Old Rose and silver

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I

She pushed through the turnstile and ran down each step,
Stopped for an instant to read all the signs,
Then on and on with more and more "pep",
But no South Station car, though many car lines.

II

She hailed some brass buttons that calmly replied
"Down the steps to your right, behind the news-stand."
So on down more steps she hurriedly plied,
Then to the right, clutching her purse in her hand.

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III

No. Her car is not here, but more brass buttons say,
"Up these stairs to the left." Ah, yes, this is the place.
Through the mad rushing crowd, she at last makes her way,
Tumbling into the car, nearly falls on her face.

IV

There she stands in the jam, held stiff by the crowd,
Awaiting the call, "South Station, next stop!"
When she suddenly paled, as white as a shroud,
For the cry came, "North Station, all off at this stop!"

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And into everything around he pokes his cold, wet nose.
He seems extremely little when he's stood by Jack's great Dane,
But yet, though such a little chap, right through and through he's game.
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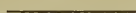
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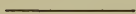


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The Abbot Courant

June, 1917

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1917

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLIII., No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
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1917

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The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents.
 All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.

The Andover Press



BETWEEN EVENTS ON FIELD DAY

THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. XLIII

JUNE, 1917

No. 2

Resurgam

Long have I lain in that dull corner forgotten,
My colors faded, my golden cord tarnished.
Yet once have I stirred men's blood,
And brought forth shouts of admiration — love — I,
The Emblem of My Country.

At last the strong wind penetrates my deepest folds,
The warm sun brightens my colors.
Again I unfurl, heralding to the world —
The Spirit of America.

Gwendolen Brooks, 1918

Why

Hans had ordered the last house to be burned and the last villager to be shot and he was weary and discouraged by the day's work.

He sat at a small table in a portable hut, officer's headquarters in the village, and gazed drearily out through the window at the lounging soldiers in front of the various, dirty, desolate, portable shacks.

He was tired of canned fruits, condensed milk and bacon. He was tired of death, of slaughter, of cruelty. He was tired of scanty rations and weary, drawn out days. He was tired of tramping always on, on, on. He was tired of having his companions shot at his very side in the trenches. He was tired of war, desolation, destruction and the cries of women and children.

Hans wearily put his head in his arms and closed his eyes. A blue bottle-fly buzzed persistently at his ear but he heeded it not. He had gone back to that glorious, first day, when Maria, with little Fritz in her arms and Gretel clinging to her dress, had waved good-bye to him from the garden gate. Then he had gone forth to parade, in his gorgeous uniform, thrilled by the shouting crowds, the banners waving in the bright sun. He had been young; life was good; it was for his country, the Kaiser and Maria. He must protect Maria and the children. It was a good cause and he, a valiant man, and, in the fullness of his heart, he shouted "Hoch der Kaiser," with the rest. He had killed men because he must. That was part of the day's work. It was for the great Kaiser. He in his child-like trust knew no cause other than the protection of his home and the betterment of the Fatherland. Long live the Kaiser!

Then, one day, early in May, a message had come to Hans, all on a sunny May morning. Maria, little Fritz and Gretel had been killed by a shell and his little home, where he had been so happy, was no more.

The sun went out of the sky for Hans when it left his heart. He saw red. He killed now for revenge, for the mere lust for human blood.

But Hans was tired.

Hans stood up resolutely by the small table, his revolver clutched in his fingers. He closed the door and firmly placed his back against it. For a moment he looked curiously into the muzzle of the revolver and then, a shot echoed through the deserted hut.

Julie Pfingst Sherman, C. P. 1918

O, Castle Old

O castle old, with echoing halls,
What quick, soft foot-falls sound upon thy floors
At twilight when the sun is set!
What low, sweet murmurings of forgotten voices
Blend with the rustlings of the trees.

O castle old, when the eve is cool,
Whisper thy memories long untold!

Carita Bigelow, C. P. 1917

“To Be or Not to Be”

Hamlet once had a question to decide, “To be or not to be.” In our time the men who are about to run for public office have just this question to decide. And if to be, “how to be.” For example, the man running for mayor decides “to be,” and it takes but a short time to see how he has decided “to be.” Too often the hale-fellow-well-met expression fairly radiates from the face from which the faintest glimmer of a genial nature has failed to flicker before. It’s a slap on the back here and a slap on the back there. Each labourer or city employee is made to feel that his opinion is the only one that counts and the times are not few when he finds a dime in his hand and they part with smiles and understanding glances as the contestant says, “Oh, just one on me, you know.” As the artist by touches completes his painting, so this politician by a hint there, and a faint suggestion here, brings out the whole.

And these are the men whom we permit “to be” in our cities. They who receive the vote of the labourer and in return permit him the trashy movie theater where his wife and children waste their time and little money, and the saloon to which his son gives not only his time and money, but his strength.

In the meantime some of those people who could see clearly and help to undeceive the ignorant stand by and shake their heads in perplexity. How long will it be before they stand up and ask, “If you are to be, how are you to be? And if you are not interested in the welfare of the people then you are ‘not to be’!”

Bernice Boutwell, 1917

At the Call of His Country

"Banish the glums, Pep! Banish the glums! The Germans can't dissect you till you get there anyhow."

A roar of laughter shot up from the Fraternity dining-room as the fellows were eating their evening meal. The idea of Pep, their football hero, being dissected! To begin with he was too good-natured. As Bob Ginn had said, if a German saw Pep's grin he wouldn't have the heart to shoot within the radius of a mile of him.

But Pep didn't know he was their hero — if he did he had forgotten. He knew that he was leaving for France the next day; that he was going to serve his country, as for the past four years he had served his college.

"What's she done to you now, Pep?" ventured a young Freshman jokingly.

At this Pep forced an apology for his usual jolly grin and to all but Jim, his room-mate, was himself again. The five that were leaving their midst to answer the call of their country were gay and cheerful. Yes, perhaps more so than usual, and when they left the dining-room they gathered around the open fire in the lounging-room. Once more Pep was the center of the group. They talked of war — not the horrors of war but the victories — of the scientific development the war is bringing about; of the wonderful feats of engineering; of air-craft; and of the Peace that will follow all.

"Don't forget to pack your fraternity pins," challenged one voice, and in mock ceremony the owner went the rounds to check up the five pins. Pep set his jaw as he displayed his. How proud he had been of that bit of jewelry four years ago. He had wanted every body to see it then, but now — well, he had hoped that Somebody else would be wearing it when he left for France.

Pep sauntered over to a window. He was thinking of the other battles he had risked his life for — of the last great college victory they had had; of how every fellow had done his share and of the great big feeling he had had when it was over. He had forgotten everything in his race for victory that day and had

given himself, heart and soul, to his college. He told himself — as he gazed through the drizzling rain at the cold, wet street — that he'd forget everything now and help win this fight for his fellow-men.

As he stood there trying to forget he felt the pressure of a hand on his arm. It was Jim. Neither looked at the other. But they were both thinking of a slender young girl with soft brown eyes and wavy dark hair. The one was thinking of the little sister he was leaving behind in this country, the other of a beautiful young woman.

"Come on," suggested Jim.

"Where?"

"Oh, just out — it will do us both good." Pep knew that his friend understood, and obeyed his summons.

Out there in the slippery, shiny streets nobody cared whether he talked; nobody expected him to live up to that awful reputation of a jolly good fellow. Each walked on wrapt in his own thoughts, his hat pulled over his eyes, and his collar turned up around his ears. As they stopped under a street light to let several motors pass Pep noticed that it was misting but that didn't matter either. It gave a sympathetic feeling. He realized how good the flowers must feel in the springtime, when the rain pours down on them. Suddenly they entered the entrance of a hotel.

"Got to see a relative of mine before I leave," Jim explained. "Come on, I won't be long!"

Soon they found themselves in an apartment — waiting. A door opened somewhere and they heard a man's voice in the hall-way. Jim excused himself. The voice, although different from his own father's, made Pep think of his home in the middle West. He gazed before him into space, but what he saw was his father and mother sitting in the little den at home, the former reading his evening paper, the latter knitting for *him* or somebody else's boy. Then he heard a slight rustle in the door way.

"Like to have you meet my relative, Pep," beamed Jim as he announced his sister.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Jean exclaimed intuitively as she caught a glimpse of Pep's face. "Did you think I wasn't coming? I

should have answered your letter and told you I could see you to-night but I — oh I just wanted to surprise you."

Jim's role in the little drama was over and closing the door behind him he joined his father and mother in the next room.

Late that night he heard Pep come into their room at the Fraternity House. He saw him standing by the window, again looking out on the shiny wet street. But the stars were twinkling overhead this time and as Pep turned around Jim saw a light in his eyes that was shining too. It was the reflection of his manhood radiating from them. As Pep squared his shoulders and set his jaw, Jim knew that his friend's life was at the service of his country.

Lucy Atwood, 1917

An Incident

Every one was excited in the little town of Beaumont — excited about a man. Just one, plain, and to all outward appearances, ordinary man. The man, however, possessed a quality. It was not a common quality, and no name was given to it. In simple words, this man had the ability to make people laugh. The eyes of the gruffest of men brightened as they heard him. Around him, all of the little children would gather. He was a veritable "Pied Piper" among them. The mothers held their babies to the windows — to see him go by. Even the dogs recognized him and followed him about.

Now this man was a stranger in the little town and a very mysterious stranger, too. He gave no name but was known by the one that he had gained, which was, "The man who makes us laugh."

Up a dark street, glistening with the drizzling rain and mist, a man was walking. As he passed under an occasional dim lamp-post, one could see that his shoulders stooped and that he carried himself in a dejected manner.

He wended his way across a muddy side street and a few steps farther on, he turned to his left and went up the walk of an old house of dark brown stone, bearing a doctor's sign on the door. A cheerful light gleamed at the top of the long flight of steps. The man rang the bell and was admitted by a rosy-cheeked servant. After a wait of two or three minutes, the doctor, a kind, comfortable sort of man, entered, rubbing his hands briskly together.

"This is a bad night," he remarked, "a typical November night."

The man eyed him wearily.

"And can I do something for you?" the Doctor inquired.

"Yes," assented the man in tired tones. "I am melancholy. Everything bores me. I am not interested in anything that goes on around me. I am continually depressed."

The doctor regarded him thoughtfully for a second.

"Ah, I have it!" he exclaimed. "You have heard of that clown in the village, I suppose?"

The man nodded.

"I have not seen him myself," continued the doctor. "But people say that he has the power of softening the hardest of hearts and gladdening the saddest. Go to him, and if what I have heard is true, he may do you some good."

The man looked into the cool, gray eyes of the kind old doctor for a full moment before he replied: "Sir, I am that clown."

Kathryn Cooper, 1919

Sunrise

Sick at heart, discouraged, utterly weary with life and the world, the man sat in his dingy little room and thought it over. No, there was no alternative — the only means of rest or escape was death. "The act of a coward," he would have called it in his better days, but now the only thing left to do.

Once he had been happy and comfortably situated and it had been good to live. Then suddenly, without warning, the girl he loved had been killed and he, trying to forget, had speculated blindly and lost all his money. He had failed to find employment and started drinking. At last, driven by hunger and the craze for drink, he had been forced to steal. Then it was that he came to himself, realized how far he had gone, and decided that Death was the kindest and most generous friend he had left.

He was sober and quite clear-headed as he sat there, thinking. The plan of suicide was not the product of his drink-crazed brain. It was a calm and dispassionate choice between two evils — to die or to go on living. Suddenly some words of a long-forgotten friend, a man whom he had once admired, came back to him: "Ever see a sunrise, boy? Well, if you ever feel utterly down and out, go and watch one." Somehow the idea took his fancy. He didn't remember ever having seen a sunrise. Not that it would make any difference in his plans — he had decided to kill himself and that decision was unchangeable, but, after all, one day was not very much in all eternity, and, smiling half whimsically, he might watch one sunrise on the earth.

The next day, at about two in the morning, he started for a hill he knew of, outside the city. It was still deep night and the stars, crystal clear, gave promise of a glorious day to come. It was rather a long walk, but he had known the way well once and he found it now with no trouble. He reached the summit of the hill at last, stumbling over rocks and roots of trees, and settled down, facing the east and cursing himself for an utter fool.

A long time he sat in darkness and he began to think it was never going to lift. Then there came a tiny streak of gray in the east which slowly broadened. The brilliant stars paled and

faded, trees became visible, with bushes and rocks and the dim outlines of farmhouses far below. Into the heart of the watching man came an indescribable feeling of pain that was sadness, yet different from the terrible bitterness he had felt before. The whole countryside was now plainly visible. The man could see smoke rising from the chimneys, and a milk-cart on the road far below, jogging on its daily round. The sights and sounds — the twittering of the awakening birds, the rumbling of the wagons, the rustle of a little breeze which was scampering through the treetops, all seemed to tell of Life, Life, Life. The grayness of the east changed slowly to pink, the pink to crimson which tinged the edges of three little fluffy, white clouds, floating just above the horizon line. It all brought a sense of joy to the man (to him who had thought he could never be glad again)—joy and a great desire to be a part of this living, breathing, waking world. He stood up and took off his cap, letting the breeze blow through his hair. He smiled and his smile held all the sights and sounds and color, even the fluffy clouds, tinged with pink. He would go back to the city; he would find work; he would pay back the money he had stolen; he would be a part of the busy world — he would live!

He started down the hillside and at the same time the sun burst forth, flooding the land with a swimming, dancing, golden light and proclaiming to the world the glory and promise of a New Day.

Sally Humason, C.P. 1917

The Opening of School from the Point of View of the Baggage Man

Say, Mike, will ya take a look at that there trunk! That's *some* trunk I'm a-tellin' ya. Gimme a hand-up. That's the stuff. Ain't that patented ward-robe thing a dandy? Seems like as they have more'n ever of 'em this year.

Say, ain't ya glad school's opened? Ya aint? Well, ya can jest bet I am. Gives me lots to do, an' the more ya have the more money ga git. Holy Mackinaw, ye're always grumblin'! Why, SURE, it's a lot of work — but ta tell the truth I like this job. When ya see all these youngsters rushin' aroun' so excited-like an' worryin' for fear they won't git their trunks all right, an' then when WE just go in and get their trunks up ta school all right an' good an' stop 'em from worryin,' why, ya jest feel kind o' responsible-like. Ya jest feel like as th' school can't open right without ya there ta see 'bout th' trunks an' things. An' then — their excitement is ketchin'. I get 'most as 'xcited as they do. Well, I'm not talkin' 'bout you — I'm talkin' about ME, and that's what I think — see? I don't care what ya think.

All ready? Git up Romulus! Up, Remus! Ain't them swell names fer horses? I learned them names last Christmas when all th' youngsters were goin' home fer th' holidays, onct when I was takin' a trunk off fer th' special. Ya can learn lots o' things drivin' round with th' baggage if ya jest keep yer ears open. An' — I do like them names. Makes 'em step livelier, an' you bet we'll have to step lively ta git all that there pile of stuff up ta school.

Look at all th' swell cars an' limysines in front o' Draper! How'd ya like ta ride in one o' them wagons? Say, I'll bet Henry's makin' lots of money with his taxis takin' th' girls up here. Sure, they all ride up th' first day.

Say, will ya look at them girls! Yeh — ain't they 'xcited! They must be old girls, them as is runnin' round so wild-like an' screamin'. My, they must love each other! Ya'd think they'd been away years! I feel kind o' sorry fer some o' them new girls. But jest ya wait till Christmas an' they'll be excited too.

Say, some o' these girls make me mad. They want everything right here, quicker'n a wink — immejately, an' they think they're the only ones as have trunks I guess. Why can't they have it now, they'd like ta know, an' — why, they sent it *Sunday*, so it oughta be here now. Like as not it's lyin' buried under the pile at the station because it WAS sent Sunday and got here 'fore she got here with her check. These things do make ya mad sometimes, 'specially when Romulus is limping under the heavy load.

Well, we've gotta hustle ta git all them trunks up. Say, we've been workin' hain't we? I tell ya, th' school couldn't open properly without us — now, could it? No, sir!

Git up there, Remus!

Elizabeth Holmes, C. P. 1918

The "Olympian"

Back again in the "Old Commons" dining-room eating Saturday night ham and baked beans and listening to the racket the boys made with their forks and knives! Back again in the "Old Commons" dining-room watching Julius, in his white coat, bring the cups of steaming hot chocolate (which we always insisted was two-thirds hot water) from the kitchen! Back again in the "Old Commons"! It was too good to be true! I grew care-free. I almost thought I was one of the boys again.

"Did I see Bob make that catch that won the game this afternoon? Well I guess! And let me tell you, old man, that was as pretty a catch as I ever saw," I heard myself saying enthusiastically to a tow-headed youth three or four places removed from me down the long table.

A roar of laughter burst out at the further end of our table. "Awkward Steve" had dropped a piece of ham he was serving, into the milk pitcher. And one of the Prom girls was in the dining-room! Horrors!

It was June, and commencement, at my old school and I had come back to live over the old care-free days of my boyhood. I had been to the baseball game that afternoon and had shouted with the best of them, clapped a red-headed chap on the back when "Bob" made the winning catch and been properly awed by "Burke's pretty sister," and "Dick's cousin who's the best sport ever." Then I had visited the old study hall where so many feet had resounded and where I discovered my initials on one of the worst-looking desks. This room dated back to a time even before the Revolution and we were rightly proud of the battle-scarred desks and the smudgy black-boards. I had stood at the west window watching the last rays of the setting sun and been forced to make myself properly insignificant and retreat in good order when the famous football captain came striding proudly in with his "girl" and I heard him say as I creaked down the stairs — "And this is where the old fellow flunks us. Deucedly dismal spot I call it." Years from now he, too, would stand at one of the windows where the last mellow ray of sunlight

flickered through the dingy pane and then he would know. But now —

I had clattered down the stairs and nearly upset four young "captain-worshippers" advancing stealthily to an advantageous spot where their hero might be closely observed. "Little rascals!" I thought good humoredly as I swung down the steps.

Now supper was over and with a general pushing back of chairs and banging of doors, the whole school trooped noisily out. A group of boys gathered around the piano to sing, others in groups of four and five wandered across the campus in the twilight their arms linked and their voices raised in the care-free, joyous exuberance of just being alive. The older boys, comprising the dance committee, adjourned to the gym to be sure the ice cream had arrived, the decorations were in their proper places, and the floor was as slippery as possible, before they started to dress for the evening.

I strolled across the campus and leaned against the old Senior fence under the apple tree, my evening cigar in my hand. The frogs croaked dismally in the gathering gloom from the marshes, and a sense of desolation and loneliness stole over me. Somewhere a tenor voice was singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And somewhere another voice far across the campus took it up.

My illusion on the sunlit field, that I was again a boy, had vanished. I felt as though I had never been so old. My forty years fairly weighed me down. As a boy I had regarded my masters and my elders as troublesome beings, who simply had to be, who never did anything wrong, who were, in short, superior beings, dwelling on an Olympus of their own. A blinding terror seized me. Could it be that I, too, in the eyes of these boys whom I so wanted to be one of, was an Olympian?

A hand clapped me on the back. A cheery young voice broke in upon my meditations:—

"Father, come on! The fellows are waiting. You've got to put up that moon in the gym. You're at least half a head taller than the headmaster. And, Dad, the fellows wanted to know if you'd please cast your eye over the ice cream! If we can't get rid of it all we'll lose out on the money end. And Burke's sister says you must dance with her! Come on."

Arm in arm my son and I strolled across the campus and somehow the frogs had lost their dismal croak. They seemed to be laughing. Do you suppose they really were?

Julie Pfingst Sherman, C. P. 1918

To a Chinese Dog

I thought of you as I tossed on my bed,
Of your big blue eyes and your ears so red,
The painted spots on your lean, lank sides,
The curl of your tail, a puppy's pride.
Pray, dear Chinese dog, what would you say
If you could speak in your own queer way.

The tales you could tell I'm sure are a score;
They must worry your brain forevermore.
For they can't come out on the tip of your tongue
Nor escape to the ears of anyone.
But poor old doggie, don't look so sad
Be thankful you haven't a chance to be *bad*!

Dorothy Baxter, 1917

The Night

My pen scratched loudly over the heavy, cream-colored, gold-embossed stationery Bertollini had given me. As I came to the end of the long letter I had just written home, the quietness of the place stole over me, I could almost hear the silence. A little breeze danced through a French window, and the perfume of a nosegay of violets was wafted towards me as they lay forgotten on the tiled floor. Why was everything so quiet? Somewhere in the distance two silvery chimes rang out. Two o'clock in the morning! I tiptoed to one of the doors and looked out.

Dear Reader, have you ever found yourself alone in a beautiful palace, alone to enjoy and explore? Have you never dreamed of marble halls — mysterious places, ancient and beautiful? It seemed that the dreams of my childhood were coming true — “I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls ——” Perhaps I was only dreaming now — whether dream or reality, I was going to make the best of my opportunity. There seemed to be no living thing in the place — it all was wonderfully quiet. I knew not why the place had become so suddenly quiet — I did not care. The long, wide vistas of marble halls stretched before me, great archways beckoned to me to come and see what lay beyond.

The very walls spoke to me, the palace seemed a living thing, peacefully sleeping in the night. What strange things must have happened here during the centuries, what famous people must have paced these very halls! And this very night, had there not been a great party of the Italian nobility in these same, silk-hung rooms? I knew I must hasten for it was late — very late. If I could only find the terrace unoccupied!

Almost breathlessly I found the ballroom — deserted. Where had the villainous-looking, picturesque musicians gone? Where the Italian street-singer Bertollini had had to amuse his guests? Only an hour before I had danced in that golden ballroom — what mad, lilting music had floated out onto the terrace. And the women — those dark-eyed, proud Italians — how they had fascinated me with their gay little gestures! And their gallant escorts — where had they all gone? Ah, well, I should

hasten to the terrace, that spot which has made Bertollini's palace one of the most beautiful in Europe.

Night enfolded the place in mystery — there was no one in sight. It felt good to be alone for a change — just for one minute to look over the great Bay of Naples. Far, far below it seemed. The lights along the shore gleamed like so many pearls upon a cloth of dusky velvet, and the moon rippled out a silvery path across the bay. Fairyland — nothing could have been more beautiful. And there, far to the left, Vesuvius raised its haughty crater — flickering smoke rolled out against the star-hung sky. What majesty and beauty! The quietness everywhere was full of wonder. Ah — this was no time to be out looking over the Bay, giving the reins to one's imagination. To-morrow in the morning with the sun dazzling over everything, turning Naples into a golden city — then I would come to the terrace again. The night was too black, too haunting. I turned, and fled, back through the marble halls, back to my cheerful room, leaving the Bay behind, gleaming in the moonlight.

Elizabeth Holmes, C.P. 1918

En Avant

He was thinking, as he stood on the aviation field waiting for orders, of the day he left America for France. The fellows had been great and had tried to make his departure jolly. They had failed utterly, and shown to him their love, awkwardly trying to cover their emotions with jests. He remembered, and he rather winced as the thought came to him, he remembered his leaving home. His last look at the dear old place had shown his mother looking from the veranda and waving. Her little face was bravely struggling to smile and her eyes blinked away the tears which rolled down her cheeks. That was the way she had always been, trying to seem happy and make the best of everything.

Bob was startled from his reveries by a hand clapped on his shoulder and a voice speaking, in broken English. "Mon camarade, le capitaine will be very please to see you."

Rob touched his cap to the speaker and went to his superior officer to receive orders. The captain told him of a rather dangerous scouting flight to be made. Rob's eyes shone with eagerness as he said in leaving, "I'll do my best, Sir."

The next day having looked over his machine and found every bolt secure he procured the necessary map which he was to use in recording his observations. While waiting for supplies he carved the words, "En avant," his family motto, on the spar, and fastened an American flag in his button-hole. The day was misty and the air heavy, but Rob, his mind engrossed by his expedition, was not prevented from making an early start. While ascending, he imagined the rushing air challenged him to some unknown kind of battle; and with a watchful eye for enemy aircraft, he flew over dangerous territory. Higher and higher he went until his machine was lost in the mist, to the world below.

As noon approached the mist cleared and he had to be more careful lest the enemy sight him. He used his glasses at intervals and made a careful search of the land beneath. It revealed unmistakable signs of fresh encampment and a point many miles beyond held his attention. It was on the border of the French territory. If he went nearer to observe it, a shot from an anti-

aircraft gun might reach him, but if that dark spot which attracted him should happen to be a reinforcement, his discovery of it would change the present strategic plans adopted by the French. These thoughts passed through his mind but something else urged him on, that inexpressible longing for adventure. His glance rested on the words which he had carved only that morning: "En avant" — forward, forward, forward perhaps into —. He used his glasses again and found that the dark spot moved. His fears were realized, and he marked the map at once. Just then something happened — an aeroplane of the enemy flew toward him. Rob made a quick and daring turn. There was no time to waste, the plans *must* be saved for on them rested the safety of many lives. His enemy gained upon him though he did his best to elude him. He was fighting for every inch, daring to do things he had never tried before. Suddenly the huge bird-like object bore down upon him with sickening rapidity. A shot rang out; there was a jerk and the machine dropped. Rob felt the grey mist cool against his cheeks, he seemed to be borne along on a cloud — he wondered whither. En avant! Forward — to an eternity of peace.

Far, far below in the world of strife and battle, a broken aeroplane and the body of an aviator had fallen. The plans which were to save a French army were found in the debris along with an American flag and a sliver of wood, carved with the words — En avant.

Virginia Vincent, 1918

On an Ocean Trip

The moon is shining bright
In this cool summer night,
While we are crossing the ocean wide;
Now we sing with good cheer,
Our voices round and clear,
Our happiness we cannot hide.

All things at last will change,
And so is this night strange;
Our hearts become a little dreary,
Thinking of the times gone by.
To a strange country draw nigh,
This is what makes us sad and weary.

Again, we think of the moon,
To home she'll take our boon,
Now we are glad and go to sleep;
And our hearts become light
In this cool summer night,
On the water deep, God will us keep.

Katherine Chen, C.P. 1918

The Cedar Swamp

Behind a boat-house, in some woods by a lake, is the place we call the "Cedar Swamp." It rests in the hollow of some little hills which are thickly wooded with big black, swaying pine-trees, oaks, and maples and quantities of little pert cedar trees. That's why we call it the "Cedar Swamp." It is a delight to look at on a hot summer's day. The water isn't muddy like most swamps, but clear and cool, and filled with little frogs and pollywogs. The water surrounds little hummocks with long grass, cowslips and under-brush growing on some, and blue-eyed grass, pitcher-plant, wild snapdragon and long, tangly cat-briar, on others. The water ripples around many little moss-covered rocks.

In the water, bobbing up and down and filling the whole woods with their fragrance, are big, pure white pond-lilies. Around the edges of the swamp grow scarlet cardinal-flowers and the flaming butterfly-weed, against a background of huge, thick, green ferns. There is usually a log floating about with a little black snapping-turtle sitting on it, or a fat, black water snake, coiled carelessly.

The woods about the swamp ring with the voices of thrushes, song-sparrows and hundreds of other birds, and the chatter of squirrels. There are little whirly-gigs of gnats in the air, and big grey herons flop from tree to tree. Vivid little king-fishers swoop and dart after fishes. The whole place is like a dream.

Katherine Weld, 1921

The Heirloom

It was the day before Christmas. The snow had been falling all the afternoon and was coaxed into little drifts on the terraces by the wind.

Down the avenue strode a well dressed young man of about twenty-four, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his coat collar turned up in order to keep the snow out.

"Bz-z-z! but it's cold! and a nice mess I'm in too! It's the limit to be engaged — er — a I mean to a girl that has everything," he hastily finished. "Now what on earth am I to give her? Pins, bracelets, fans — has a million already; book, hair-pins — Oh I say, old man, come back to earth! What's the use of having a Sister if —"

He had neared the shopping district and was suddenly drawn out of his reverie by seeing a store that he had never happened to notice before. As he neared the window his curiosity turned into genuine delight, for he saw in the window almost everything a person might wish.

"Well, this is luck!" he joyfully exclaimed in a whisper. "Wonder who the good soul is that has come to my rescue!" and he backed off in order to read the red sign above his head on which was printed in large gold letters "5 and 10 Cent Store."

"Hah, Hah! Isn't this jolly?" and with boyish haste he entered the store. Making his way down the aisles, he earnestly examined all things needful to make happy a beautiful woman, and finally ended in the china department. The little sales girl, who finally helped him select a heavy-looking blue and white cup and saucer, was greatly awed by his enthusiasm and good looks. "Con won't mind," he thought. "But — wow! what will Sis say?"

* * * *

Christmas Day dawned bright and clear. After breakfast Constance and her father went into the drawing room to open their presents. Constance had many friends who had remembered her that Christmas, but she excitedly gave all her presents one sweeping glance and selected the bulky looking package she knew to be from Jack. "Dad! just look! Oh see! What Jack gave

me. Isn't it wonderful! See what he says, a-er-a-hum—"General Washington and Lafayette once visited some of my ancestors and they are said to have used this cup. It has always been kept in the family as an heirloom — and shall always remain in the family. Your own Jack'."

About the same time Jack hustled downstairs and eagerly tore the paper off the box Constance had slipped into his pocket the night before. On a small card was written, "Merry, merry Christmas, Jackie, I made it all myself — just for you!" and inside the package was a small burnt wood box.

"Dear, plucky little girl. I wonder how many fingers she burnt — she ought not to have done it just to make this for me all herself. Wait 'til I —"

Just then the telephone rang and Jack hastily answered it.

"Hello Jack! you dear! Honestly I can't thank you enough for giving me that marvelous present and you know how wild I am about china — But, oh, Jack! I've an awful confession to make — . It was all a joke truly — but I couldn't think what to give you — and — oh dear! I didn't make that for you myself — I bought it in the new five and ten cent store!"

Katherine Righter, 1918

How Rhythmic Expression Came to Abbot

The Artist and the Faculty were walking hand in hand,
They wept like anything to see the school so poorly planned.
“If this could all be changed,” they said. “It surely would be
grand!”

“If forty yards of crêpe de chine with which they might be
gowned,
Were ordered right away, do you suppose that it would go around?
“Quite likely,” said the Faculty. “Your judgment is most
sound.”

The crêpe de chine was ordered in all colors very bright;
The girls were soon draped up in it — they were a lovely sight!
For some could do it beautifully, but others couldn't — quite.

And soon it was a common thing to see their inspirations:
Like birds and nymphs and sylphs they floated home on their
vacations,
And soon their parents wrote that they enjoyed “interpretations.”

*Sally Humason, C. P. 1917, and
Catherine McReynolds, C. P. 1918*

Ponce de Leon and the fount of Youth

A weary band of sailors
In a new-found land,
On the shores of a mighty ocean,
Lay asleep upon the sand.

Ponce de Leon, their commander,
Weary, looked upon his host,
Upon the stormy water,
And the lonely, rocky coast.

"Alas!" he cried. "My bravest
Are becoming old and weak,
And the Fount of Youth no nearer
Then when we first began to seek;

"And my eyes have looked their last
On their beloved Spain."
And he fell beside his sailors
Ne'er to see the light again!

Catherine McReynolds, C. P. 1918

Editorials

On the evening of April 23, the resident student body was called together in Abbot Hall for a meeting somewhat similar to one which took place a few months before — when Miss Bailey entrusted into our hands certain powers of Student Government. A very solemn occasion we thought it then, as each girl in her own heart earnestly resolved to uphold the high standards of Student Government, and to do her best to make the school even better than before; but this night marked an even greater episode in our school life — the presenting of the gavel to Student Government by Miss Bailey in behalf of the faculty. The gavel is a beautiful hammer or mallet, of mahogany, formed from a piece of the press which Mr. Draper used for so many years. It is a fitting token of the faculty's appreciation of our efforts, and of their recognition of Student Government as an established factor in our school life. It is the symbol of self-control — it marks the definite advent in Abbot Academy of Student Government, and will be an ever-present reminder of the sympathy and co-operation of the faculty.

The present representative committee of Student Council is made up of the presidents and the vice-presidents of the senior class, of the Christian Association, of the Athletic Association, the president of Student Government, and one representative from each of the lower classes.

Before our nation entered the great war, a visitor at Abbot might have remarked upon the knitting which the girls carried with them everywhere. And such a vivid dash of color as it made! Even in the winter months the school seemed a place

“Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,

And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.”

But the seeming blooms of summer were only brilliantly colored yarns; and now that spring has actually come, and with the entrance of this great nation of ours into the war, they seem to have utterly disappeared. In their stead, heavy gray, brown, and blue worsteds grow day by day into mufflers, socks, and

sweaters for the soldiers and sailors of our country and our allies. The school has organized itself into units, about ten girls in a group, each group having its own particular aim. In this way the work is supervised to a certain extent, and represents the offering of the school to the cause of the nation. Two First Aid classes have also been formed, and under the direction of Miss Aldred the girls are learning how to make bandages and other necessities and how to give first aid in an emergency. Next year we expect to have also a course in surgical dressings. We are glad to be able to say that the enthusiasm over this thick, purposeful knitting is much greater than that which the light, gay knitting of former days inspired.

It has been interesting to note the unusual degree of patriotism shown by Phillips at the present crisis. The military activities during the spring term have been quite vigorous. Officers for the squads have been chosen, and every afternoon has been devoted to systematic drilling under the supervision of Dr. Page. The squads have done excellent work, thanks to previous training at Plattsburg by most of the officers. Twenty-four Phillips men made up an ambulance unit and left for France on April 28. It is expected that another Phillips unit will go across in July. A large number of the boys expect to enlist either in the army or in the mosquito fleet after the close of school in June.

On April 23, in Abbot Hall, we assembled for our usual morning exercises. To an outsider it might have seemed like any other Monday morning; but to us it was different. At the close of the chapel service we sat armed with pencils and paper. A strange feeling of curiosity mingled with expectancy pervaded the room. We were to have an efficiency test. I glanced about me. My neighbor was stern and erect, waiting for the first orders to be given. I looked back toward the center of the room, and caught a glimpse of one of my younger friends frantically looking around her, evidently gathering up her straggling flock of information from the puzzled faces about her.

At last Miss Bailey broke the tenseness of the situation by giving an explanation of what was expected of us. The first was

a memory test — an explanation of Red Cross work and shopping directions. Suddenly the signal was given! We stopped writing, and hurried to our assigned places in Davis Hall. There we awaited our next task, which proved to be a dictation exercise; then there was an arithmetic test, and last but not least a test on our powers of observation. Again we heard the signal — it was over; that is, the test itself, but the reaction remained with us. Groups of enthusiastic girls gathered in the halls and around the circle.

This efficiency test was followed a few days later by a general information test which, much to our consternation, showed us how little we knew rather than how much. But this exposure of our ignorance made us very eager to know what is going on in this busy world of ours. In the second general information test, which was practically a duplicate of the first, we proved that we were not willing to remain in a state of ignorance.

Aside from these occasional tests, Miss King is kind enough to post questions of current interest on the bulletin-board every day, with directions as to how to find the answers. So if an Abbot girl is not well-posted, whose fault is it?

The last few years have been progressive ones for Spain. She has aroused increasing interest, and with this interest has come the desire of other countries to understand her, her language, customs and literature.

Here at Abbot we are taking the first step in getting acquainted with Spain and our Latin American neighbors by learning the Spanish language. A Spanish class was formed in the beginning of the year, under Madame Romero's supervision. The class is small, but we hope that next year, having obtained a firm foothold, it will increase, if not double itself. As we are approaching the end of our first year's work, our progress seems encouraging. We have been reading a story of one of the prominent Spanish writers, Alarçon, and have read a selection from Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. Madame Romero has made Spanish life more vivid to us by relating her own experiences in Spain

and Chili. The year has given us a glimpse of Spain which we would like others to share.

There is a dangerous tendency in these days to do something because it is "the thing to do." It is a bad habit to get into. It destroys all originality and individuality.

Don't say you agree with a person on a subject because you think she is supposed to know about it. Look up the subject for yourself, and don't agree with someone else's opinion until you're absolutely convinced that hers is the right one. Don't laugh at a joke that you know you wouldn't like to tell yourself, simply because everyone else in the room laughs. Don't diligently pursue the work of a certain writer whom you don't really like, because "everyone is reading him this winter".

A certain small boy once remarked to some friends of his mother, "Oh, haven't you heard those new records of Mr. ——? They're fine — but they sound horrid." There's the whole trouble. Haven't you ever found yourself declaring a thing "fine" when in your secret heart it "sounded horrid!"?

Whether it be the choice of a book or a play or a college or a profession, do a thing because you want to do it, not because it happens for the moment to be "the thing to do".

Above all things let us not be sentimental. Let us guard against those desires — to cherish foolish tokens of nothing, to eat our hearts away over an affection for a certain classmate, to talk flowingly about pretty little subjects and to weep over tales of silly pathos. Love is not blind. No truthful emotion is blind. Sentimentalism is worse than blind; it dulls and cheapens every thing it comes in contact with. Everything in the vicinity of the sentimentalist becomes distorted by the inability of that person to feel deeply and sympathetically and, last but not least, to act naturally.

One of the most outstanding evils of the twentieth century is the hurry habit. Everybody has it in a greater or less degree. Babies are pushed into it by their doting parents, who are anxiously intent on having them keep a little ahead of all of their

friends' babies, in physical, intellectual and gooing ability. Old men are swept along by it, willy-nilly, like dry leaves on a turbulent stream.

It is very logical to find a motor-age saying, "Out of my way! I'm in a hurry." Not that it has any good reason for its mad flight, but it has gone speed-crazy. The good old "Haste makes waste" is proving true every day, but we are all in too much of a hurry to notice it.

Do we take time to study the harmony of one symphony or the color in one painting? No; just as the wonder of it begins to impress us, we must look wildly at our watches and concentrate upon catching a train. For if you don't hurry when you take the train, you'll have to when you leave it. It is inescapable. We seem to be always hurrying so that we may not need to hurry, but we are pursuing ourselves around a very small circle.

Friends of Miss Merrill will be glad to know that the contributions for the memorial gateway have been generous, and that, although more money is needed, plans for the construction of the gate are being considered by the trustees and it is hoped that work on it may begin before long.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

- 20 Lecture by Miss Miriam Cheney: Posture.
- 20 First Tea dance in Phillips Grill.
- 21 Chapel. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick: The Religion of our Fathers.
- 23 English V. Prize Plays. Davis Hall.
"Cupid's Columns", Bernice Boutwell.
"His Uncle's Ward", Lucy Atwood.
- 27 Miss Skilton of Lowell tells us of the Life of the Working Girl.
- 27 Tea dance at Phillips Grill.
- 29 Chapel. Miss Ethel DeLong: The Pine Mountain School.

FEBRUARY

- 1-3 Examinations.
- 3 Luncheon of Abbot Club and Alumnae Association at Hotel Vendome, Boston.
- 4 Chapel. Miss Mary Wiggin: The Consumers' League.
- 5-9 Senior Trip to Intervale with Miss Bailey.
- 6 Party to Barnstormers in Town Hall.
- 6 Miss Kelsey's fudge party in the recreation room.
- 10 Recital by music pupils in Davis Hall.
Reception of Student government.
- 11 Seniors hear Captain Ian Hay Beith at Free Church.
Chapel. Mr. Bigelow: Abraham Lincoln.
- 12 Chapel. Captain Ian Hay Beith: Experiences in the Trenches.
- 13 Senior-Middle Plays. Davis Hall.
"Miss Civilization"
"The Maker of Dreams"
- 14 Bradford Tea to Abbot Seniors.
- 17 Fire in Draper Hall.
Second Abbot Academy Recital in Davis Hall. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, Soprano.
- 18 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Conduct.
- 21 Phillips Promenade
- 24 Chapel. Rev. William E. Lombard: Religion.
- 27 Miss Nichols and quartette in Davis Hall.
- 28 Party to hear Mme. Bernhardt.

MARCH

- 3 Senior Promenade. Davis Hall.
- 4 Chapel. Miss Mabel Hayward: The Development of the Spanish Girl.
- 7 Senior-Middle Sleighride.

- 8 Mr. Radford Abbot tells of his experiences as an ambulance driver near Verdun.
- 10 Exhibition of Rhythmic Expression by Miss Morris, assisted by Miss Killinger.
- 11 Chapel. Mrs. Helen Weil. Reading: Joseph the Dreamer.
- 15 Violin Recital. Davis Hall. Miss Nichols.
- 17 Party to French Play. Miss Sherman.
- 18 Chapel. Mr. Stackpole: Contemplation.
- 22 Lecture. Baroness Huard: "My Home on the Field of Honor".
- 24 Ethel Leginska. Piano.
Pi Eta Show in Town Hall.
- 25 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Preparedness.
- 28 Minstrel Show. Glee Club.
- 30 Spring Vacation.

APRIL

- 14 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Stannard: Housewifery.
- 15 Easter Service in Davis Hall. Miss Bailey.
Organ Recital.
- 18 "Isaiah." Peabody Players.
- 19 Bird Lecture. Mr. Oldys.
- 21 Hall Exercises. Miss Agnes Donham: Care of the Home.
- 22 Free Church. Cantata by Choral Society.
- 23 Presentation of gavel to Student Body by Faculty.
- 24 Play by Barnstormers in Town Hall.
- 28 Hall Exercises. Miss Mabel Hill: Home and Community.
- 29 Chapel. Mr. Wilson: Life of Christ.

MAY

- 1 May Breakfast in Town Hall.
Senior Play. Davis Hall. "The Ladies' Battle."
- 5 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Richard Cabot: Care of Children.
- 6 Trip to hear Galli Curci with Miss Bancroft.
Chapel. Miss Bailey: Reading: Sermon by Dr. Fosdick. "The Second Mile."
- 8 French play by French Department. Davis Hall. "Triomphe de Flore."
- 9 Geological trip to Nahant with Miss Elliott.
- 13 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Park: The Judgment of our Fellow Men.
- 14 Song recital by pupils of Miss Bennett, assisted by Piano pupils, Glee Club, and Abbot String Quartet.
- 15 Senior-Middle Banquet.
- 15-17 Spring Field Day Events.
- 19 Opening of exhibition of Contemporary Boston Artists in the John-Esther Gallery.
- 19 Dr. Raymond Calkins: The Things that Cannot be Shaken.

Commencement

The Commencement Exercises will be held from June 10 to June 12.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by William Pierson Merrill D. D. of Brick Church, New York City, and the commencement address will be given by Professor George Herbert Palmer, L.L.D.

The Draper readers are —

Louise Jackson Bacon of Newton
Helen Frances Cutting of Brooklyn, New York
Mildred Harriet Frost of Lawrence
Marion Russell McPherson of Waban
Sarah Katharine Tougas of Dorchester
Virginia Vincent of Boonton, New Jersey
Margaret Elizabeth Van Voorhis of Zanesville, Ohio
Marion Crosby Willson of Lowell

ACADEMIC SENIOR CLASS

Lucy Rogers Atwood	Bangor, Maine
Elizabeth Harlow Bacon	Albany, New York
Miriam Manning Bacon	Newton
Harriet Hilton Balfe	Newburgh, New York
Dorothy Louise Baxter	Mansfield, Ohio
Bernice Patterson Boutwell	Lowell
Mary Church	Cambridge
Esther Kinney Davis	Bridgeport, Connecticut
Marguerite Dunaway	Virginia, Illinois
Doris Elizabeth Emery	Newport, Vermont
Frances Kent Gere	Syracuse, New York
Mildred Ada Gilmore	Wellesley Hills
Gertrude Goss	Melrose
Esther Wanzer Hungerford	New Milford, Connecticut
Ruth Jackson	Malden
Alice Taylor Littlefield	Peabody
Cornelia Chapell Newcomb	New London, Connecticut
Cornelia Bancroft Sargent	Lawrence
Dorothy Coffin Small	Nantucket
Hilda Belle Temple	Andover
Mary Elizabeth Wuichet	Dayton, Ohio
Mary Catharine Yeakle	Norristown, Pennsylvania

COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR CLASS

Carita Bigelow	Andover
Janet Wilson Davis	Altoona, Pennsylvania
Elizabeth Waterman Graves	New London, Connecticut
Sarah Waters Humason	New Britain, Connecticut
Edith Agnes Marsden	Lawrence
Harriet Josephine Murdock	Meriden, Connecticut
Dorothy Newton	Andover
Rachel Langevin Olmstead	West Brookfield
Marjorie Blackstone Smithwick	Lexington
Antoinette Creighton Stone	Ilion, New York

Lectures

One morning during the winter term Miss Ethel DeLong spoke in Chapel about the Pine Mountain School, a sort of daughter-school to the Hindman. Her work among the simple, uneducated mountain folk has been very energetic and fruitful. Her stories of the people were extremely interesting; some were pathetic, others amusing. Nearly all of them told of the people's longing for better lives and more advantages for their children. Miss DeLong sang several of the mountain ballads, while she played her own accompaniment on a one-stringed instrument. The songs were charming, and altogether the talk was very entertaining, besides fulfilling its motive to tell the girls about the school and to inspire each one with a desire to help those struggling people of the hills who have so many possibilities with so many hardships.

We were certainly fortunate here at Abbot to have the chance to hear Captain Ian Hay Beith, even though for only a short time.

The seniors had the double good fortune to hear him twice — once in Monday morning chapel and once on Sunday afternoon, when he spoke at the Free Church to an audience composed mostly of Scotchmen.

The address at the Free Church was particularly impressive, as Captain Beith was talking to his own countrymen, who were extremely enthusiastic and responsive. He told, first, something about life in the trenches, a mixture of humorous anecdotes and thrilling incidents which held his audience spell-bound. He also spoke of England's awakening and the wonderful change which has been wrought in her unity of purpose and efficiency of action. He finished by a short discussion of affairs as they stand at present, and declared that England would consider no peace until her purpose was accomplished.

His talk in chapel consisted mostly of stories of trench life — short, vivid pictures, full of interest and humour.

Captain Beith's winning personality adds greatly to what he has to say. He has great simplicity of manner, a clear, well-modulated speaking voice and a dry, witty humour which sends his audience into gales of laughter, but never brings a smile to his own face. He also has the gift, although speaking quietly and easily, of making his listeners thrill.

Mr. Radford Abbot of Andover returned in February from France where he had served for six months in the ambulance corps. Mr. Abbot lectured on his experiences in this work at the Phillips Club. Later he repeated his lecture in Davis Hall. He told us some very thrilling tales of his work over there; of his adventures while he drove an ambulance out behind the trenches at night taking in the wounded men. He made us realize just how important such a work is in the present great war.

On Sunday evening, March 11, a very interesting reading was given by Mrs. Helen Weil of Cambridge. Mrs. Weil read a play entitled "Joseph the Dreamer," being the dramatization of the Bible story of Joseph.

The play was intensely dramatic and effective. It gives the story of Joseph through the scenes of young manhood, shows his selling into slavery, his later work in Egypt when he has become great, and ends with the dramatic and touching meeting of Joseph and his aged father and the reconciliation between Joseph and his brothers.

Mrs. Weil's skilful reading greatly heightened the interest and dramatic effect of the play.

"Joseph the Dreamer" was written by Mrs. Percy Dearman of England, who died in Serbia during the typhus epidemic in 1915.

On the afternoon of March 22, we had the good fortune to listen to a most inspiring talk by Baroness Huard. By telling the story of her experiences just outside of Paris at the outbreak of the war she is raising money in this country. With this money Baroness Huard is running a hospital in Paris which accommodates one hundred patients.

In her simple, direct way she told us first of the mobilization and then of the awful war with its suffering and untold horrors. It was her own personal experiences that she told us — the surprise of her household at the Chateau de Villiers when war was declared and the sudden departure of men, horses and motors. The throngs of Belgian refugees, aged and young, plodding past her home away from the enemy on towards they knew not where, was heart-rending.

Finally she was forced to leave the chateau on account of the approach of the Germans, and made her way southward with four members of her household, two small boys, a sick girl and a nurse. After numberless hair-breadth escapes, she reached Melun. It was here for three weeks that she (being able to speak French) acted as interpreter for the English army, and later she returned in the rear of that victorious company of men to her devastated "Home on the Field of Honor."

The depression of it all is buoyed up by her wonderful sense of humor. It is no time to be depressed, but rather a time to rise up and give a helping hand to those about us. As she finished her talk, we knew that we had in our midst a real heroine — a heroine who needs our help to carry out her wonderful work. And we knew that we too have a role to play in this great war drama.

During the spring term a series of lectures was given on four Saturday afternoons by representatives from the Garland School of Homemaking.

Mrs. Stannard was our first speaker. Her lecture on home management was very interesting and instructive. She pointed out the relative importance of the food, clothing and shelter problems, and told us how to derive the most satisfaction from the right use of a yearly income.

The second talk, on "Efficiency in the Home", was by Miss Agnes Donham. We were made to realize that our own rooms were real houses on a small scale and that by following a regular routine of work we should save ourselves needless energy, besides creating a more pleasant atmosphere from the satisfying feeling of well-done duties.

Miss Mabel Hill was our third speaker. Her subject was "The Relation of the Home to Society." Miss Hill gave us an interesting idea of ways to help those who are unfortunate enough to have to work under poor labor conditions. After her talk we could not help realizing the duties of a good housekeeper to society.

Mrs. Cabot, wife of Dr. Richard Cabot, was our fourth speaker. Mrs. Cabot spoke on "The Care of the Child", dealing with the psychological side of the subject. It seemed that Mrs. Cabot had a perfect understanding of child nature, from her real and amusing stories of children and from her feeling for children in general. Her lecture was very interesting.

On Thursday afternoon, April 19, Mr. Henry Oldys lectured in Abbot Hall on birds. Mr. Oldys has devoted twenty-five years of his life to the study

of birds, their habits and their songs. He brought to us the true spirit of spring through his very entertaining tales of birds and bird-lovers he has known. Through his clever mimicry of bird notes we could almost imagine ourselves out in the woods, spying on birds in their most secret haunts. Mr. Oldys taught us a great deal from his own profound knowledge and love of bird-lore, and made us all realize how near the bird relationship is to us, and how we can cultivate their friendship to the best advantage.

Concerts

A song recital was given in Davis Hall Saturday afternoon, February 17, by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, and was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. The first half of the program consisted of German Lieder, which were sung most sympathetically and skilfully. Schubert's "Haiden Roslein" was especially interesting. The French and English songs which followed were, however, the most popular. "L'oiseau Bleu" and "Chère Nuit" were beautiful, and in these Mrs. Williams seemed to reach the climax of her skill. Handel's "Come, Beloved" was charming, as were the other English songs. Mrs. Williams's technique is good and she sang with great ease and grace. Miss Wilhelmina Kernston proved to be a very competent accompanist, and the afternoon was a great success.

Miss Nichols gave us a great treat the afternoon of February 27, in bringing to Abbot the String Quartet she has formed and instructed. The young ladies played beautifully together and each one gave a charming solo. It was especially interesting, because we knew that Miss Nichols was training four Abbot girls also in a String Quartet, and after we had seen what remarkable results she had accomplished with her Boston Quartet, our hopes grew high for the Abbot Quartet. Two of the players were Miss Blaikie who gives lessons in the 'cello at school, and Miss Gates, assistant violin teacher.

Miss Marie Nichols gave her annual violin recital for Abbot in Davis Hall, the evening of March 15, and it was one of the most delightful and satisfactory recitals we have heard. Her first number was Tartini's famous Sonata and was more than enough to make the audience aware of her splendid technique and interpretation. Gossec's Gavotte was full of life and vigor, and Beethoven's Rondino was beautifully played. The pieces were all so lovely, it is hard to determine which was liked the best. Polonaise in A from Wein-iawski was charming, and the Gypsy Dance of Natchez, with which her program ended, was brilliantly and wonderfully played. We certainly are fortunate in having Miss Nichols for a violin teacher, and in having the opportunity of hearing her play. Miss Isabelle Moore proved to be a skilful accompanist at the piano.

Saturday afternoon, March 24, a piano recital by Miss Ethel Leginska was given in Davis Hall. This event had been looked forward to with great eagerness by all who had heard Miss Leginska before and knew how truly great she is, and by those who had heard such glowing reports of her. Realization more than justified anticipation in this case. Miss Leginska has grown tremendously in her executantship and instrumental knowledge of the piano. She played with a brilliancy of touch and a depth of feeling which enthralled the audience. The initial number on her program was a Gavotte by Rameau which made an excellent concert piece. Her touch while playing Chopin's famous ballads and

nocturnes was that of a genius. The powerful Keltic Sonata of MacDowell's was vividly interpreted, and Liszt's Rhapsodie VIII was very sympathetically played. She encored with Variations of the Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss, and this was one of the most exquisite things she played. She had played the same piece last year for us and we were very fortunate in hearing it again. No one who has ever heard Ethel Leginska play will ever forget either her performance or her charming personality.

We were given quite a surprise the evening of March 28 when we assembled in Davis Hall, expecting to hear the Glee Club sing songs. What greeted us was more than the Glee Club — in appearance anyway — it was a Minstrel Show. Black, black darkies in snow-white linen held our fascinated attention for about an hour while they sang their plaintive, haunting melodies. It was one of the happiest entertainments of the year, and as we knew the darkies of this Minstrel Show, it made it all the more fun.

Monday afternoon, May 14, was a very pleasant one, for a song recital by Miss Bennett's pupils was given then, assisted by the Glee Club, by Professor Ashton's piano pupils, and by the Abbot String Quartet. The Glee Club sang delightfully, as usual; and the girls who sang individually, and those who played the piano, won enthusiastic applause from the audience. The Abbot String Quartet composed of Miss Tougas, Miss Goss, Miss Solle, and Miss Miller caused as much excitement as the Quartet Miss Nichols brought from Boston in February. Certainly the Abbot Quartet played very well and creditably, and the whole recital was a success.

Plays

On January 23, the English V Prize Plays were given in Davis Hall for a most enthusiastic audience. The young playwrights selected their own casts and the coaching was done mostly by them with the help of Miss Howey. "Cupid's Columns" by Bernice Boutwell was presented first, and the little farce met with shouts of approving laughter from the audience. Then "Her Uncle's Ward," the play written by Lucy Atwood, was given, and the audience breathlessly followed the pursuit of the run-away heroine to the happy ending. It was lots of fun for the girls, and the excellent productions of the two budding geniuses made the evening a fine success.

On the evening of February 13, the highly anticipated Senior Middle plays were given in Davis Hall. "Maker of Dreams," a one-act play by Oliphant Downs, was certainly one of the most exquisite little plays ever given at Abbot. Virginia Vincent made a dainty little Pierrette and we were all glad that Pierrot finally stopped his clever dancing long enough to discover in her the ideal of his dreams. Marion Willson as the Manufacturer played her role with all the dignity that the situation demanded, and the applause which filled the hall at the close of the play was loud and prolonged.

"Miss Civilization," a play by Richard Harding Davis, was then presented, and perhaps was the more popular of the two plays. Martha Grace Miller made a charming Miss Civilization and won the admiration of all by her clever acting. Louise Bacon, as the leader of the burglars, was splendid in the terse, sharp character she adopted, and Natalie Weed and Margaret Mitchell kept the audience laughing at their antics. Of course the play couldn't

have ended properly without the aid of Ruth Eaton as Captain Lucas, chief of police, his assistant, and the wrecking crew.

The evening was extremely successful and Miss Potter should be congratulated on her excellent directing.

The cast:—

"Maker of Dreams"

MANUFACTURER
PIERRETTE
PIERROT

MARION WILLSON
VIRGINIA VINCENT
KATHERINE PINCKNEY

"Miss Civilization"

MISS CIVILIZATION
JOE HATCH
HARRY HAYES
REDDY
CAPTAIN LUCAS, Chief of Police
ASSISTANT

WRECKING CREW

MARTHA GRACE MILLER
LOUISE BACON
NATALIE WEED
MARGARET MITCHELL
RUTH EATON
CATHERINE MCREYNOLDS
{ VELMA ROWELL
 MARY KUNKEL
 IRENE ATWOOD

STAGE MANAGER
PROPERTY MANAGER

RUTH EATON
ELOISE VAN ARSDALE

We were very fortunate in having with us Wednesday evening, March 28, the Peabody House players of Boston, who presented the stirring drama of Isaiah. The characters were wonderfully taken, and the play gave us a realization of Biblical history and a visualization of the Old Testament's war-time prophet that we might never have received in any other way. It seemed we were in the far East — the garments, the colors, the sounds were so vividly Oriental, and Syrian. The music and dancing were lovely and made a lasting impression upon us with their weird themes. Everything about the presentation of this drama was so human and impressive, so dramatic and vividly colored, that it will long remain in the memories of those who had the opportunity of witnessing it.

Tuesday evening, May 1, in Davis Hall, the Senior Class play, "The Ladies' Battle," was presented. It was hard to realize we were living in the Twentieth Century, for the play carried us back nearly a hundred years to the period of the Restoration in France, and the scenery cleverly and beautifully depicted the summer salon of the Chateau d'Autreval. The characters were wonderfully individualized and interpreted. Ruth Jackson made a stunning Countess, a lady of keen wit and great beauty. Cornelia Sargent was a perfect young Leonie, a girl with only her youthfulness to defeat the cleverness of her aunt. The part of Henri, the gallant young man over whom the ladies fought, was exceedingly well given by Carita Bigelow. Esther Davis played the role of the villain with ease and skill. We were sorry that Mary Church was unable to take part in the play, as intended originally; but Norma Tibbet, a former pupil of Miss Potter's, played the role of the love-lorn Gustave with delightful awkwardness. The martial touch given by the Dragons made the play all the more picturesque. Altogether the play was a great success and will be long remembered by those who saw it. Miss Potter should be congratulated for her excellent coaching of the cast; and great appreciation is

due Frau Cramer of the German, and Miss Pooke of the Art departments for the help they gave in painting the scenery. Elizabeth Bacon was the prompter, and Esther Hungerford, stage manager.

The cast of characters:

COUNTESS D'AUTREVAL
LEONIE DE LA VILLEGONTIER
BARON DE MONTRICHARD
HENRI DE FLAVIGNEUL
DRAGOONS
OFFICERS OF DRAGOONS
SERVANT

RUTH JACKSON
CORNELIA SARGENT
ESTHER DAVIS
CARITA BIGELOW
CATHARINE YEAKLE, MARJORIE SMITHWICK
ELIZABETH BACON
HARRIET BALFE

The French play "Le Triomphe de Flore," given on May 8, was a dainty little piece of acting and stage-setting which the whole school greatly enjoyed.

The scene was a garden, and a great deal of credit is due to the stage managers who transformed the stage of Davis Hall into a bower of loveliness.

The flowers, (and every sort of flower that grows was represented) endeavor to awaken Flore, their queen, who lies sleeping in their midst. She is lazy and refuses to rise, whereupon the flowers cry "A bas, la reine, Flore," and leave her. Repenting, she begs forgiveness and the flowers return, again crowning her their queen.

The four soldiers of the queen who were guarding the flowers called forth such volumes of applause that they were compelled to repeat their song and march three times.

The whole play was so pretty and well done, that the audience refused to be satisfied until the entire last act was repeated.

The part of Flore was taken by Ruth Farrington, and that of the Breeze, who awakens in Flore a sense of her duties, by Marjorie Smithwick.

Rhythmic Expression

A course in rhythmic expression has been introduced this year. This course is under the direction of Miss Louise Revere Morris, a pupil of Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes's School of Rhythmic Expression in New York.

As an introduction to our work in this art Miss Morris, assisted by Miss Killinger, gave an exhibition in Davis Hall on March 10. Miss Morris also told us about the origin and aim of the dancing. They showed us what natural possibilities we all have stored up, under cover of the conventionalities of the ages. Everyone is naturally graceful, but in our twentieth-century rush for materialism we fail to realize this. Success lies in the abandonment of self and the cultivation of sympathetic imagination. The program included "The Water Lily," "Cupid," and "The Dance of Apollo," which were very beautifully and gracefully interpreted.

In our rhythmic expression classes under Miss Morris, assisted by Miss Sprague, we are working up a pageant which promises to be a very beautiful affair. The following is a synopsis of the pageant:

THE PAGEANT OF THE OPEN FIELDS

The promise of spring is in the air. *Pan* awakes and pipes his merry notes, heralding the season's dawn. The *Frogs* from their marshy pools respond, and anon the *Birds* return. Again *Pan* pipes, and in response the

first sweet *Flowers of Spring* appear. Then like mad Bacchantes come the boisterous *Summer Flowers*, laughing to scorn their tender sisters, until the latter fade away. Presently, however, they too are driven from the scene by the stately *Autumn Troop*, which holds the season's sceptre. But only for a time, for soon across the fields the *Chill Winds* swoop down, forerunners of winter gales, and then the fields are bare save for the *Whirling Leaves*. Winter fast descends. *Pan* struggles against the storm but, unable to stay the fierce onslaught, seeks shelter beneath the leaves. The *Snowy Gales* sweep on, but their triumph too is but for a day, for from out the midst of snows and protecting leaves *Pan* softly rises and once more lifts his pipes.

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER, 1917

Katherine Ch'en, Tsing Lien Li, Martha Grace Miller — 91
Elizabeth Bacon, Julia Abbe, Helen Walker — 89
Mary Wuichet, Avalita Howe — 88

THIRD QUARTER

Katherine Ch'en, Tsing Lien Li — 92
Julia Abbe, Mary Shipman — 91
Antoinette Stone, Martha Grace Miller, Avalita Howe — 90
Elizabeth Bacon, Irene Atwood, Margaret Van Voorhis, Emily Thompson, Helen Walker, Elizabeth Sjostrom — 88

School Gifts

During the school-year 1915-1916, the Sunday contributions and the money given by the school for war relief and other charities amounted to \$964. About the same amount has been given this year, some of the special contributions being for Baroness Huard, the Armenian Relief Fund and the Joffre Fund for French Orphans. The girls also bought the yarn for the Red Cross knitting.

Field Day

Field Day this year was quite an exciting and prolonged affair, beginning Tuesday afternoon at 3.30, and ending Thursday afternoon at 4.30.

The contest was odd against even; that is, the classes of '17 and '19, against those of '18 and '20.

The track events were on Tuesday, May 15. After a close struggle, the score came out a tie. Wednesday morning at 9.30 came the archery tournament. This sport was only introduced to school this year, and therefore was especially interesting to the spectators. Each competitor shot eight rounds of six arrows each. The winner was awarded a cup and the three who came out ahead, a little green pin, the special award of merit to an expert archer. A great deal of thanks is due to Mr. Bryant, to whose untiring efforts in coaching the progress of the sport has been due.

At 1.30 in the afternoon came the riding exhibition. It consisted of three divisions — a serpentine race, a ball race and riding for form. As

soon as the riding was over came the hockey game and that finished the events of that day. The baseball game was on Thursday afternoon.

Although the odd teams carried off nearly all the honors, it was no easy victory, for the even teams fought hard and well.

Friday morning in chapel the cup was presented to the president of the senior class and the members of the different teams received their numerals.

The results of Field Day in detail are as follows:—

TRACK		
<i>Event</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Height or distance</i>
High jump	D. Fairfield	3 ft. 11 in.
Baseball throw	S. Humason	161 ft. 7 in.
Basketball throw	M. Bushnell	61 ft. 10 in.
Standing broad jump	F. Gere	6 ft. 10½ in.
Running broad jump	M. McPherson	11 ft. 4½ in.
Dash	G. Prescott	
Relay	Team of '18-'20	

ARCHERY		
<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Score</i>
E. Davis	First	160
C. Fleming	Second	159
R. Hathaway	Third	117

RIDING	
<i>Event</i>	<i>Winner</i>
Serpentine	E. Thompson
Ball race	I. Solle
Form	I. Solle

HOCKEY	
Odd team	4
Even team	3

BASEBALL	
Odd team	29
Even team	6

TOTAL SCORE	
Odd teams	36½
Even teams	2

Humoresques

MISS HOWEY: "Katherine, where is Assyria?"

K. COE: "Way over to the right."

It is always well to keep the map in mind, Kitty; but remember that north, south, east and west are the points of the compass.

MISS CARSON (*in gym*): "What did I say, Mary?"

M. DAVIS: "I didn't hear."

MISS CARSON: "There you have the whole trouble in a nutshell."
We wonder if there wasn't a little keen sarcasm behind that remark.

We wish to make the announcement that Janet Davis has been appointed president of the Consumers' League.

Anyone who has ever sat at Jane's table will not have to question why.

H. VEDDER (*at table*): "It seems to me Janet's expression has changed a lot this year."

D. EMERY: "Yes, it's Blossomed out."

NOTICE ON BULLETIN BOARD

"Glee Club in Music Room at 1 o'clock SHARP."

Judging from the sounds that came from the Music Room at 1 o'clock, we supposed that the orders had been changed to *flat*.

The information test produced some information for the faculty as well as for us. Three of the most important things that they learned were as follows:

"An airship is run by gas — an aeroplane by gasoline."

"La Follette is a German spy."

"The Chancellor of the German Empire is Schleswig-Holstein."

We seem to be developing some weather prophets here at Abbot. At least, a notice appeared one May day on the bulletin board, to the effect that there would be snow at 3.30, followed in an hour by chill winds.

Items of General Interest

Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason are to spend the summer at a cottage at Falmouth Foreside in Maine, not far from Miss Sarah Merrill and her father.

Early this spring, Rev. Charles H. Oliphant resigned from the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Methuen.

Miss Marion L. Pooke won the Hudson prize for the best painting by a woman in the winter exhibition of the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts.

An exhibition of contemporary Boston painters was held in the John-Esther Gallery, beginning May 19 and extending through Commencement. The characteristic examples sent by each exhibitor made the show one of keen interest. Among the painters exhibiting were: Frank W. Benson, Joseph DeCamp, Marie Danforth Page, Charles H. Woodbury, Gertrude Fiske, Rosamond L. Smith, Louis Kronberg, Philip L. Hale, Arthur Spear, Beatrice Whitney Van Ness, Frederic Bosley and Leslie Thompson. There were three paintings by Marion L. Pooke.

Mr. H. Winthrop Peirce gave the school some very interesting fashion-plates of the seventies and eighties. A check for \$15 came from the Boston Abbot Club.

Miss Melita Knowles has been teaching this winter at the Brearley School in New York City.

Miss Angelica Patterson, teacher of art at Abbot Academy 1892-1905, exhibited at the Copley Gallery in January a series of allegorical watercolor

paintings expressing the "Vorticist" theory of the coil as symbolizing the "life force". The coil takes all sorts of forms based on the principle of the vortex, such as the whirlpool, the cyclone and the waterspout, which are used in varied and ingenious patterns. The arrangements of color are said to be very effective. Besides these designs, there was a group of portraits on view. Appreciations of Miss Patterson's work have been written by Miss Agnes Repplier and Abbott Thayer.

Rev. William F. Slocum, D.D., husband of Margaret Montgomery (teacher at Abbot Academy 1875-76) has resigned as president of Colorado College.

Mrs. Lucretia Kendall Clark writes:—"As the one-time German teacher at Abbot it is natural that I should find myself at work for the (innocent) Germans in London. We have expended over £30,000 and still the needs are there. Thousands of Germans are interned in England (Scotland and Ireland) and something may be done for them. From first to the present, we have had about 5000 cases on our books, quite apart from men interned. A case may mean a family with numerous children. I am thankful that a small share of this work has fallen to my lot and I would like to tell Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe about it all."

Charlotte Root Patton's address is changed to 696 Drexel Avenue, Detroit.

The *Courant* Board owes a vote of thanks to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company for the pleasure they have had in reading Mr. Ian Hay's book, *Pip*.

It is a charming story, full of the dry and witty humour, together with the bits of sound philosophy which mark all this author's work.

"Pip," the hero, is an extremely interesting youth. The story takes him from early boyhood to young manhood. The description of his childhood is particularly charming. The love story is simple, but of a character to hold the reader's interest throughout. It is such a book that, once taken up, it is hard to put down again until the story is finished.

Alumnae Notes

There was a good gathering at the mid-winter lunch of the Alumnae Association and the Boston Abbot Club at the Vendome on February 3. Miss Twichell, who presided, told of the old days at the school and Miss Bailey spoke of the present-day life. Mrs. Patton read some very interesting letters from seven "girls" who are doing war-relief work in Europe, and Mrs. Parker and Eugenia Parker gave tributes to the great work of Mrs. Draper for Abbot Academy. Miss Bailey was the guest of the New York Abbot Club at its spring meeting.

1841. The earliest class with living representatives is now, so far as is known, the class of 1841, which has two members, Mrs. Luthera Sheldon Wightman and Mrs. Hannah Phelps Gutterson. Mrs. Wightman lives in Lowell with her daughter. She was born in 1823. Mrs. Gutterson lives in Andover with her son, Myron Edwards, whose wife is Annie Elizabeth Tyler of the class of 1882. Mrs. Gutterson was born in 1825. Both ladies are remarkable in many ways, for their years. All alumnae will be glad to send them greetings.

1847. A letter from Mrs. Lydia Tapley Reed of Brookline has been received which shows a beautiful spirit and proves her a woman who looks forward rather than sadly back. She says: "Last summer an automobile ride gave me an opportunity to see the Academy with all its new accessories and it was a happy experience, for in spite of the newness there were familiar details left, and it had a homelike look that was very satisfying." Other pleasant responses to the announcements of the seventieth anniversary of the class come from Mrs. Emily Gray Freeman and Mrs. Sarah Kaulback Dowse of Malden and Mrs. Lucy Wilkins Pratt of Jefferson.

1854. Mrs. Marcella Brown Kelly of Auburndale has recently had a severe fall, breaking several ribs. Although eighty-seven years old, she has been quite active, keeping house for her son. Three years ago she visited the Academy at Commencement, and her enjoyment of everything was very pleasant to see and to remember.

†1862. The reunion circular announcing the fifty-fifth anniversary of the class reached the home of one of its members a few days after her death. Her daughter writes: "My dear mother, Catherine Mills Forsyth, has just gone to join the reunion of alumnae — many of them her warm friends — who have already crossed the river. She always spoke most affectionately of Abbot Academy and among the stories that she told me as a child, many of the most delightful ones were of the happy years which she spent there."

†1868. Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry's daughter Pauline, who is assistant professor of mathematics at Smith College, will give courses in the summer session of the graduate school of the University of California.

1870. Two members of the class have met with sad bereavement in the death of Mr. Chester M. Dawes, brother of Anna L. Dawes and husband of Ada Laflin, a successful lawyer and a member of the Chicago Board of Education.

†1882. The class had a very successful reunion last year on the occasion of the graduation of Dorothy Pillsbury, daughter of Annie Watts Pillsbury, a member of the class. On this account they do not expect to gather in any numbers for the thirty-fifth anniversary in June.

†1887. Jeannie Jillson was among the missionaries who arrived in May in Switzerland from Turkey.

†1889. Kathleen Jones delivered an address before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections at Indianapolis on the subject of "The Importance of Organized Libraries in Institutions." This address, a copy of which she has sent to Abbot Academy, together with various articles written for library magazines, shows how thoroughly interested she is in the matter and how much a trained library worker like herself can do to increase the happiness of invalids in institutions by furnishing them with the right kind of books.

†1893. Anna Nettleton's address is changed in New Haven to 98 East Rock Road.

†1895. Helen Jackson has been spending the year with Florence (Merrill) Featherston (1894) in her pleasant home on a ranch in Lompoc, Cal. Florence has now three interesting children.

†1900. Mr. Arthur Spear, husband of Grace Chapman, has a very interesting picture at the exhibition in the John-Esther Gallery.

1902. Ruth Danenhower (Mrs. Frederick Wilson) is now living at Lawrence Park West, Bronxville, N. Y.

†1906. Vennette Herron, who since her graduation has written a number of short stories and one novel, *The Torch*, has recently published a collection of poems called *Perfume and Poison*. She has lived during the last six years in Panama and South America, and these poems are wholly "tropical in point of view".

†1907. Margaret Payne has been working for several years in the Light-house settlement in Philadelphia. She has a class of factory women in needle-work and travel talks.

†1907. Gertrude Lefevre is teaching kindergarten in Leroy, New York.

†1908. It was pleasant to have Louise Sweeney with us again this spring, when she helped for a week or two in the French department.

1909. Nora Sweeney is teaching gymnastics at Miss Cramp's and Miss Edgar's School in Montreal.

1910. Dora Heys has recently visited Marion Bemis Schlesinger in her new home, 67 Sumner Avenue, Springfield. Dora's address is now 45 Nahant Street, Lynn.

†1911. Dorothy Bigelow and Esther Kilton were together this winter on a trip to California, coming home by way of Florida. They saw a number of Abbot girls, among them Louise Coe in Nebraska, Elsie Whipple in California, and Margaret Wilkins in Texas.

†1913. Marion Gould's marriage to Mr. Charles H. Smith was earlier than was planned, because of Mr. Smith's call to Plattsburg.

†1913. Marion Martin is doing volunteer social service work in connection with the children's clinic and with the out-patient department of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

†1913. Mary S. Peters will graduate in June from the four-year secretarial course at Simmons College.

†1913. Helen Danforth Prudden has been very sick this spring, but she is now much better.

1913. Louise Thompson was bridesmaid at Ruth Niles's wedding last April.

1913. Beatrice and Madeline Fiske have been living in New York with their mother this winter. Beatrice has been very ill, but is now better. Madeline is to be married on June 14, to Mr. George Worthington of Cleveland, Ohio.

1913. Irene Henderson is studying this winter at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

1914. Constance Barbey is going to Miss Cummins's School in Boston this winter.

†1915. More than one thousand Wellesley students have enlisted for military drill at the college. Muriel Baker has been appointed a platoon chief.

†1915. Ada Wilkey has been taking the course at Miss Pierce's School of Shorthand in Boston this winter.

†1915. Esther Sheldon Shinn and Margaret Blake graduated in April from the New Haven School of Gymnastics.

†1916. Margaret Perry is working for the American Board of Foreign Missions at the Congregational House in Boston.

†1916. Dorothy Pillsbury has spent most of the winter at home in Derry. In the late winter she went with her father and mother on a trip to Porto Rico.

†1916. Josephine Walker went to Savannah to be bridesmaid for Mary Bell Gilbert, who was married on the first of May.

1916. Elizabeth Willson is at home this winter. She went to Intervale with the 1917 girls and made a short visit at the school. Since then she has been taking the first-aid course, in the examination of which she got A plus.

1916. Ruth Moore is studying at the Bryant-Stratton Commercial School in Boston.

†1916. Myrtle Dean is at the Burdett Business School.

Visitors

Miss Titcomb, Elizabeth Willson, 1916, Anna Nettleton, †1893, Olga Erickson, †1913, Edith Bancroft, †1916, Dorothy Pillsbury, †1916, Frances Moses, †1916, Eleanor Black, †1916, Dorothy Higgins, †1916, Esther Kilton, †1916, Alice Hinkley Black, †1891, Ada Wilkey, †1915, Mrs. Ann

Pearson Lewis, †1887, Emma Stohn, †1916, Elizabeth Kinnell, 1914, Margaret Belville Payne, †1907, Helen Thomas, †1909, Helen Hamblet, †1914, Lucretia Lowe, †1914, Margaret Perry, †1916, Marion Gould Smith, †1913, Winona Algie, †1900, Deborah Algie, 1910, Enid Baush, †1913, Katharine Odell, †1916, Mildred Crockett, 1915, Ruth Laton, †1916, Mrs. Biscoe.

Engagements

Miss Hazel Ruggles to Mr. Robert Addison Crosby.

1912. Frances E. Skolfeld to Mr. Lawrence W. Smith of Portland.

†1913. Enid Baush to Mr. Ralph M. Patterson of Boston.

1915. Pauline Jackson to Mr. Kenneth Payson Kempton, Harvard 1912. Mr. Kempton leaves his appointment as instructor at Harvard University to join the Naval Reserve.

†1916. Lillian Sword to Mr. Carlos Rodriguez of New York City.

Marriages

†1907. HALL—WHYTE.—In Oxford, Maine, September, 1916, Oena May Whyte to Mr. Ray Philip Hall.

1908. STARKE—ALDEN.—In Bridgewater, August 19, 1916, Mary Carver Alden to Mr. Arthur Starke. Address, 522 West 157th Street, New York City.

†1909. McBRIDE—GILBERT.—In Savannah, Georgia, May 1, 1917, Mary Bell Gilbert to Mr. William Cardwell McBride.

†1909. MEEK—NORPELL.—In Newark, Ohio, May 17, 1917, Louise Norpell to Mr. Paul Deady Meek.

1910. BRIGGS—COREY.—In Brookline, February 1, 1917, Helen Heywood Corey to Mr. Charles Bowen Briggs.

†1911. SAGAR—WALWORTH.—In Lawrence, April 10, 1917, Lillian Walworth to Mr. William Sutcliffe Sagar. At home, 217 Maple Street, New Bedford.

†1911. JONES—WIGHTMAN.—In New Britain, Connecticut, April 23, 1917, Jessie Noble Wightman to Mr. Louie Snow Jones.

†1911. WEEDON—NEWTON.—In Brookline, April 24, 1917, Rebecca Hardwick Newton to Mr. Daniel Reid Weedon.

1911. THOMPSON—NILES.—In Boston, April 24, 1917, Ruth Elizabeth Niles to Mr. Richard Morgan Thompson. At home, Naugatuck, Connecticut.

†1913. SMITH—GOULD.—In Lawrence, May 8, 1917, Marion Priscilla Gould to Mr. Charles Henry Smith.

1913. JOHNSON—GILBERT.—In Washington, March 31, 1917, Katherine Kavanagh Gilbert to Mr. Thomas Clarkson Johnson, 2nd. At home, 3 Mace Place, Lynn.

†1913. TUCKER—ERICKSON.—In Brookline, June 2, 1917, Olga Marie Erickson to Mr. Paul Rogers Tucker. At home, after September 1, 229 Harvard Street, Brookline.

1914. MAHONEY—BURKE.—In Winthrop, April 11, 1917, Anna May Burke to Mr. William Mahoney. At home, Sterling Inn, Sterling, Massachusetts.

Births

In Detroit, Michigan, March 23, 1917, a daughter, Elizabeth Cushman, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Charlotte L. Root).

†1907. July 27, 1916, a daughter, Carolyn Saltus, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Floyd Folsom (Anna May Richards).

†1907. In Taunton, April 15, 1917, a daughter, Charlotte Faunce, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wilbur Manter (Mabel Rhodes).

†1908. In Lawrence, May 6, 1917, a son, Richard Harris, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifton H. Sugatt (Katharine Gowing).

†1909. In Canton, Ohio, November 9, 1916, a son, Andrew McCarthy, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert L. Canterbury (Beulah McCarthy).

†1911. In New Bedford, Mass., February 19, 1917, a son, Douglas Ordway, to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Douglas Parker (Katherine Lewis Ordway).

1913. In Worcester, August, 1916, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Lynmont A. Trumbull (Hazel Norcross).

Deaths

In Porterville, California, April 28, 1917, Emily Page, wife of Rev. Charles N. Flanders. Teacher at Abbot Academy from 1870 to 1874.

1852. In Reading, April 1914, H. Laura Pratt.

1854. In Jamaica Plain, February 9, 1917, Mary A. Stevens, wife of George L. Huntington.

1861. In Worcester, April 15, 1917, Caroline E. Harnden, wife of the late Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

†1862. In Skaneateles, N. Y., March 31, 1917, Catherine E. Mills, wife of Elias R. Forsyth.

†1886. In Boston, February 27, 1917, Florence C. Swalm, wife of Professor Charles M. Spofford.

†1888. In Bradford, June 27, 1916, Maria L. Gardner.

1911. In New Bedford, February 8, 1916, Marion Smith Hayward.

MRS. ELIZABETH STORRS MEAD

TEACHER OF LITERATURE, 1883-89

An Abbot graduate who recently returned for a class reunion expressed her deep sense of gratitude to Mrs. Mead for awakening in her an enthusiastic appreciation of great literature. As teacher and as head of South Hall, Mrs. Mead will be remembered by many pupils with affection and respect. She was called from this work to the presidency of Mount Holyoke College, and for ten years rendered a valuable service in a most important period of its history, a period of transition and development. The degree of L.H.D. was conferred upon her in 1900 by Smith College and an honorary A.M. had previously been given her by Oberlin College.

Since her resignation in 1900, Mrs. Mead has lived quietly in Oberlin, Ohio, with her daughter, rounding out a beautiful old age. She died in Cocoanut Grove, Florida, March 25, 1917, at the age of eighty-four years.

Abbot Academy Faculty

- BERTHA BAILEY, Sc. B., PRINCIPAL,
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL,
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- NELLIE M. MASON,
Science
- REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A. B.,
History and English
- MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit. B.,
Literature and History of Art
- MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.,
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- GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.,
French
- HEDWIG D. CRAMER,
German
- MARGARET ELLIOTT, A. B.,
Mathematics and Astronomy
- MARIAN H. KING, A. B.,
History and Biology. Librarian
- LAURA K. PETTINGELL, A. M.,
Latin
- ADELE C. MARTIN, A. B.,
Latin
- BERTHA G. ROMERO
French and Spanish
- ALIDA B. CARSON,
Physical Education
- ETHEL P. POTTER, A. B.,
Vocal Expression
- JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.,
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- MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS,
Violin
- MILDRED GATES,
Violin
- MARION L. POOKE, A. B.,
Drawing and Painting

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Household Science

GRACE E. PORTER,
Household Science

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Secretary to the Principal

HARRIET BIXBY,
Supervisor of Day Scholars' Room

PHILANA McLEAN,
In charge of Draper Hall.

EDITH H. ALDRED,
Resident nurse

JANE B. CARPENTER, A. M.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records

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MR. HENRY OLDYS
MRS. MARGARET STANNARD
MISS AGNES DONHAM
MISS MABEL HILL
MRS. RICHARD CABOT

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<i>Manager</i>	MARY CHURCH

Glee Club

<i>Leader</i>	ESTHER DAVIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	HARRIET BALFE

Class Organizations

Senior, '17

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<i>Vice-President</i>	CATHARINE YEAKLE
<i>Secretary</i>	DORIS EMERY
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANET DAVIS

Class flower, Violet

Class colors, Purple and white

Class motto: "Live pure, speak true, right the wrong,
follow the king."

Senior Middle, '18

<i>President</i>	MARGARET VAN VOORHIS
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARTHA GRACE MILLER
<i>Secretary</i>	LOUISE BACON
<i>Treasurer</i>	NATALIE WEED

Class flower, Yellow rose

Class colors, Yellow and white

Class motto: Ad astra per aspera

Junior Middle, '19

<i>President</i>	MARION CLARK
<i>Vice-President</i>	MILDRED DANIELS
<i>Secretary</i>	MURIEL JOHNSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	PRISCILLA BREWSTER

Class flower, Rose

Class colors, Old Rose and silver

Juniors, '20

<i>President</i>	GRACE PRESCOTT
<i>Vice-President</i>	CATHERINE GREENOUGH
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN DONALD
<i>Treasurer</i>	LOUISE ROBINSON

Class flower, Lily-of-the-Valley

Alumnae Association

President

MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL

Vice-Presidents

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MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE	MRS. LAURA BARRON BRAINERD
MRS. REBECCA DAVIS SPALDING	MISS JOSEPHINE WILCOX

MISS EMILY A. MEANS

Secretary and Treasurer

MISS AGNES PARK

Committee on Appropriations

MISS BERTHA BAILEY

MISS AGNES PARK

Calendar

1916-1917

1917

April 10, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 11, Wednesday, 9 A.M.

June 12, Tuesday

Spring term begins

School year ends

Summer Vacation

September 19, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

September 20, Thursday, 9 A.M.

November 29, Thursday

December 20, Thursday, 12 M.

Fall term begins

Thanksgiving Day

Fall term ends

Christmas Vacation

1918

January 9, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

January 10, Thursday, 9 A.M.

February 2, Saturday

February 4, Monday

March 21, Thursday, 12 M.

Winter term begins

First semester ends

Second semester begins

Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 3, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 4, Thursday, 9 A.M.

June 11, Tuesday

Spring term begins

School year ends

SIGN OF THE BAY TREE

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Rush to the first floor,
Scribble your name in a scurry
On the list by the office door.

II

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Then at last the waiting is done;
But when you think your troubles are through
Perhaps they've only begun.

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III

For you're given a thing that's called a slip,
It may look simple enough,
But you may try tears or even a tip —
No use, if you've tried to bluff.

IV

For sure enough, if your work is low,
Into Boston you will not go.

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I

When the breakfast bell rings and you should awake
Without any groaning about it,
Do you think with sad heart, "Oh, what if I'm late?"
Well, maybe you do — but I doubt it.

II

And if on a diet you are supposed to be,
And everyone knows about it;
Do you say, "No, thanks," when offered cake and tea?
Well, maybe you do — but I doubt it.

III

Or if after lights a feast you've had,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you argue the point twixt the good and the bad?
Well, maybe you do — but I doubt it.

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The Abbot Courant

January, 1918

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1918

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

THE
ABBOT COURANT

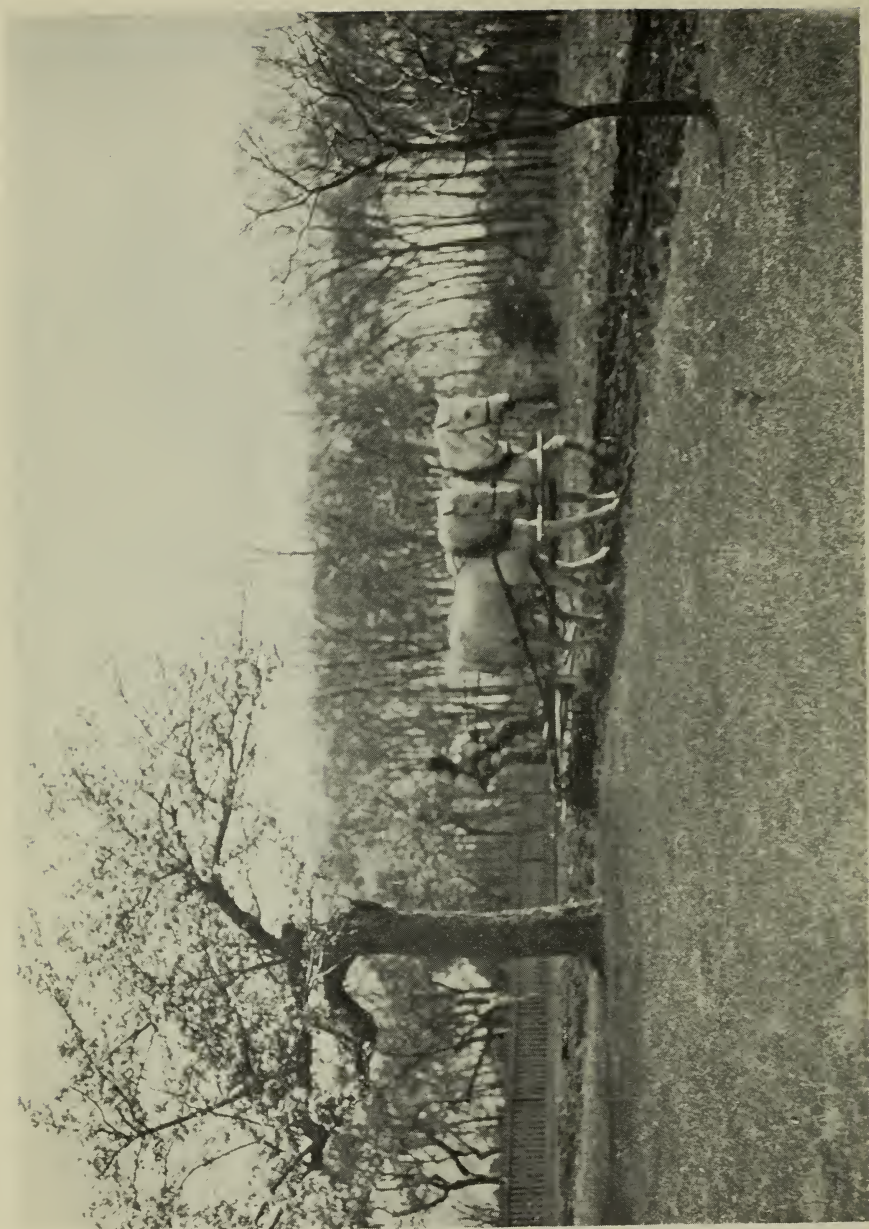
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1918

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THE ABBOT COURANT

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No. I

My flag

Stars from the blue vault of heaven,
Stripes from the bleeding hearts of men,
White from the light of the soul's pure might,
Rises my flag again.

Ruth Hathaway, 1919

“And That Was How It Happened”

The western sun was slowly sinking, a fiery ball, into the wood far beyond the St. Lawrence. The little cobble-stoned street lay cold in the shadow, its low stone buildings faintly outlined in the paling light. From the old chocolate-shop, however, came a warming ray of light through the many-paned windows; grimy, they seemed, with the accumulated dust of ages. Six old men, all French-Canadians, sat around the smoky stove, filling and emptying their pipes, drinking, talking, with great gusto.

“Non! Thees ees not our war,” declared a stodgy old fisherman. “Yankee can go to war if he so beeg fool. Fools, all off them!”

“Oui!” The chorus was unanimous.

“England wants all,” said another fisherman, slightly younger than the first. “What do we do but pay her beeg, moche monee. Monee! Moche monee!” He gesticulated so violently that some of the “tobac Canayen” spilled from his pipe and, cursing profoundly, he refilled it.

“Oui! Oui!” came the chorus. Hundreds of times had these old cronies sat around the dirty stove airing their grievances toward England and the world in general. They hated the English and their allies.

Came a knock at the sturdy door. The twilight had descended dark from the narrow street.

“Come,” the shop-keeper’s gruff voice called out. Followed a clumsy fumbling of the latch and the door swung in. A slight start of astonishment passed around the little circle. Filling the doorway with his height stood a khaki-clad young fellow supporting something limp in his arms.

“Pardon!” he gasped. “Dick’s — my comrade’s fainted. Not entirely recovered from his wound. Can I take him over here?”

Uncompromising silence greeted his plea for help; the old men looked sullenly and hostilely upon him.

“No place here for Yankee men,” grunted the gnarly old shop-keeper. “Non. Beeg man better tak heem noder place. Oui.”

“Man! He can’t go on, don’t you see?” The man’s eyes blazed. He clutched his comrade more tightly in his arms.

"No place, no place," muttered the gnarly old man stupidly. "Beeg Yankee men," whispered the old cronies one to another.

"M'sieu'!" A voice from the chilly darkness behind the stranger. "I have seen. Come. My home, it is but across the street. We take him there." A short, slender French girl plucked at the soldier's arm, indicating with her finger the direction they should take. Her brown eyes smiled reassuringly into his.

"Merci, mademoiselle," he said with a sigh of relief. "We must be quick." The three crossed the cobble-stones to a humble stone house receding into the darkness. The door of the chocolate-shop clanged after them. The hostile old men puffed vigorously at their pipes.

"Fools!" muttered one. "Et ees lak Marie," they all agreed.

* * * * *

A newspaper had been fastened to one side of the lamp on the table so that the light might not be too bright for the wounded man's eyes, but even the subdued light thus allowed to escape around the edges was enough to reveal the cleanliness of the little room, the spotlessness of the curtains, the slender Marie bending over the still form on the cot, the tall khaki-clad stranger quietly talking to a middle-aged French woman.

Jim Waring, an American in a Plattsburg uniform, told in simple words of the bravery of his wounded friend, Dick Henry, who had been sent back to Quebec from France where he had enlisted.

"The Boche nearly got him for fair," he said. "And to insure complete recovery he was sent here to recuperate. But that walk must have been too much. I ought to have more sense! If Marie had not come along at just the right minute — well, I hate to think of what might have happened. Those stupid old men!"

Madam Leroux nodded understanding. She liked this honest young American who was such an ardent supporter of "preparedness", as his uniform bore witness. Although certain things had prevented him from getting over to Europe before, he would be one of the first to go as an American officer. Ah

yes — anything the good Americans wished, Madame would obtain it for them. *She* was a true French woman.

"He sleeps," Marie whispered, softly tip-toeing across the room. The floor creaked apathetically.

* * * * *

Dick Henry remained in the little house nearly three weeks after Jim had been called back to the States that next morning. One look into Marie's honest eyes was enough to convince him that he was in safe hands — very lovely hands, he thought, as he glanced at hers. As the days went by, he grew to love the neat little place and to think with regret of the time when he should have to leave it. He had never known anyone like Marie in all his life! As for Marie, she had never dreamed of anyone like this great young fellow who had been cited for bravery and decorated with the Croix de Guerre, and who was, nevertheless, so helplessly at her mercy. Madame shook her head a little as she noticed the devotion in the girl's brown eyes.

The day of parting came at length. It was just after the United States had declared war on Germany that Marie walked bravely with Dick to the train which was to take him away from her. They said little; each was thinking, thinking. Dick kissed her good-bye, and it seemed to her that his blue eyes were telling her what he had failed to say. But they parted — and the girl went home to sob out her heart in loneliness and longing.

* * * * *

It was the day after the first commissions had been given to the men at Ft. Sheridan. A group of fellow-officers were standing in the officers' mess talking together — about a girl.

"They say she has millions in her own name," said one. "Good catch all right. Just the thing for Dick."

"All right if you like that cold type of beauty. Not for mine! Give me —"

"But they say papa's planning a match with young Brakewell-Taylor. If so, no hope for — oh, hello, Dick!" The speaker broke off suddenly as Dick strode in.

"Why so disgruntled-looking, old man?" they asked him. "Here you have your commission, captain, you're in love with a beautiful heiress, you're a husky —"

"I'm not," Dick broke in rather enigmatically. "That's all off. Her father's taking her to Honolulu to-morrow."

"Tough luck, old man ——" but Dick had already passed into the next room.

"Well, I'll be — hello, here's Waring! We'll tell him the facts and he'll be able to fix him up. It sure's great to have old Jim down here again, if it is only for a jiffy."

After five minutes consultation with the men, Waring went in pursuit of Dick. He was a bit worried. He could hardly imagine his good old pal making the mistake of falling in love with money instead of with a girl. A girl! There was a real girl, he remembered, up near Quebec. If he could get Dick to thinking straight he would remember, too. Little Marie!

He found Dick down by old Lake Michigan staring at it vacantly as it pounded up the beach. Pounding, pounding — Dick felt as if there was something he had forgotten — something that had once meant to him true happiness.

After an hour or more of very weighty talk, Dick began to see the light. Of course he had never been in love with that cold beauty — cold money — how could he, when — and suddenly he remembered, with a flush of red mounting over his clean-cut young face, he remembered Marie with her quick, unexpected ways, the warmth of her great dark eyes. He felt a tug at his heart as he thought of how tiny she was. Good Lord! What had he been thinking of all this time?

Followed an anxious period of many letters sent and quite a few received; then the final red tape of getting leave "to be married, sir", the last telegram, and Dick was on his way once more to Quebec town.

"Marie!" he cried when he saw her, and clasped her in his big strong arms.

"O Dick, I knew you come back some time!" she cried with a little catch in her voice.

As they entered the little cobble-stone street where they had first met, the sun was just sinking, a fiery ball, into the woods beyond the St. Lawrence. Looking through the grimy panes of the chocolate-shop they could see the six old men, smoking, drinking, talking with great gusto.

The two laughed merrily together.

"And that was how it happened," they murmured.

Elizabeth Holmes, 1918

The Straits of Messina

The ship was gliding calmly over the smooth blue-green water that divides the toe of the great boot of Italy from the little stretch of land called Sicily. Never did ocean-water look more like colored glass, never had sky been bluer, never had day been fairer. Not a cloud was in the skies and the sharp outline of the horizon could be traced easily except for a space behind us, to the left, where towers upon towers of mist banked themselves against the sky it seemed, and just above shone out the snowy peak of Mt. Aetna. We had passed this a short while before and its great height, pure whiteness, and the awe that surrounded it made us feel inexpressibly small and insignificant, for its grandeur and majesty had instant influence.

The decks had not once in the three weeks' journey been more popular, for now even those poor souls who prefer land to sea were venturing out to catch a glimpse of the beautiful countries on either side of us. On the right the red-roofed houses, the patches of green that looked like flourishing little gardens, the merry rivers pouring their clear, sparkling water into the salt-water straits — all these things gave sure tokens of land — land! And then on the left the dark forests with their enticing cool and shade, the little wavering ribbons of smoke from behind the woods — these too gave a delightful homey feeling to all, but especially to those who walked the decks continually, or more probably did not walk at all.

But suddenly, like a clap of thunder, a slight mist surrounded us, which was in two minutes so thick that you felt as if you could have taken a knife and cut it. There was a mad rush for the doors; it seemed almost as if the strong breeze which sprang up was blowing the passengers in. Of course this was only what it seemed like; but straightforward reality showed that the waves were actually being beaten. Several persons, I noticed, who saw that they would still have a matter of a minute to wait, stole pale-facedly to the railings and gazed over at the fishes.

But all this really took a short time. Soon the decks were left to two of us girls and one elderly gentleman. And this was, I think, the most interesting part of the day. The tremendous

ship actually made an angle of about sixty degrees with the ocean surface; steamer chairs banged noisily against the railings and were finally persuaded to float upon the waves below. And these "waves below"—never do I hope to see a more glorious sight for color harmony and changeableness. The sun, though he himself could not be seen, pierced light through the mists, so that all the colors of the rainbow danced upon the chopped waves which were driving in every direction and cutting sharply into each other. For this was Homer's Charybdis.

The mists faded away, the water grew calm, the ship straightened up like a soldier called to attention, and before long we were gliding over the calm Mediterranean — the bluest of all seas.

Elisabeth M. Luce, 1919

The Marsh

Far out to sea there stretched a salt sea marsh —
The grasses gently waving in the breeze —
Soft green the grass, with crimson tint of marsh,—
Before, a score of tall and stately trees,
Lacey the treetops swaying in the breeze,
Clouds across the deep blue of the sky,
Only the giant whisper of the leaves
And the velvet-shadowed grasses' sigh —
Then slowly a great white-winged gull soared up on high.

Catharine Danforth, 1919

The Greatest of These is Charity

Maxwell Durant stood before his easel, and scowled darkly at his picture. A great expanse of blue sky, the ocean (a queer greenish-blue), and one lone seagull hovering over the crest of a wave, watching, waiting — that was all. He realized vaguely that it was the best thing he had ever done, but still he was not quite satisfied. Was it the wing of the gull that was wrong? Rapidly he mixed some grey and white oils, and sketched the result on the canvas. Just then came a knock at the door of his studio, and in walked a bright-faced young boy, dressed in a new and ill-fitting uniform.

"Father," the boy began.

The man at the easel started, wheeled around, and gazed stupefied at the uniform. Then he spoke.

"Jack! You too?" His voice broke. "Why didn't you tell me, lad? I never dreamed — No, no, you're too young by far! O boy, think of me!"

The boy turned toward the window and looked out. Snow was softly falling, and as it fell it seemed to hush the noises in the street and release the great city from some hidden bond of restraint. It was growing late in the afternoon, and lights began to twinkle in the adjoining buildings. A peaceful quietness brooded over all. The studio grew darker and darker. Suddenly Jack spoke.

"Father, I couldn't be a quitter, could I? After Ted and Billy went — O Dad, don't you see? I'm just as much your son as they. And then when Ted was killed! I know I'm only eighteen but I passed as twenty-one, and they are going to take my school drill as enough preparation. I sail within two weeks, Dad!"

The room was silent again. Without, the snow fell faster and faster, and the busy old city seemed to nestle within its white mantle and then sleep, softly and soundly. A log fell in the fireplace, and flared up in a blaze for a moment. Then there was darkness again.

"I reckon it's tough on you, Governor. It's tough on me, too. Think what pals we've been, Dad!" The boy paused for a moment. "Then there's mother, too," he added rather quietly.

"I think she would want me to fight for my country — and for France. And there's something else, too, Father. I'm ashamed of it, but ever since Ted was killed, I've just wanted to get hold of that Boche or any Boche and kill, kill, kill. It makes me see red, and I've tried so hard not to feel that way. But it's there, and I've just got to go — that's all."

He stopped abruptly, and Maxwell Durant, who had gone pale at the mention of his dead wife's name, suddenly held out his hand.

"God bless you, my boy!" was all he said.

He looked back over the past. Wasn't it this boy's right to serve in the cause of humanity? His own father had been a colonel in the Confederate army during the Civil War, and one of his ancestors had been on Washington's staff. He, himself, had served in the Spanish War, and had lost an arm — fortunately the left, so that he could still paint. What did it matter that he had given two sons and that Jack was all he had left? What did it matter that Ted was lying cold and forsaken "somewhere in France", without even a little wooden cross to mark his grave? In fact, what did anything matter? He caught himself up sharply. Did nothing really matter? He smiled grimly. Everything mattered — but he was no coward. If other people gave all of their sons, why couldn't he?

It was a very different man who said good-bye to his last son — off for France. It was a man who looked things squarely in the face. Because of his one arm he couldn't serve in the army, but he could be of use to those who were in service. It was in this spirit that he founded his club for the men going to the front, and changed his rich studio into a reading-room and writing-room for the soldiers.

Then came the cable, three months later, saying that both Billy and Jack had been killed in action on the same day, and that their lives had paid for the new ground the Allies had gained in their latest drive. Just for a moment he felt sorry for himself, and compared himself to his painting of the gull, alone, watching and waiting — for nothing.

Then came Jack's letter — a wonderful revelation to the grief-stricken father.

"I no longer want to kill the Boches, Dad. I just want to crush and stamp out the tyranny back of them. O Father, I wish you could realize the spirit of the trenches. They don't talk a lot of religion. It isn't that. It's just that somehow the boys know that God is backing them and that they need His help. Here you realize, too, that you can never be alone. There are so many other people working unselfishly everywhere. Why, Dad, the real thing after all is just to serve others!"

Jack, his own son, had written him this. He smiled a little sadly, and then sought a quiet grave in an old-fashioned churchyard, and kneeling beside it, he said softly:

"Celeste, I have given them all — all of our sons. Even Jack. First for your sake, so that other wives and mothers may be safe, and next for their own country and for France. And still there is something left so long as there is any task, however small, that I can do for other boys who are going over there to fight — some even to die as our sons have died."

Catherine McReynolds, 1918

A Red Cross Package

Christmas in the trenches it not like Christmas in the States, but even there it's Christmas. Even there there is "peace on earth and good will to men." In spite of mud and water and cold, the men forget war and act like boys — that is, if they are lucky and receive boxes and news from home.

It seemed to Micky that all the army, with the exception of only himself, was happy in opening package upon package filled with good things to eat and little comforts that thoughtful, loving hands had sent. Micky had no mother, no sister and no "girl"— he had never "had a way with women", had never paid the slightest attention to them. How he cursed himself for it now!

Slowly, sadly, he wandered up the Company street. Here an elated corporal was trying on a new sweater and showing to his comrades the new picture of the girl who had made it. Here a war-worn sergeant wept and laughed over a letter from his smallest daughter. Here two pals exchanged the news from home, consuming meanwhile many chocolates and apples.

Micky had thought himself too proud to accept a Red Cross Christmas package, but now he changed his mind and claimed one at the Y. M. C. A. shack. He went to his bunk to open it. Again his pride smote him, and he threw the package under his cot. At last in desperation he picked it up and opened it. An olive drab handkerchief fell out. He might have known it! How he hated that color — it was nothing but drab, drab, drab — uniforms, mud, sky, and his outlook on life! But he kept on unwrapping. He was glad to get that razor, and a pipe and tobacco brightened life perceptibly. Chocolate — just what he had longed for. But as he opened the last little package all these things fell unheeded to the floor. It was a picture he found—a picture of a smiling girl who seemed to look up at him and say, "Why so glum — dear?" Yes, he could read the tenderness in her eyes; he knew she would have said "dear".

An hour later when the boys came to get him to share their fun, they found him with his head on his arms and a picture of a laughing girl propped up before him, while over the floor, unheeded, rolled pipe, tobacco, shaving-soap, chocolate and olive drab handkerchiefs.

Eleanor Taylor, 1919

“Moon Madness” — A fantasy

“Please, oh! please!” begged a Voice.

“Well, of all things!” muttered the Man. “But in this rig, and on such a night, what could be expected?” Then, peering up into the flaming red and dull brown of the great oak, whence came the Voice — “Please what?” he asked.

“*Do something!*” urged the Voice. The man thought he caught a glimpse of a laughing face in the moonlight. Then there was a tiny movement, as if some one peeping down, suddenly drew back.

“If I do, will you, O wood-nymph, come down?” he queried.

“Yes, ah yes! What you wish, only *do something!*”

For answer he unslung the mandolin from his shoulder and softly touching a few chords began a love-song, old as the ages. He was young, and good to look at. Clad in the garb of “Pierrot”, a dark cloak flung round him, he might well have been some demi-god, called to life by the moonlight, and the music of a Voice in the oak.

The song ended. Silence. Then there was a rustle of leaves. For an instant the moonlight glinted on a silver buckle and a slender foot sought a lower branch. The Voice stood beside him.

She was small, unbelievably tiny, with wide grey eyes and a vivid little face framed in heavy bronze curls. Soft white shoulders gleamed from a gown of palest yellow. The red, red rose at her belt was a spot of flaming color.

The Man stood astounded at her flashing loveliness. Then he whispered, “Dryad of the Oak! Tell me! Why have you come tonight?”

“Since the moon first rose above the sea, O Man! I have been waiting for you. Come!” She took his hand and led him toward the sea. He was heedless of the way. Her nearness enchanted him; the delicate perfume of her hair charmed him; her fingers, laced in his, bound him closer than iron chains. “Tonight is *my* night,” she continued. “For one night I live and — love.” She sighed.

“O Dryad!” his lips mumbled, “O Dryad! for you *are* a Dryad —”

They were on the sands now and only the sea and the moon were near. She loosened his fingers and stretched her hands toward the glowing path in the water. "Soon, soon I shall go over the bridge. Back to ——"

"Dryad!" His voice broke, and there was quiet. Then a tinkling laugh rang out. And the sea and the sands laughed with her — a mirthful, murmuring sound.

Backing off slowly, she spoke. "You have played the game well, but you have lost. That kiss ——"

A red, red rose dropped at his feet and blindly he stooped to pick it up. Again the laugh tinkled out.

* * * * *

The jack-o'-lanterns lighted the gloom softly in the wide garden. Dim, fantastic figures moved about. Now and again a girl's high laugh or the deep voice of a man rang out distinctly from the low, insistent music and the whispering of the leaves.

Near the gazing-globe a man spoke. "And after tonight you will no longer be a Dryad?"

"My bridge of moonlight leads far, far from all this to — to——" she faltered, wide grey eyes on his face, "to a factory. Only for this one night, when all the world is playing make-believe, did I lose myself and become a — Dryad. Tomorrow I shall be only a girl, with all my magic gone."

"But what of the red, red rose that lies on my heart? Will it lose its magic, too?" the man insisted. "Dear little Dryad, the spell you have cast on me will last forever."

Again there was silence. And the shimmering path of the moon had dimmed to darkness.

Elizabeth A. Gray, 1918

One's Point of View

Other people's ideas may not be changed by circumstance, but my own most certainly are. My point of view one day is diametrically opposite from my point of view the day before and the day after, and it changes entirely according to conditions and circumstances. Before I get up on a cold morning my bed seems the only comfortable spot in the universe, but once I am up and dressed my point of view is changed and I have no sympathy with my room-mate who has the ordeal of deciding to get up still before her.

Try it yourself and see whether you have a high and lofty spirit untouched and uninfluenced by your position in life. Try riding down Fifth Avenue in a limousine on a cold, dreary day, when a sudden shower commences. Watch the women running into the stores, the men turning up their coat collars, and the newsboys holding their papers over their heads. As the gutters become full of water, watch the women holding up their skirts, and trying to avoid wetting their high-heeled pumps; look at the disgusted expression on the faces of the men who miss their footing on the treacherous pavements, or who are splattered with mud by the passing motor cars. Are you sorry for these people? Yes, perhaps. But are you so deeply affected by their discomfort that you do not enjoy your own ease? Are you willing to change places with them? Certainly not. If they were really wretched and miserable you might feel differently, but as it is, you ride on in your comfortable car, and wonder why they didn't have sense enough to stay at home, or at least to bring umbrellas.

But suppose the limousine is not your own, only a friend's, and next week you have to walk down the avenue. If it is cold and snowy, and you are hurrying home in the six o'clock rush, how do you feel then? Are you sorry now for the people who turn up their collars? Yes indeed, you are one of them, and you can sympathize most heartily with the I. W. W.'s. You would willingly throw a stone, if you had one, at the window of the hotel where fat women are seen wearing jewelry that cost the price of a hundred carloads of coal. It would give you great

pleasure to make the fur-clad girls in the limousine get out and walk, and have their hats crushed in the subway jam. What business have they to be riding when you and all the others are cold and wet and far away from your homes in the suburbs. Of course, if you are truly great, and always able to see the other fellow's point of view, you may not have these human feelings, but I frankly admit that I do.

Margaret Bailey Speer, 1918

October

Golden sunshine,
Swirling leaves,
Brilliant sky
And autumn breeze—
Can you not, oh heart of mine,
Feel the joyousness of these?

Ruth Hathaway, 1919

A Knitter in the Sun

SCENE: A crooked market street in Chalons, France. In the foreground, a thatched cottage jutting abruptly onto the street as if crowded out by the higher buildings around. On the stone doorstep sits a woman. She is knitting. The step is flooded with the warm afternoon sun.

TIME: Present day.

Mère Rodrigue:

"*A*,—*b*,—*c*,—*d*, that is four; four stitches, drop a stitch. Yes, that is how it goes. Nine more is *i*. So easy a method, and so clear to read — if you comprehend it! Ah, that is where the trick lies! A clever man is my Rudolph, to have thought of it,— no Frenchman could have — nor will guess it! They are so stupid — the French. They see and yet are blind, blind to their very death sentences,— that my gray war birds carry to the fatherland.

"Ah, good day to you, friend Pinot. It is a heavy basket you carry to the market today. I would that my son were still here and he would carry it for you. But he is just now left. Back to the fighting again — for France. He is a good boy, Jules. No furlough passes that he is not with me. Not many sons, risen as he has to an officer's uniform, would visit their poor old mothers, my friend.

"Oh, how they take it all, these people, like silly fishes wriggling under my fingers and yapping out, 'Good Mère Rodrigue, always knitting for the poor boys in the prison camps! It is a great, good work you do for France.' Ah, it is a good work I do, and a great one — but not for France! How their silly mouths would gape and their eyes hang out if they knew the secret of my knitting! Three devoted patriots are Rudolph and I and our son. Yet will this turmoil never cease and our reward for service come? Will these upstarts against law and order never be whipped and let us return to our peaceful homes?

"Three rows, then one, that is *a*. A good message it carries this time! Click, click, click, my fingers are weary of this eternal knitting. How I wish the war would end!"

Constance Ling, 1920

My Norma

Far more graceful than are swaying reeds
That bend and dance around the woodland lakes,
More joyous than the soaring lark one heeds
As through the day his jubilant course he takes,
More holy than a blessing for our sakes,
More fair than flowers by the roadside sown,
More sweet than song the bird at noontide makes,
More pure than whitest lilies newly blown,
Is she, lovely Norma, whom I call my own.

Marian Nichols, 1919

The Courtship of Susie Jones

"John, are you crazy?" his sister demanded.

"Well, Ellen, perhaps I am; in fact, I know that I am."

"But of all things to tell *me*, ME, that you intend to marry Susie Jones."

"My dear," corrected John quietly, "if she will have me."

"Tell me, John Smith, how do you ever expect to win Susie Jones, when the deacon is courting her. Do you think any girl would ever marry a John Smith, even if he is a namesake of a great man, when she could have a deacon? If you will look out of the window now, you can see the deacon going up her walk."

Susie Jones was the youngest spinster in the small community of Blacksonville where John and Ellen lived. She was by no means young, she had long ago passed the thirty mark, but still she was considered as very youthful and girlish there and people often said how "cute" she was.

Ellen's thought that her brother would never win Susie, because she could have a deacon, was no proof that her brother was not in high favor. In fact, the opposition between the two bachelors ran very high.

Susie Jones was going to have another birthday. It was with great dismay that the two rivals tried to think of a suitable present for her. Each one wanted to give her a present which she would esteem higher than the other. The deacon decided on a large fan set with many-colored glass stones, over which all Blacksonville exclaimed. It was the most gorgeous thing they had ever seen. John sent her flowers — and — John won her.

Later he took his sister into his confidence and said: "When I heard that the deacon had bought her such a gorgeous gift I was in dismay, and then I had an idea. I sent her flowers, but I sent her only twenty-nine roses on her thirty-fifth birthday!"

Kathryn Beck, 1919

Editorials

When we came back to school in the fall we knew that the summer had been a sad one for Miss Bailey, for her friend, Miss Anne Elizabeth Morse, had been very ill. They spent the summer months together, keeping house, with cosiness and some happy hours, at the Abbot Infirmary; but the end came very quietly in Boston on the fourth of November.

The friendship of Miss Bailey and Miss Morse had been one of unusual closeness. They had lived and taught together for many years. After Miss Bailey came to Andover, Miss Morse was a frequent visitor at the school, and we miss her bright presence, her sparkling talk, and ready sympathy. We see all around us signs of her touch — in the bright furnishings of the Infirmary and in the soft browns of the drawing-room. She had a genius for expression, in conversation, in music, in painting. During these last years she took great pleasure in photography, and has made us see with new eyes many of our old haunts, the grove, the old railroad.

Though we had known her for so short a time, we can understand that her place in Miss Bailey's affection cannot be filled, and we wish to give Miss Bailey our deepest sympathy.

Nineteen-eighteen — a new year has come! It is likely that the dawn of this year will be remembered as something a little different from those other new years dwindling into the past behind us. Nineteen-eighteen finds us a nation at war, a nation which has been awakened with a start. To be sure, the start caused her a bewildered pause of rubbing her sleepy eyes, but now that she is awake, let nineteen-eighteen lead her on to victory in the noble cause for which she is fighting! Who can say without a tremor that this new year is no different from others? Never before in the history of our country, in the history of the world, has there dawned a year promising and meaning so much to mankind. Thousands of our men are already across the sea, hundreds of thousands are in training in our own country, to take their places at the Front. Can we think of our boys

“over there” without a thrill that the new year should find us thus? Is there any one of us who would have had it find us otherwise? No — not while the Great War is being fought for the freedom of the world. America must win the war. The secret of her success will lie in the co-operation and good-will every citizen must give to the government. We must be personally efficient in every way, we must learn self-sacrifice. We must be able to look the new year squarely in the face, prepared for anything it may unfold to us. Once more the spirit of '76 is rising. Are *you* ready? Nineteen-eighteen — *we* are ready — Carry on!

Realizing early in the school year that the present need of our nation and its future stability and progress demand from each citizen the highest possible quality of service, the Abbot Patriotic League was formed. A mass-meeting of the student body was held in Abbot Hall the night of October 25th, when the constitution of the League was read to us. On the twenty-sixth of October each girl pledged herself to the Abbot Patriotic League and signed her name below the momentous document. The purpose of the League is to prepare us to do our best, so that we may give our best to our country. In order to do this, our lives must be organized on lines of personal efficiency; we must demand of ourselves excellence in everything instead of mediocrity.

In special training for present service there are four one-period-a-week classes, each girl attending at least one class. Miss Chickering lectures on The Responsibilities of Democracy; Miss King, on Civic Problems. There are classes in First Aid, under Miss Aldred's direction, and also there is a Surgical Dressings class under Miss Mason. All of these are very interesting and instructive. One hour a week there is a military drill of faculty and students, for self-control, teamwork and endurance, and *esprit de corps*. An officers' training class has also been formed, composed of volunteers from the Senior and Senior Middle classes. We are very fortunate in having as our commanding officer Major Davy, who has seen service in France and is at present training the R. O. T. C. of Phillips Academy.

The effect of the Abbot Patriotic League is already apparent in the school. The girls are more alert, more enthusiastic, more personally efficient, better prepared for the unknown than they have ever been before.

This is the first winter that the United States has been in the Great War, the first winter that our troops will be in the trenches. Everything has changed; we are forgetting our self-centered interests in a greater love of service for our country. There isn't time or place in these days of efficiency for people who are not willing to sacrifice personal interests for the good of the nation. We are beginning to realize that life after all isn't such a big joke. Our lives are our own to make what we will of them. Are we going to offer ourselves to our country as frivolous, shallow women without a thought for the future, or shall we be wide awake and efficient? The idea that a woman was not a lady if she showed herself capable of using her brain and thinking straight to the point, was old-fashioned long ago. Now that the future of our country depends largely on the girls of the land, we are taking upon ourselves a great responsibility — in the first place, we must be ready for the boys when they come home after the war. They won't be satisfied in finding us the same pleasure-loving girls without a single serious thought that they left when they went overseas "to make the world safe for democracy". We can't be wasting our time, the world won't stand still and wait, and we must take our opportunity as it is now offered to us.

"Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer,
There's big work to do and that's why you are here.
Carry on. Carry on!
Let the world be better for you."

A short time after Belgium was invaded by the Germans, in August, 1914, before people had recovered from the first horrible shock, war poetry made its appearance. The predominating note was hate, a fierce, hot hatred of everything German. As the troops of the Allies went into action, the countries flamed with patriotism, the poets sang of flags and loyalty and love of country. Then came the casualty lists — a shudder swept over

the world — was it possible that they weren't coming back? And the sobs and despair of the mothers was echoed in the poetry. Public sentiment has changed in 1917; the grief of three years of war is expressed in the recent poetry which is dignified and tender. The lives of men such as Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger have done much to purify and strengthen the poetry. English poets are now treating the war at a certain distance, avoiding the ugly side; while poems that are making the deepest impression are often spiritual.

Shall we start a course in war slang? Shall we devote a little time every day to the study of slang in order that we may not get behind? Is it not important to us that we should be able to read the newspapers and understand our own English language?

How many of you know what mufti, nose-cap, on the mat and sap means? If a person should say to you, "He's pushing up the daisies", could you understand him? In all probability you could not. If we should start a course in slang, it would be one of the most difficult courses in the school. Vocabularies would have to be studied, constant practice in the correct use of the words, and the daily reading of newspapers would be required. Every week many words which were learned the week before would become obsolete, and one of the greatest mistakes would be to use an obsolete slang word!

A friendship is a satisfying thing; that is, if it is a real friendship, not a flimsy affair built on propinquity, or a desire to "get something out of someone". A real friendship is a deep, generous, tender regard which two people share, one for the other. It is sympathetic, it is self-sacrificing; it brings more of the real joy of living into life than anything else — even more than love, which is undependable. And the course of true friendship did ever run more smooth than the course of true love. It is a beautiful, yes, even a wonderful thing to possess a friend.

There have been a number of changes in the faculty this year. Miss Sherman has been given a year's leave of absence and is living with her mother in Springfield. The French classes are

being conducted by Miss Dorothy Parkhurst, who has lived and studied abroad for several years, assisted by Madame Florence Stelle Wright, a native of France, who has taught in this country for a number of years. Miss Ruth Lane, who graduated from Smith in 1910 and was at Radcliffe in 1916-17, is teaching Mathematics in place of Miss Elliott; and Miss Ruth Marceau, Vassar 1910, is taking the place of Miss Martin as Miss Pettingell's assistant in the Latin department. Miss Octavia Mathews, a graduate of Colby College, is conducting the classes in Spanish and is also taking charge of Sherman Cottage. Miss Louise Whiting, a graduate of the Boston School of Physical Education, is taking Miss Carson's place as director of Athletics and Physical Education, and the classes in Rhythmic Expression are being continued by Miss Emily Adams, a pupil of Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes. Miss Bertha Morgan has charge of the work in Vocal Expression, in place of Miss Potter. The Household Science department is continuing its connection with the Garland School of Homemaking in Boston, under the direction of Miss Edith Caroline Badger, a member of the faculty of the Garland School. Miss Roberta Pickering, who graduated from Vassar in 1917, is assisting Miss Mason in the Chemistry classes; and Mr. Ashton has an assistant in the Music department, Miss Hathaway of Salem.

School Journal

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 19 School begins.
- 21 Student Government meeting in Abbot Hall.
- 22 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: General Rules and Instructions.
- 23 Evening chapel. Miss Bailey: The Understanding Heart.
- 25 A. C. A. Dance for the new girls, in Davis Hall.
- 29 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey read selections from Hermann Hagedorn's book, *Ye Are the Hope of the World*.
- 30 Sunday evening service in Davis Hall. Miss Bailey: The Meaning of Prayer.

OCTOBER

- 2 Senior Picnic at Haggett's Pond.
- 5 The seeing off of the Andover drafted boys.
- 6 Hall Exercises. Miss Whiting: Hygiene.
- 7 Dr. Ross Stevenson of Princeton Theological Seminary: "Service and Sacrifice".
- 13 Mr. Hermann Hagedorn read from *Fifes and Drums* — America at the Outbreak of the War.
- 14 Rev. William H. Ryder of Andover Theological Seminary: Using Our Talents.
- 16 Senior-Middle Picnic.
- 17 Drives along the North Shore and to Concord and Lexington.
- 21 Y. M. C. A. Friendship War Fund meeting in Abbot Hall.
- 22 Kreisler Recital in Lawrence.
- 23 Poverty Party in Davis Hall.
- 25 Abbot Patriotic League Mass Meeting in Abbot Hall.
- 30 Hallowe'en Party in Davis Hall.

NOVEMBER

- 3 Hall Exercises. Miss Sanderson: Posture.
- 4 Rev. D. Brewster Eddy: Work in War Camps.
- 7 Abbot-Bradford Hockey Game at Bradford.
- 11 Rev. Clark Carter: Lawrence City Mission.
- 17 Dr. Clarence A. Barbour of Rochester: Work in Spartanburg.
- 20 Corridor Stunts in Davis Hall.
- 24 Major Davy: Introduction to Military Training.
- 25 Miss Stone of the Hindman School in Kentucky tells us of her work there.

- 26 Senior art class visits Mrs. Jack Gardner's palace with Miss Howey.
- 28 Thanksgiving Service at school.
- 28 Party in the Phillips Academy gymnasium.

DECEMBER

- 2 Rev. Henry C. Boynton: Facing Ultimate Issues.
- 3 Godowsky Recital in Lawrence.
- 5 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy read *The Rib of the Man* in Davis Hall.
- 8 First Abbot Academy Recital, by Mr. George Copeland, pianist.
- 9 Mr. Henry: Abbot Patriotic League.
- 11 Two plays are given in Davis Hall for the benefit of the surgical dressings fund by the A. P. L.
- 15 Christmas party in Davis Hall for the children of Andover.
- 16 Christmas Service in Davis Hall.
- 19 Christmas party in the McKeen Rooms.
- 20 Holidays begin.

JANUARY, 1918

- 9 School starts.
- 13 Rev. Dumont Clarke: Coming to Ourselves.
- 16 First meeting of Officers' Training Class.
- 17 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, president of The Century Company: Forty Years of Publishing.
- 19 Dr. Charles R. Brown: "What then shall we do?"

Lectures

The evening of October 13th we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hermann Hagedorn read to us in Davis Hall. Stirring little poems of America at the outbreak of the war were read to us from *Fife and Drums*, and then, because it was impossible to let a poet depart without our hearing something of his own writing, Mr. Hagedorn read us one of his longer poems, *The Ode of Dedication*. Everyone was enthusiastic both about Mr. Hagedorn and the poems he read, and the memory of the delightful evening he afforded us will remain a long time with us.

Miss Marguerite Sanderson of the Boston School of Physical Education spoke to us in Abbot Hall, November 3rd, on the subject of posture. Her talk was good, convincing, and beneficial. Miss Sanderson herself seemed to be a living exponent of her ideas.

Two very interesting Sunday evening talks were given this fall in Abbot Hall by Rev. D. Brewer Eddy and Dr. Barbour. They both spoke about the work being done in war camps. Mr. Eddy had just returned from France and Dr. Barbour had been at Spartanburg for nine weeks. Both speakers emphasized the fact that war work of any kind begins first at home.

For many years it has been the custom of Abbot Academy to give money and send Christmas presents to the Hindman School in the Kentucky mountains. But this year we have had the extra privilege of having Miss Stone, the founder of the school, talk to us. The last time she addressed the students of Abbot Academy was twelve years ago. She told us of the founding of the Hindman School, the aims of the school, and some of the good it has already accomplished. She told a few amusing and a few pathetic stories of the children in the school and of their desire for learning. At the end of the talk she read a very clever and amusing play which one of the students had written.

On November 24th, Major Robert N. Davy gave us the first of his series of talks. He told us about the recruiting work in Canada at the beginning of the war. Then he told several stories about the first experiences of the Canadians in the trenches. He had with him several kinds of gas helmets, which he put on to demonstrate the way in which gas can be kept from doing harm. He gave us an idea of military training which will help us greatly in military drill.

Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy and his wife, who is well known as Edith Wynne Matheson, gave a very interesting reading in Davis Hall one Wednesday evening. They read and interpreted Mr. Kennedy's play, *The Rib of the Man*. The play is a strong story of modern life which could take place on any day of the European War. Mrs. Kennedy, who has a charming personality, read the women's parts and Mr. Kennedy read the others. Although there were parts of the play which we could not understand, we were so absorbed in it that we entirely forgot ourselves in the reading. Before the reading of the play, Mrs. Kennedy recited Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*.

The next morning in chapel, Mr. Kennedy interpreted a few Bible passages. We received a new understanding of the stories which we have known all our lives and probably never would have thoroughly understood if it had not been for Mr. Kennedy's interpretation of them.

During the day Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy read his latest play, *The Army with Flags*, to the Seniors and a few other upper classmen. The play, which is the fifth of a series of seven plays for seven players, is as yet unpublished. As on the preceding evening, Mrs. Kennedy read the women's parts, and Mr. Kennedy read the men's parts. They read with great dramatic ability and brought out the difference in the characters powerfully.

On Thursday evening, January 17th, it was our good fortune to have with us Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, president of The Century Company of New York, who talked to us during a very short hour and a half of his forty years of publishing. The lecture was delightful. Great writers whom we have, for the most part, only read about, sprang to life before our eyes as we saw them through Mr. Ellsworth's graphic descriptions, in the intimacy of the editor's office, as they submitted their greatest works for publication. The stories he told us of them were many; we imagine he could have told us hundreds more, each as interesting as another. Certainly he could never tell us too many, we feel; for in humor and originality, and above all in their reality, they held the attention of every person in the audience. Of the interview with the German

Emperor which has become so famous throughout the country from the fact that it was not allowed to be published, and of the minute details of its history, Mr. Ellsworth told us all he knew, which is as much as anyone could know, as you may imagine. Every one of us was sorry to have such an interesting lecture brought to a close, and exceedingly glad that she had had the opportunity of hearing such an interesting man as Mr. Ellsworth.

Concerts

The first Abbot Academy Recital of the year was given by Mr. George Copeland, on the afternoon of December 8th, in Davis Hall. Mr. Copeland is a pianist of rare artistic judgment and executive attainments. His perception of rhythmical structure is perfect; the tone he produces from each key, singing and beautiful; his taste in the application of instrumental effects is flawless. The first half of the program was devoted to the old masters, Gluck, Scarlatti, Chopin, and Liszt. The rest of the program was composed of Debussy's best known pieces for the piano, and some charming Spanish Dances by Albeniz and Turina. Every one of the large audience was very enthusiastic about Mr. Copeland, and we hope we shall be fortunate enough to have him with us again next year.

Quite a large party of the girls and the faculty went to Lawrence the evening of October 22nd to hear Kreisler play. It was a rare opportunity of hearing the great violinist and none of us will quickly forget his incomparable music.

The second Lawrence concert was given the third of December by the great pianist Godowsky, and Arthur Middleton, tenor. It proved to be a very interesting and delightful program.

Entertainments

Black cats and witches held sway at Abbot on Hallowe'en. The maids, under the direction of Miss McLean, surprised us by having the dining-room appropriately decorated for dinner. A strange, masked company assembled in Davis Hall soon after seven o'clock. The costumes were very original and caused great amusement. Between dances well-known gypsies foretold our future lives.

A week before, a "poverty party", well-suited to these days of economy, was held in Davis Hall.

Heralded by several days of mysterious preparation, the Corridor Stunts were presented in Davis Hall, Tuesday evening, November 20th. At eight o'clock all except the stage lights went out and we were held speechless by the thrilling picture of "Patricia's Predicament", cleverly staged by the girls of the second floor wing. The other all-star numbers followed in rapid succession.

Carter House — An Abbot Red Riding Hood.

Second floor front — Abbot's Rivals.

Fourth floor wing — Reveries of a Bachelor.

Third floor wing — Hints from Paris.

Fourth floor front — Violetta's Elopement.

Sherman Cottage — John Brown's Body.

Third floor front — The Spirit of '17.

Five and ten-cent grab-bags were enthusiastically patronized. The profits, amounting to about twenty-five dollars, were a part of our contribution to the Hindman School.

Tuesday evening, December 11th, two plays were given by the committee of the Abbot Patriotic League, for the benefit of the surgical dressings fund. The first play was entitled *Three Dear Friends*.

MR. CHISHOLM	Miss King
EVA	Clarissa Horton
MILLY	Louise Bacon
PEGGY	Louise Stilwell
MAID	Marion McPherson

The cast of the second play, *The Albany Depot*, was as follows:

MRS. MCILHENY	Miss Chickering
MR. MCILHENY	Marion McPherson
MRS. CAMPBELL	Clarissa Horton
WILLIS CAMPBELL	Katherine Coe
MRS. ROBERTS	Louise Bacon
MR. ROBERTS	Miss King
MAGGIE	Louise Stilwell

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER

Margaret Speer	94
Emmavail Luce, Julia Abbe	92
Louise Colby, Martha Grace Miller, Kathreen Noyes	91
Avalita Howe, Elisabeth Luce, Dorothy Lauder, Constance Ling, Faith Williams, Helen Wygant	90
Margaret Morris, Mary Jepherson, Margaret Clark, Helen Walker, Dorothea Flag, Elinor Sutton	89
Julie Sherman, Elizabeth Sjöström, Frances Moses, Dorothy Moxley, Frances Thompson	88

Gifts

Abbot's share in the Y. M. C. A. campaign, known among schools and colleges as the Friendship Fund, amounted to \$1536. Other gifts from the school included the Lawrence Mission, the Hindman School, the Chinese Flood Refugees, Halifax relief work, and the Surgical Dressings Fund. The usual Sunday evening offerings were taken for Home and Foreign Missions.

Athletics

The hockey game was played at Bradford this year on Wednesday, November 7th. The whole school accompanied the team to Bradford to witness the contest, which proved to be a close and exciting one. Both teams played a remarkably fine game; but although we were in the lead during a large part of the game, a goal at the end gave the victory to Bradford. The final score was 3 to 2. The Seniors and the team were invited to a tea by the Bradford Seniors, and the team afterwards stayed to dinner. The team:

M. Bushnell, l.f.

M. McPherson (captain), c.f.

A. Howe, r.f.

J. Sherman, l.w.

D. Fairfield, r.w.

H. Vedder, r.f.b.

Ethel Dixon, l.f.b.

M. Kunkel, g.

M. G. Miller, r.h.b.

G. Cole, l.h.b.

K. Hamblet, c.h.b.

The tennis finals were played between Betty Wright and Mary Jepherson. The latter won the school championship in the singles.

Items of General Interest

The trustees of Abbot Academy are expressing their patriotism in many and varied activities.

Dr. Fitch spent the summer in France as one of a commission from Washington to investigate the work of the Red Cross, inspecting hospitals. Since his return he has been lecturing widely through the East and Middle West, and preaching in the cantonments.

In September, after two months in camp at Boxford, Mr. Stackpole went to France as chaplain, with the rank of lieutenant. He is with the 102nd Field Artillery, and has made himself much beloved. An Andover boy writing home calls him "the soldiers' best friend".

Mr. Smith has been at work for several months in Washington in connection with the Council of National Defense and is now a member of the Supplies Committee, acting not only in an advisory capacity, but in the actual purchase of articles in the knowledge of which he is a specialist.

Mr. Flagg was chairman, for the congressional district, of the campaign committee for the first and second issues of the Liberty Loan. He has been appointed an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board of this vicinity, overseeing and assisting selected men in the filling out of questionnaires.

Dr. Cutler is one of the Home Guard and has had a son in the ambulance service in France since March.

Mrs. Churchill is represented in France by her son, Marlborough, who has been advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and is at present on Major General March's staff as chief of artillery operations.

Of former trustees, Mr. Lester Fuller is in Rome as financial commissioner of the Italian Red Cross Unit, and Mr. Arthur S. Johnson of Boston was on the executive committee for the great Red Triangle drive in November.

This incomplete account will serve to show how large the service Abbot is rendering through her trustees.

We are sorry to tell Miss Howey's friends of the death of her mother in Geneva a week after school opened in September.

Owing to the increased enrolment this year, the Carter House on School Street is being used to accommodate ten girls and two teachers. Miss Marceau and Miss Parkhurst are in charge.

Miss King is taking the class in Parliamentary Law, which was conducted last year by Miss Elliott. All members of school organizations are required to attend the class, and also all class officers. The purpose is to make the girls more efficient in conducting a meeting.

This year every girl has been allowed to choose for herself between gymnastics and rhythmic dancing. A great many of the girls chose the dancing.

Miss Elliott is living at home this winter and is taking graduate courses in Economics at Radcliffe College. Her address is 25 Fairview Street, Lowell.

Miss Carson is teaching at the Washington Irving School in New York City, and is living with her sister at 31 Gramercy Park.

Miss Sherman's address is 159 Sumner Avenue, Springfield.

Mme. Romero is teaching at the National Cathedral School in Washington.

The modern language department of the library has recently received a valuable addition of nearly 250 books, French and German classics, with some modern French works of fiction and drama. These were left to the school by Miss Merrill. In each book is inserted the following inscription:

*Abbot Academy Library from the Library of Maria Stockbridge Merrill
Teacher of French in Abbot Academy 1878-1907*

*Presented by Sarah Joy Merrill
In fulfillment of her sister's wishes
October, 1917*

Miss Susanna Ward Smith, Abbot 1857-1864, has given us a mahogany cabinet containing more than nine hundred photographs and the following books: Eight volumes of *Society of French Aquarelists*; ten volumes of *Great Operas* (illustrated); Works of Meissonier. She also gave to the school an easel in which to keep the "Works of Meissonier".

Miss Charlotte W. Hardy, who graduated from Abbot in 1898, sent to the school one page of *Journal of Humanity*, published in Andover in 1832, and containing an advertisement of Abbot Academy.

Mrs. S. G. Wood of Winchester, N. H. (Emma Chadbourne, Abbot 1876-80), has sent us an old photograph of Smith Hall and Abbot Hall.

A picture of Mt. Shasta was given to the school in October, 1917, by Mrs. L. M. B. Reid (Lucinda Pierce, Abbot 1870-71).

A copy of the *Magdalene* by Carlo Dolci was given us by Miss Gay in September, 1917. It was the property of Mrs. Charles Carter and was presented in memory of Miss Emma Taylor.

Miss Runner came east in December to stay with her sister at New Canaan, Connecticut.

Miss Edith Metcalf is at present in Paris, making surgical dressings for our own army under the American Red Cross. Her address is Care Morgan-Harjes Co., 31 Boul. Hausmann.

For several years Mr. Ashton has been writing a *History of the Salem Athenaeum*, and this fall it was published. It is an interesting book, telling not only the life of the famous old library, but giving an idea of the intellectual life of Salem in the early part of the nineteenth century, and also the changes that have come over library methods in the hundred years of the Athenaeum's life.

Alumnae Notes

The meetings of the Boston Abbot Club have been very successful under the able leadership of Mrs. Lillian Wilcox Miller. In November, Miss Kathleen Jones, †1889, gave an excellent talk on "The Literature of the War". The January meeting was called "Daughters' Day". A tiny violinist and a young and graceful dancer entertained the children and a good number of grown-ups. Miss Susan Chapin, 1888, read monologues by Louise Kair, †1875.

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Club occurred on a very stormy day in December, and despite the small attendance, was worthy of the occasion. Mrs. Margaret Fowle Sears, †1881, read a carefully prepared paper on the founding and history of the Club, Miss Josephine Wilcox, †1881, recalled the McKeen Breakfast which brought about the formation of the Club, and Miss Anne Means, 1861, gave some racy reminiscences of the early days of its existence. There was an interesting historical exhibit, including souvenirs of the McKeen Breakfast, photographs of prominent persons connected with it, and of the Academy buildings in 1892. As an appropriate patriotic addition there were also shown autograph copies of "America" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", which their authors wrote for the Club, and which were presented to the academy.

1841. Mrs. Hannah Phelps Gutterson, who with Mrs. Luther Sheldon Wightman headed the list of alumnae, died in August. Her son, in speaking of her quiet, useful life, says: "What a vast amount of unrecorded, unheralded faithfulness and kindness there is in the world. I guess it is the life of God in the heart of mankind, and it keeps the world going."

1853. Lucelia Wakefield's son, Henry Barrett Learned, of Washington, D. C., writes thus of her: "My mother died in St. Louis, Mo., August 11. On July 15, she had had a slight fall: it disturbed her and worried us, her children. She had been totally deaf for about three years and quite blind for rather more than one year — great deprivations which, however, did not greatly disturb her splendid spirit and courageous nature. But the shock at her age — she would have been eighty-three on November 17th — was too much. She slowly sank into a stupor and went the 'unaccompanied way' all unafraid. There may be a few people left here and there in New England who will remember her, or at any rate care to know of her going. She leaves a son and two daughters, and fourteen grandchildren."

†1862. Alice Wakefield Emerson was not able to attend the reunion in June, but sent a pleasant message. Her daughter, Dr. Mary Alice Emerson, of Boston University, was the author of "The Spreading Light," a pageant presented at the Reformation Quadricentenary recently held in Tremont

Temple, Boston. Dr. Emerson is called one of the leaders in religious pageantry and drama, and is conducting a department treating of this subject in the *Congregationalist*.

†1867. The fifty-year class had a splendid showing in June, five being present out of the eight remaining members. Mary Jackson Warren of Detroit responded for the class, and Emily Fellows Reed of Belmont spoke of the opportunities for women in the present crisis. The others of the class present were Mary Abbott Babbitt, Caroline M. Park of West Boxford, Mary Steele Rickey of Stoneham. Eliza Blossom Paine of Sharon and Florence Ladd Munger of Caldwell, N. J., were prevented at the last moment from coming.

1867. Dr. and Mrs. John C. Berry (Maria Gove) of Worcester are members of a deputation from the American Board of Missions to visit the different mission stations in Japan, encouraging the workers in this difficult period and conferring with them in regard to the serious problems now before them. Dr. Berry was a leader in medical missions in Japan for twenty years and was so tactful in dealing with government officials that many of his plans for philanthropy and reform were recognized and approved. He was given a decoration by the Emperor a few years ago.

1869. Ida Morrill McCurdy's son Robert is librarian at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., and Dr. Sidney is in France with the Youngstown, Ohio, unit.

†1870. The death of Miss Minnie Merriam takes a loyal and devoted worker from the ranks of the alumnae. At the time of her death she was a director of the Boston Abbot Club, had been at one time its treasurer, and had served the Club and the Alumnae Association in various helpful ways for many years. Miss Anne Means, in her appreciative tribute, read at the Club meeting of December 1st, spoke especially of Miss Merriam's efficient, determined work as chairman of the Alumnae Association Committee for raising money for the McKeen Memorial Building, of which committee she was also a member. It was a long, hard task and because of Miss Merriam's modesty, few knew how much credit was due her when her cherished plan became at last a reality. Her interested and kindly face and her faithful help will be greatly missed in the Abbot Club.

†1872. Many friends widely separated will learn with sorrow of the death, on Christmas Day, of Mr. Harrison Parker, husband of Fanny Fletcher, after long months of failing health. His strong yet gentle character will be a beautiful memory to his family. Beside the daughters, Constance (Mrs. Chipman), †1906, Esther, †1908, and Eugenia, †1916, there are two sons, Rev. Asa Merrick, pastor of the Mystic Side Church in Everett, and Ensign Gordon, now stationed at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

†1873. Miss Ellen F. Chase, who died in July, was a good friend of the school, responding generously and gladly to its various appeals. She used to enjoy coming from Haverhill to recitals and other school and alumnae exercises, especially when she could arrange to meet her dear friend, Miss Caroline

Holmes, †1871; but after her death she found such visits too full of memories. Ill health kept her from active work on alumnae committees but she led a beautiful, devoted life at home.

†1875. Louise Karr has lately published a book of amusing monologues, entitled *Trouble*. Trouble was a dog!

1876. The two sons of Ellen Wilbur Burgess are both in the service of their country. Robert is first lieutenant in the Statistical Division of the Ordnance Department in Washington. His younger brother, W. Randolph Burgess, has a position with the War Industries Board of the Council of National Defense. In the interest of war supplies he was sent abroad as a member of the American War Mission under Colonel House. In May, 1917, he married Miss Mary Ayres, daughter of Rev. Milan C. Ayres.

The address of Mrs. Burgess has been changed to 337 Belmont Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

†1877. A note from Ellen Emerson Cary says: "Every time the call for a reunion comes I always feel like sending a special note of thanks, for though I can never attend it is pleasant to be remembered. There are four of us Abbot girls here in Japan now, and in May we were all together. If all goes well I hope to be in America next year and shall hope to visit Andover again. Forty years do not dampen my love for the place." The four above mentioned sent a card of greeting to the Alumnae Association, signed by Mrs. Cary, Belle Wilson Pettee, 1874, Jennie Pearson Stanford, 1876, and Mabel Bosher Scudder, 1894.

†1877. Josephine Richards Gile's three sons are in the three branches of the service, one in the army, one in the navy and one in aviation.

†1879. Helen Page Downe is in New York this winter, devoting herself to Red Cross work with all her might. Her two sons are in France. One of them has been "sergeant de ville", in charge of billeting soldiers.

†1882. It is a pleasure to record that Effie Dresser Wilde was a pupil of Miss Merrill in her first and only teaching before she came to Abbot in 1878 to begin that long and noble service of which all who knew her are so proud. This was in Greely Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

†1882. The secretary of the class, Alice Parker Porter, in a report prepared for the Alumnae meeting in June, says: "There are ten children — only two girls but those two have graduated at Abbot." These are Maria and Dorothy Pillsbury, daughters of Annie Watts Pillsbury. One boy, Roger Conant Wilde, son of Effie Dresser, finished his course at Phillips Academy last June. 1882 has never missed its class letter, and at the end of thirty-five years still continues to feel that "there never will be another like the class of '82."

†1882. Marion Locke Morrison's husband, who has been State Superintendent of Schools for New Hampshire for some years, has been called to a similar position in Connecticut, with headquarters at Middletown.

1886. Rev. Frank R. Shipman, husband of May Ripley, was chairman of the committee in charge of the recent energetic drive for Red Cross members in Andover, which resulted in over 2300 members, an excellent showing for

the size of the town. Mr. Shipman has resigned his position as professor in Atlanta Theological Seminary.

†1887. Jean Jillson is in this country on furlough after her strenuous service in Constantinople administering relief and organizing Red Cross work in connection with the hospitals. She was one of the speakers at the Jubilee meetings of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions held in Boston in November.

1887. One of the pleasant features of the twenty-fifth anniversary meeting of the Boston Abbot Club was the presentation of a silver-mounted fountain pen to Miss Ethel N. Shumway, treasurer of the Club for the past fourteen years. During this time presidents and other officers have come and gone, and her business-like, capable service year after year has done much to give continuity to the club life. It is hoped that her good work will rival in length Miss Park's service for the Alumnae Association.

1892. Evelyn Reed Ahearn, in the absence of her husband in the medical service, is spending the winter, with her two little sons, in this country, having with much difficulty obtained a passport to leave England. In November she gave an interesting talk on her war experiences to the Andover Mothers' Club, which she was instrumental in founding when she was kindergarten teacher in Andover.

1892. The death of Mabel Kittredge Dunn brings a great loss to a wide circle of friends whom she made in Lock Haven, where she had closely identified herself with church and civic work. Since the inauguration of the Civic Club of Lock Haven she had been an active and forceful member. To her enthusiasm and energy the playground movement, with its far-reaching results, was almost entirely due.

†1894. Mabel E. Boshier (Mrs. Doremus Scudder) writes enthusiastically of her 8½ pound daughter, who she says is to fit for college at Abbot. Her grandmother was Fanny Lewis, 1836. Mrs. Scudder's address is 23 Kamitomizaka, Koisliekawa, Tokyo.

1896. Anne Hincks spoke at Smith College in November on her work with women and girls as connected with the Bethesda Society.

†1897. Edith Poor Brennan's husband has been made vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston.

†1898. Mrs. Donald McFayden (Edith Tyer) with her little daughter Mary made a long visit this fall with Mrs. McFayden's mother, Mrs. Horace Tyer, of Andover.

1898. Marion Keese is executive secretary of the Associated Charities in Waterville, Me. This is her second year of work there.

1898. Houghton Mifflin Company published last spring a history of Phillips Academy, *An Old New England School*, written by Dr. Claude M. Fuess (husband of Elizabeth Cushing Goodhue).

†1900. Rose Anne Day Keep and her husband are now joint principals of Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn. They are greatly missed in Andover.

1901. Frieda Billings Cushman is president of the Fortnightly Club of Sharon. She has recently resigned the important position of secretary and treasurer of the New England Associate Alliance of the Unitarian Church, which she had held for two years.

†1902. Mercer Mason Kemper is living this winter near Ayer, for her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel James Brown Kemper, is in charge of the Depot Brigade at Camp Devens.

1902. Rose I. Greeley is taking a three years course in Landscape Architecture in Cambridge. This is her second year. She is living at 74 Buckingham Street.

†1904. Rev. Roger F. Etz, husband of Verta Smith, has been called from the White Memorial Church in Concord, N. H., to the Church of the Redeemer in Hartford, Conn.

†1905. Katharine Woods is still living in New York where she is very busy and happy reviewing books and writing articles for the weekly magazine of the *New York Times*. Her address is 53 Washington Square.

†1905. Frances Tyer Crawford is living in Evanston this year, while Mr. Crawford studies for a doctorate in Northwestern University. Their address is 2039 Sherman Avenue.

1905. Cornelia Williams is at the Walter Reed Training Hospital in Washington and expects to be with the first unit which goes to France to teach wounded soldiers.

†1906. Constance Parker Chipman has much sympathy in the death of a baby son, Harrison Reeve, and of her father, while her husband was absent in France engaged in Y. M. C. A. work for the soldiers. Mr. Chipman returned to this country in January and will have headquarters in New York for the present.

†1906. Sarah Hincks is teaching at Mount Holyoke College. She has been elected an honorary member of the freshman class.

1906. Elizabeth Deeble sailed in October for France, where she will do work in surgical dressings for the next six months. Her wedding is postponed for the present. She writes: "Married aviators and Red Cross workers are not wanted, and we talked it over and concluded that we both had duties to perform, as we were both unincumbered, and could make ourselves useful."

†1907. After six month's furlough, Ethel Arens Tyng and her husband have returned to their missionary work in Changsha, China.

†1907. Mabel Rhodes Manter's address is 67 North Adams Street, Manchester, N. H.

1909. Persis C. McIntire is doing library work in Sacramento, Cal.

†1910. Louise Tuttle Abbott spent six weeks of the summer at Plattsburg, N. Y., while her husband was in training with the Reserve Officers Training Corps.

†1910. Lydia Trask has been promoted to the position of assistant to the Purchasing Agent of the United Shoe Machinery Company of Boston. She took a secretarial course at Bryant and Stratton after graduating from college.

†1910. Grace Kellogg studied last year at the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word in Boston.

1911. Helen Vail is taking her last year at the Froebel League Kindergarten Training School in New York.

1912. Emily A. Prue has the position of director of physical education at the Y. W. C. A. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

†1913. Ethel Rand was graduated from Wellesley College last June.

†1913. Edith Wade took examinations and entered Smith this fall and is doing excellent work.

†1913. Esther E. Pickels, who graduated from Mount Holyoke College in June, is now assisting in the Chemistry Department there.

†1913. Louise Coe was graduated last June from the University of Nebraska.

†1913. Marion Martin Teeson's present address is 15 Maple Street, Milford, Connecticut. Her husband is building balloons for the government at Fort Trumbull.

†1914. Lucretia Lowe has been elected president of the Radcliffe Spanish Club, and is in the Radcliffe Choral Society. She took a prominent part in the opera *Iolanthe*. Another member of the cast was Elsie Gleason, who has been elected secretary of her class (1918).

†1914. Helen Hanscom is enjoying thoroughly her position as kindergarten teacher in a private school in Woodmere, Long Island.

†1914. Hildegard Gutterson and Marjorie Freeman, †1916, are taking the nurses' training course in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

†1914. Frances Dowd is in her junior year at Teachers' College, New York City, where she is studying to be supervisor of music. Her address is Whittier Hall, 1230 Amsterdam Avenue.

†1915. Mildred Akerley was one of the thirteen girl students to receive a diploma in October from the Forsyth Dental Infirmary.

†1915. Elizabeth Allen is teaching physical training in the Cathedral School of St. Mary in Garden City, New York.

1915. Mary Genevieve Toye has graduated this year from the Bridgewater Normal School.

†1916. Sylvia Gutterson is assisting at the Boys' Reading Clubs, 50 Tileston Street, North End, Boston.

†1916. Dorothy Dann is working at the Watch Case Company in Mansfield, and Eleanor Black is at the Ohio Brass Company.

†1916. Katharine Odell is studying at Miss Niel's School of Kindergarten Training in Boston.

†1916. Elizabeth Wood is president of the sophomore class at Mount Holyoke, this year.

†1916. Esther Kilton is studying at the Cambridge School of Architectural and Landscape Design. Her address is 6 Storey Street, Cambridge.

1916. Jane Patteson is a Freshman at Smith College this year.

†1917. Elizabeth Bacon is studying typewriting and shorthand in Albany this winter. She made a two weeks' visit this fall in the East, making her headquarters with Mary Church.

†1917. Esther Hungerford is living at home and helping her father in his business.

†1917. Gertrude Goss is studying this winter at the Boston School of Physical Education. Margaret Mitchell and Irene Solle are studying at the same school.

†1917. Catharine Yeakle is taking the two years' secretarial course at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.

†1917. Ruth Jackson and Cornelia Sargent are taking the secretarial course at the Pierce Shorthand School in Boston. Miriam Huntington and Marion Parshley are also studying there.

†1917. Hilda Temple is at the Skidmore School of Fine Arts at Saratoga Springs, New York.

†1917. Bernice Boutwell is taking a course in short-story writing at Boston University.

†1917. Dorothy Baxter is taking a course at a business college and hopes to get a position in February. She has been doing some volunteer Red Cross work in stenography.

†1917. Lucy Atwood is assistant to the supervisor of the Maine Society for the Protection of Children.

†1917. Harriet Balfe is teaching in the grade schools at Newburgh.

†1917. Mary Church has been taking courses in short-story writing and French at Miss Winsor's School in Boston, but since January she has been studying at Mrs. Noyes's School of Expression in Boston.

†1917. Of last year's senior class four are at Smith: Elizabeth Graves, Harriet Murdock, Marjorie Smithwick and Antoinette Stone. Janet Davis and Edith Marsden are at Mount Holyoke, Sally Humason is at Vassar, and Carita Bigelow is at Wellesley. Dorothy Newton is at Wheaton College in Norton, and Rachel Olmstead at the Sargent School in Cambridge. Carita has been elected treasurer of her class.

†1917. Miriam Bacon is taking a course in Economics at the Boston School of Domestic Science.

†1917. Marguerite Dunaway is taking a secretarial course at a business college in Denver, Colorado. Her address is 292 South Lincoln Street.

†1917. Frances Gere is studying art with Miss Pooke at Abbot Academy.

1917. Tsing Lien Li is studying at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Her address is 509 Cheever Court, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Katherine Chen is at the Ohio Wesleyan in Delaware, Ohio, and is living at Monnett Hall.

1917. Sophia Chrysakis is taking the nurses' training course at the New England Baptist Hospital in Boston.

1917. Lidwine Curran has gone to the Merrymount School at Tarrytown this winter, Mary Shipman is at the House in the Pines at Norton, and Emily Thompson is at Miss Master's School at Dobbs Ferry.

1917. Three of last year's Abbot girls are studying art in Boston this winter. Winifred LeBoutillier is at the Art Museum School, Gwendolen Brooks is at the School of Fine Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design, and May Bartlett is at the New School of Art in the Garden Building on Boylston Street.

The Keeper of Records finds it stimulating to note in reading the daily papers how many of those named for able work in some line of patriotic service are connected more or less closely with Abbot Academy. Besides the alumnae themselves there are husbands, sons, brothers, trustees, former employees,—all doing their share. These names are being placed on the War Service Record. Alumnae may greatly help in this matter by reporting to Miss Carpenter any such service, in order that the list may be complete enough to be of some value in the days to come.

A supplement to the General Catalogue of the Academy has recently been issued. This includes the names of faculty and students for last year and this year, with home addresses. Copies at ten cents each may be obtained from Miss Jane B. Carpenter, 26 Morton Street, Andover.

Visitors

Alice Fleek Miller, 1891, Alice Hinkley Black, †1891, Olga Erickson Tucker, †1913, Gertrude Goss, †1917, Maria Pillsbury Taylor, †1907, Dorothy Pillsbury, †1916, Ruth Newcomb, †1910, Florence MacCreadie, †1909. Alice Littlefield, †1917, Frances Gere, †1917, Elizabeth Deeble, 1906, Lucy Atwood, †1917, Miriam Bacon, †1917, Elizabeth Bacon, †1917, Mary Church, †1917, Sylvia Gutterson, †1916, Esther Kilton, †1916, Cornelia Sargent, †1917, May Bartlett, 1917, Gwendolen Brooks, 1917, Phyllis Brooks, †1915, Winifred LeBoutillier, 1917, Lydia Trask, †1910, Ursula Kimball, 1914, Katherine Tougas, 1917, Phyllis Brown, 1917, Martha Swalm, 1917, Mercer Mason Kemper, †1902, Clara Thomson Blackford, †1901, Ruth Ottman, †1916, Grace Carleton Dryden, †1886, Jeannie Porter Adams, 1885, Ruth Adams Downer, †1906, Cornelia Newcomb, †1917, Ruth Draper, †1912, Margaret Copeland, †1911, June Perry, 1916, Dorothy Small, †1917, Esther Hungerford, †1917, Hattie Tufts Loring, 1868, Harriet Murdock, †1917, Margaret Mitchell, 1917, Laura Marland, †1913, Katharine Selden, †1914, Marion Selden, †1916, Edith Wade, †1913, Elisabeth Bartlett, †1914, Vera Allen, †1916, Agnes Grant, †1916, Katharine Odell, †1916, Sue Hertz Howard, 1890, Edith Marsden, †1917, Edith Tyler McFayden, †1898, Miss Tryon, Miss Elliott, Jane Newton Sheldon, †1913.

Engagements

Miss Louise A. Whiting to Mr. Edwin E. Hebb of Roslindale, at present with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington.

†1895. Helen Jackson to Mr. William Phoenix of California.

1909. Helen Holmes Mills to Mr. Charles Edward Farnsworth of Winchester.
1910. Ethel Parkin Swain to Mr. Robert James Smith.
- †1911. Mary Helena Hall to Lieutenant Edwin N. Lewis of New York City.
- †1911. Corinne Willard to Lieutenant Harry Lane Dresser, University of Michigan 1907, at present in Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky.
- †1912. Frances Lincoln to Mr. Donald Swanton Sewall of Bath, Maine.
- †1913. Margaret Emily Day to Mr. Harold E. Danforth.
- †1914. Marion Clark to Lieutenant Joseph Myeiscough, at present instructor in the Aviation Corps Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
- †1914. Hildegard Gutterson to Dr. Judson Smith, Harvard 1905, Harvard Medical School 1910, now a member of the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps.
- †1914. Helen Darlington Burk to Mr. T. Lawrence Moore.
1914. Louise Murray to Mr. Dennett Drew Rodliff.
- †1915. Sarah W. Cushing to Mr. Arthur Eugene Sharp of Chicago, Sheffield Scientific School, 1916.
- †1915. Muriel Baker to Lieutenant Clifford Wood, Jr., O. R. C.
- †1915. Marion Barnard to Mr. Marius Lincoln Mohr, Jr., of Newton, in the Mechanical Repair Department at Washington.
1915. Dorothy Gilbert to Mr. Lyman H. Bellows.
1915. Katherine Adams to Mr. Melville Price of East Lyme.
- †1916. Eleanor Pearce Black to Mr. George L. Draffan.
- †1916. Helene Charlotte Hardy to Mr. Frank Tucker Bobst.
- †1917. Esther K. Davis to Mr. Andrew Smith of Bridgeport, Conn., at present in the aviation service at Ithaca, New York.

Marriages

- HERRICK—MORGAN. In Castleton, New York, April, 1917, Bertha Louise Morgan to Mr. Herbert E. Herrick.
- †1897. STEVENS—PAINE.—In Scarsdale, New York, June 30, 1917, Marion Duncan Paine to Doctor Charles Wadhams Stevens.
- †1900. TAYLOR—GUTTERSON.—In Winchester, July 24, 1917, Constance Gutterson to Mr. Horace Taylor of Brookline. At home, 93 Binney Street, Roxbury.
- †1908. CHENEY—COLE.—At Stamford, Conn., December 12, 1917, Marion Cole to Mr. James Burleigh Cheney of New York City.
- †1909. BROWN—TWISS.—In Lawrence, December 1, 1917, Beatrice Margaret Twiss to Mr. George Gibson Brown. At home, 81 Sunray Street, Lawrence.
- †1911. CREIGHTON—COPELAND.—In Thomaston, Maine, September 29, 1917, Helen Mills Copeland to Mr. James Alexander Creighton. At home, 420 Spruce Street, Steelton, Pennsylvania.

†1913. TUCKER—ERICKSON.—In Brookline, June 2, 1917, Olga Marie Erickson to Mr. Paul Rogers Tucker. At home, 229 Harvard Street, Brookline.

†1913. TEESON—MARTIN.—In Lowell, June 30, 1917, Maion Martin to Mr. Erceil Arthur Teeson.

†1913. PATTERSON—BAUSH.—In Springfield, August 2, 1917, Enid Louise Baush to Mr. Ralph Melbourne Patterson.

†1913. FLINT—AMSDEN.—In Windsor, Vermont, October 9, 1917, Charlotte Mary Amsden to Mr. John Wyman Flint, Jr.

1913. BRAININ—THOMPSON.—In Fall River, June 14, 1917, Augusta Louise Thompson to Mr. Howard Brainin.

1913. BATCHELDER—PITMAN.—In Andover, May 31, 1917, Ernestine Pitman to Mr. K. Roland Batcheller of Lawrence.

1913. BILLINGS—JENKINS.—In Portland, Maine, October 10, 1917, Ruth Dingley Jenkins to Mr. Earle Adams Billings, Lieutenant United States Army.

†1914. HARTLEY—PARKS.—In Northfield, June 19, 1917, Esther Margaret Parks to Mr. Paul H. Hartley. At home, Trinity Court, Dartmouth Street, Boston.

1915. KEMPTON—JACKSON.—In Newtonville, November 30, 1917, Pauline Irma Jackson to Ensign Kenneth Payson Kempton. At home, 164 Strathmore Road, Brighton.

†1916. RODRIQUEZ—SWORD.—In Huntington, Long Island, June 7, 1917, Lillian Sword to Mr. Carlos C. Rodriquez. Address, 409 Edgecomb Avenue, New York City.

Births

†1894. In Tokyo, Japan, November 9, 1917, a daughter, Katharine, to Rev. and Mrs. Doremus Scudder (Mabel E. Bosher).

†1897. In Andover, October 28, 1917, a son, Philip Hinkley, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Quinby (Frances Hinkley).

1901. In Selma, Alabama, August 1, 1917, a daughter, Sarah, to Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Morrell Greene (Elizabeth Rogers Bacon).

†1902. In Derry, New Hampshire, January 12, 1917, a son, Prescott Chase, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Newell (Harriet L. Chase).

1903. In Boston, November, 1917, a daughter to Dr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Pratt (Rosamond Thomson).

†1904. In Chicago, August 28, 1917, a son, John Nelson, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson McCabe (Laura Parker Eddy).

†1905. In East Orange, New Jersey, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Arundale (Fannie Joanna Eving).

1906. In Hanover, New Hampshire, September, 1917, a daughter, Caroline, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. A. Neef (Margaret Lucy Sherman).

†1911. In Upper Montclair, New Jersey, August 12, 1917, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lyman (Borghild Hoff).

†1912. In September, a daughter, Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brewster Bretz (Helen Cram).

1913. In Lynn, July 20, 1917, a son, Seth Carver, to Mr. and Mrs. Seth Whittemore Eames (Marguerite Carver Hunt).

†1915. In Belfast, Maine, December 5, 1917, a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Blodgett (Jessie Marie Nye).

Deaths

In Andover, December 13, 1917, Florence W. Gay, teacher at Abbot Academy from 1899 to 1901.

1841. In Andover, August 25, 1917, Hannah H. Phelps, wife of the late George Gutterson.

1846. In Methuen, April 14, 1917, Miriam Hill, wife of the late Joseph Niles.

1847. In Malden, June 26, 1917, Emily Gray, wife of the late James Freeman. She was for a time a member of the School Board of Malden before it became a city.

1848. In Montclair, New Jersey, January 15, 1917, Elsyette Frye, wife of the late Rev. Edward C. Miles.

1851. In Lowell, December 29, 1916, Maria Parker, wife of Joel M. Howard.

1852. In St. Louis, Mo., August 11, 1917, Lucelia Wakefield, wife of the late Rev. John C. Learned.

1854. In Methuen, December 29, 1917, Harriet E. Hayward, formerly of Andover.

1856. In Reading, June 28, 1917, Lucy Caroline Baker, wife of the late Alonzo P. Berry.

1856. In Concord, October 28, 1917, Emily A. Stearns, wife of the late George A. Fuller.

1858. In Lexington, May 25, 1917, Hannah E. Burt.

1860. In Lexington, November 26, 1917, Sarah S. Miles, wife of the late John A. Sweetser.

1862. In Wakefield, January 9, 1918, Mary J. Eaton, wife of the late Buchanan Brainard Burbank.

†1863. In Elizabeth, N. J., Mina W. Chase, wife of Captain William C. De Hait.

1864. In Bryn Mawr, Pa., June 9, 1917, Charlotte Morton, wife of the late Frank A. Mullany.

1868. In Wilmington, December 20, 1917, Julia A. Carter.

1868. In Boston, November 29, 1917, Ellen A. Frost, wife of the late Rufus Frost Greeley.

1868. In Jamaica Plain, July 10, 1917, Katherine Rogers Wendell.

1869. In June, 1917, Anna H. Meacom, wife of the late Horace Meacom.

†1870. In Newton Highlands, November 1, 1917, Mary Frances Merriam.

†1873. In Haverhill, July 2, 1917, Ellen F. Chase.

†1875. In Indian Orchard, June 29, 1917, Elizabeth P. Aiken, wife of Albert M. Gleason.

1877. In Malden, October 25, 1917, Elizabeth E. Holt, formerly of Andover.

1881. In Newton, August 17, Captain Morton E. Cobb, husband of Mary Smith Byers.

†1889. By accident, between New Haven and Madison, Connecticut, August 13, 1917, Grace Wanning Day (Mrs. Julius Gilbert Day).

1892. In Lock Haven, Pa., January 9, 1918, Mabel L. Kittredge, wife of Charles Dunn.

†1903. In Concord, N. H., September 2, 1917, Elizabeth W. Gilbert, wife of Rev. J. Harold Dale of Billerica.

1904. In Taunton, January 19, 1918, Mary Shute Lincoln, wife of Leon E. Lincoln.

1905. In Woburn, June 20, 1917, Marion Kimball.

1912. In Lawrence, September 18, 1917, Josephine C. Flynn, after a long illness following an automobile accident in November, 1916.

†1913. In East Jaffrey, N. H., November 13, 1917, Mary S. Peters of Andover.

FLORENCE W. GAY

Miss Florence W. Gay, teacher of English at Abbot from 1899 to 1901, and long a friendly neighbor, died on December 13th, after several weeks of illness. A friend gives this appreciation of her quiet, devoted life: "She had a mind of more than ordinary ability, and her quiet wit gave a charm to her conversation with intimates, like wild flowers growing in deep woods. She was touched by beautiful things, and her fine perception of the meaning of music or art or literature would have surprised the critics. * * * * Her achievements lay in quiet paths. Her duty as she saw it she did unflinchingly, until her whole strength was given. Her modest spirit claimed no recognition, and it is with a sense of regret at her loss, and appreciation of merit that never sought praise, that these words are written."

MARY SOPHIA PETERS

Just a week before Mary's sudden illness and death, I was passing through Jaffrey, New Hampshire, where she was helping to organize the office of a new manufacturing plant — her first job — and I stopped in to see her. She spoke of her work: it was hard, but if she were making good, she didn't mind that. It was only later that I learned that she was doing far, far better than she knew. From little things she said, I realized that she was meeting the difficult task of being away from home in just the right way, making friends and responding to hospitality and, though she did not know it, she was having her reward in her loss of shyness, and the unconscious charm of a bright, fresh outlook on life. This year was to be one stage merely — a year of drilling in irksome routine — and Mary looked very happily on beyond to the future. Being a secretary as she conceived it, meant not only technical skill but demanded transparent honesty, utter devotion to her employer's interests, discretion, and a passion for work which was boundless. None who knew her doubts that these qualities of mind and heart burned in her slender body. I can't speak of what her loss is to those who knew and loved her. But it seems to me that it is right that her name should be known to the wide circle of Abbot graduates.

M. B. S.

Abbot Academy Faculty

- BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Mathematics
- NELLIE M. MASON
Science
- REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A.B.
History and English
- MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit. B.
Literature and History of Art
- MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.
English
- *GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.
French
- HEDWIG D. CRAMER
German
- MARIAN H. KING, A. B.
History and Biology. Librarian
- LAURA K. PETTINGELL, A. M.
Latin
- RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, A. M.
Latin
- DOROTHY PARKHURST
French
- MRS. FLORENCE STELLE WRIGHT
French
- RUTH E. LANE, A. M.
Mathematics
- OCTAVIA W. MATHEWS, A. B.
Spanish and Latin
- ROBERTA H. PICKERING, A. B.
Assistant in Science
- LOUISE A. WHITING
Physical Education
- EDITH CAROLINE BADGER
Household Science
- BERTHA E. MORGAN
Vocal Expression

* On leave of absence, 1917-1918.

- EMILY ADAMS
Rhythmic Expression
- JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.
Chorus Music, Piano, Organ and Harmony, History of Music
- MABEL ADAMS BENNETT
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS
Violin
- MILDRED GATES
Violin
- EVELYN F. HATHAWAY
Assistant to Mr. Ashton
- MARION L. POOKE, A. B.
Drawing and Painting
-
- RACHEL A. DOWD, A. B.
Secretary to the Principal
- HARRIET BIXBY
Supervisor of Day Scholars' Room
- PHILANA McLEAN
In charge of Draper Hall
- EDITH H. ALDRED
Resident Nurse
- JANE B. CARPENTER, A. M.
Keeper of Alumnae Records

Lecturers

- MR. HERMANN HAGEDORN
- MR. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY
- MRS. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY (Edith Wynne Matheson)
- MR. WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH

Speakers

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| DR. J. ROSS STEVENSON | REV. HENRY BOYNTON |
| REV. WILLIAM H. RYDER | REV. C. W. HENRY |
| MISS MARGUERITE SANDERSON | MAJOR ROBERT N. DAVY |
| REV. CLARK CARTER | MISS MAY STONE |
| REV. D. BREWER EDDY | REV. FRANK R. SHIPMAN |
| REV. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR | REV. DUMONT CLARKE |
| DR. CHARLES R. BROWN | |

Concert

- MR. GEORGE COPELAND

School Organizations

A. C. A.

<i>President</i>	CLARISSA HORTON
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARTHA GRACE MILLER
<i>Secretary</i>	CORA ERICKSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	DOROTHY STALKER

Representative Committee of Student Council

LOUISE STILWELL	MARION MCPHERSON
RUTH EATON	CLARISSA HORTON
MARTHA GRACE MILLER	LOUISE BACON
LOUISE ROBINSON	ELISABETH LUCE

Fidelio Society

<i>President</i>	IRENE ATWOOD
<i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY WILLIAMS
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	RUTH FARRINGTON

Odeon

KATHERINE PINCKNEY	JULIE SHERMAN
HELEN FRENCH	MILDRED FROST
ELIZABETH DOOLIN	KATHREEN NOYES
LOUISE STILWELL	ELISABETH LUCE
LOUISE BACON	VIRGINIA VINCENT

Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	MARION MCPHERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE HAMBLET
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN VEDDER
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH EATON

Glee Club

<i>Leader</i>	DOROTHEA CLARK
<i>Treasurer</i>	ESTHER MILLIKEN

Hockey Team

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Class Flower: Yellow Rose

Class Colors: Yellow and White

Senior Middle, '19

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Class Flower: Rose

Class Colors: Rose and Silver

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Is so slender and so tall,
While I've been dieting, I guess,
Nearly all the fall.

I don't see the whys or wherefores
Of lots and lots of things;
I don't see why the young folks
All wear each other's rings.

And so by this I ask you,
In a very humble way,
To try and improve matters,
And make this old place gay.

Correct your faults and errors,
Which you see between the lines;
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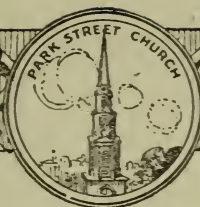
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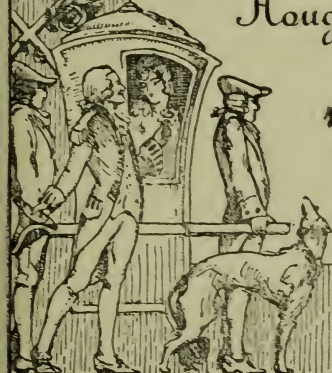
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The Abbot Courant

June, 1918

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PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1918

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

THE
ABBOT COURANT

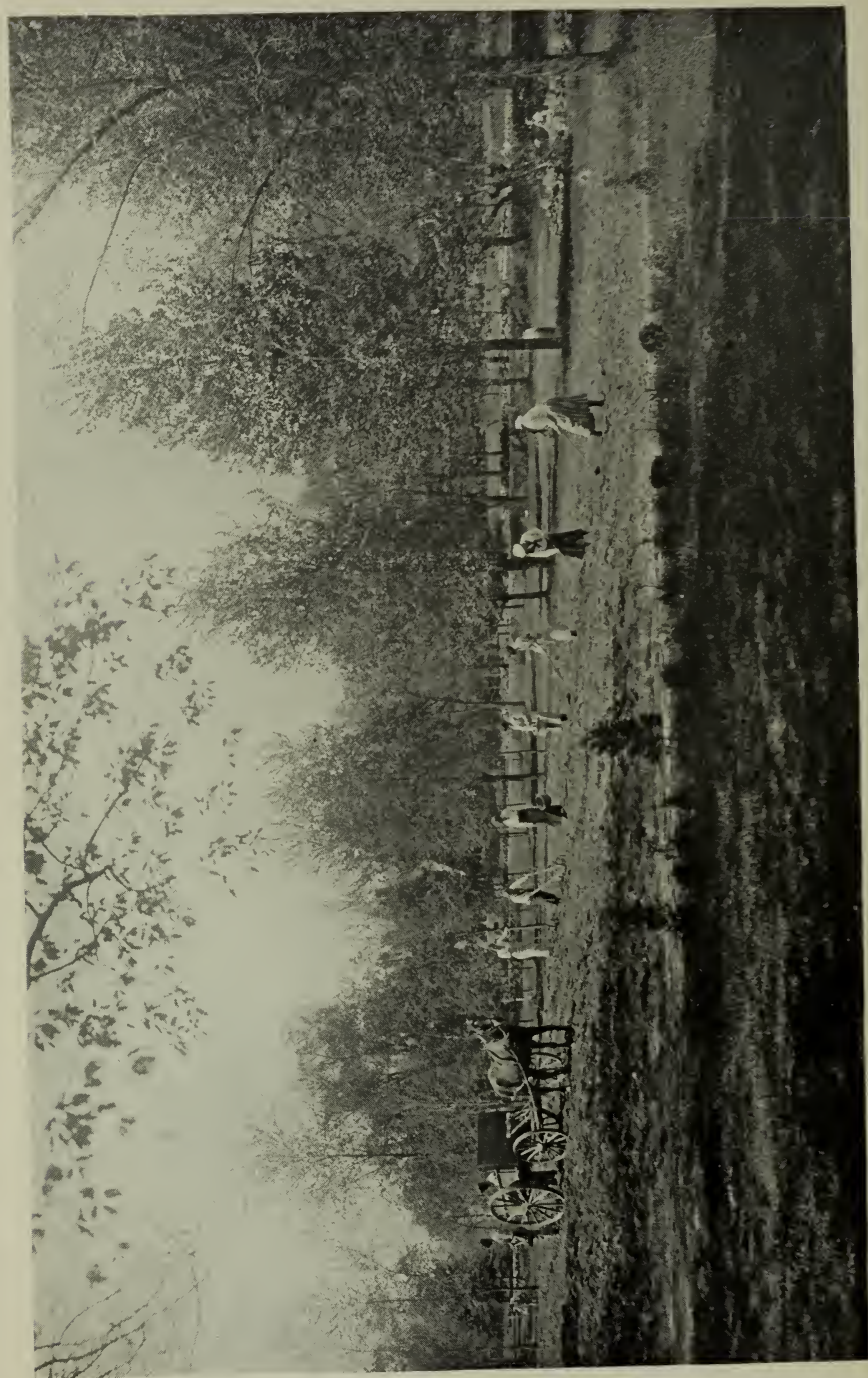
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1918

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Vol. XLIV

JUNE, 1918

No. 2

France

There is a word that lights my spirit's fire,
That opens wide the doorway of my heart.
Floods the sluices of my tears to overflow;
A word now of my very core a part!
Yet, strangely once did I misjudge
The inner meaning of that brilliant word,
Its sacred content could not sense;
Nor ever its exulting music heard.

Today, for knightly deeds of sacrifice
I see it set men's souls aflame
And lift them up, a beacon high,
Earth's wandering ideals to reclaim.
Word like a sun! To relume Thought
And all its nobler values more enhance:
Shall then the lips that lightly spoke
Dare name it now, the brave word, *France*?

Mary Lyon Douglas Macfarland, 1877

Pre-War and After

"Pre-war! Why, when was that?" you say, and then you smile a little as you realize that the war has so engaged your interests that you've forgotten there ever was a day when the war was not. Yes, the old pre-war days have faded into the past, disappeared just as the night, fleeing before the dawn of a new day. When the war is ended will these old days be renewed among us? Shall we slip back into our old places, resume old occupations, revive our worn-out fads — just go on as before? *Can* we? Will the glorious conflict for justice and humanity be found to have made no impression upon us at all, when victory is won and peace restored?

It is hard to look back to those dim days of pre-war. We have to look back across such a vast expanse of blood-soaked battlefields, over the ruins of that beautiful part of France which still lies within the enemy's lines. The souls of hundreds of thousands of those who have died for us urge us on to victory — we have no time to look back. The carefree days of pre-war seem strange and unreal to us now in these times of anxiety — we can hardly realize the time when we did not hastily scan the morning papers and cry with a sigh of relief and an odd little tug at the heart, "They're holding! Thank God, the line holds!"

Five years ago we did not dream that our country would soon be merged in the greatest war in the history of the world. Americans are generally rather carefree and optimistic — rumors of war were incredible. Even when the bolt fell from the blue and the Great Powers clashed in battle, when our brave Canadian neighbors crossed the sea to fight "For King and Country", when news of the violation of Belgium reached our ears, when the whole world was in an uproar — even then we did not realize it all — we couldn't. We hadn't had the training, or the environment, or the associations which other nations had, to be able to realize the seriousness of the situation. The war scarcely touched us — we only became the more wealthy, did some relief work, and went our usual paths of pleasure and daily labor, hoping the war would soon be ended. It is only natural for Americans to look on the bright side rather than on the dark side of life.

But the time has told. The old days are gone forever, and now — *our* men are fighting side by side with the Allies in the common cause of democracy. Three cheers for our boys at the Front!

And we who are behind the lines — what of us? Has the war changed us at all? We hope so. We feel that perhaps we're more efficient, more thoughtful for the needs of others, more aware of our faults, and ever courageously daring to meet and conquer all problems, in order to give our best to help in effecting the end of the war. We have a long row to hoe before we can be of any decisive aid to our Allies, but we've entered the struggle now, and we'll see it through!

And after the war, will conditions be the same as before? Hardly. The cruel sword of Mars has already wrought too much damage. After the war, all our energies will be devoted to the task of restoration — a glorious work! Our days of thoughtless extravagance are gone — we see that we must minister to the needs of the world. We are beginning to feel the tragedy of it all, and to see dimly that from this savage strife will rise a better and a nobler world. It will be our task to unite the nations of the earth in a bond of loyalty to each other, and to do this, we must work. We cannot tarry, we cannot look back, our work is cut out for us.

No, *we* shall not be the same after the war. We shall have *lived* — lived and learned. It would be impossible for us to be just the same carefree, happy-go-lucky people we were before. We shall not have lost our national characteristics, but let us hope that we shall have brought them out and proved ourselves worthy of the cause for which we are now fighting.

The days of pre-war were good old days, happy and gay, but the days of the future will be purposeful — glorious!

Elizabeth Holmes, 1918

The Cross

Aloft a mighty elm tree rears its head,
And at its foot a tiny wooden cross.
When it was placed, no sacred words were said,
And no sad friends were there to mourn the loss.
A mighty victory was won that day
For mankind and for all the human world,
And there a wounded soldier dying lay
And saw the flag of liberty unfurled.
He smiled. His weary heart was soon at peace.
A hostile soldier watched him from afar
And sighed because he too, wished for release;
But he was slightly hurt and death was far.
Slowly a cross he fashioned from rough wood
Which at his dead foe's head long time has stood.

Catherine R. McReynolds, 1918

John Oxenham's Message

I know nothing about John Oxenham's life, nor indeed about any of his writings, except a few poems that he has written since the beginning of the War. These poems, however, are well worth reading, for not only are many of them beautiful poetry, but they are full of the high ideals of an Englishman, who has felt the War and seen the horror of it, but instead of being blinded by it, is able to see through and beyond it, and never loses sight of that noble spirit which the Allies must keep, if they are to win.

One of the first characteristics that we notice, in reading these poems — many of them are only fragments — is their manliness. They are strong, healthy, manly, and very refreshing after so much of the simpering feminine verse, that has been offered to the public lately, and which either has no thought at all, or has most successfully hidden it. Not so are Oxenham's poems. Each one has its own vigorous thought, a thought that is worth while, and will help others, especially those of us in America, who are beginning to feel about the war as England has felt for nearly four long years. They are the poems of a strong man who knows what he thinks, and is able to express it in straightforward, concrete English.

John Oxenham has a distinct message for the people of England, a message that is best expressed in the title of one of his little collections of poems written during the first two years of the War. "All's Well." This is not blind, unseeing optimism; the author has a son in the trenches and has been in France himself. It is because he *has* seen the war, that he feels, not foolishly cheerful, but unswervingly confident. He has seen the people of England sending forth their boys with smiles and breaking hearts, and he has seen these same boys in the splendid beauty of their sacrifice, and to both he says, "All's Well." When he wrote these verses two years ago, the struggle seemed blacker than ever, but Oxenham was sure that peace would come soon. Although it did not come, and has not come yet, we can still believe that valiant cry, "All's Well."

Not "All is Right." Oxenham does not mean that, but "All is going to be right" — that is, if England and her Allies keep hold

of the best that is in them. Although with a full realization of the red horror that has been brought by "Policeman X" as he calls the Kaiser, Oxenham urges England not to hate.

"Is there, in you or me,
Seed of that poison-tree
Which in its bitter fruiting: bore
Such vintage sore
Of red calamity — "

he asks. Though very humble, he is convinced that England has been in the right, and that the Right will surely conquer, if only those who fight for it keep themselves pure and stop being

"Avid and anxious and hard of face.
Sweating their souls in a Godless race."

Not only must England be true during the struggle, but when it is over there must be "no peace but a right peace." The peace that can come only if at the Day of Settlement the warring powers invite Christ to a seat at the Board. Oxenham pleads for this.

"Can we not rise to such great height of glory?
Shall this vast sorrow spend itself in vain?
Shall future ages tell the woeful story
— 'Christ by His own was crucified again?'"

Just as Oxenham has this message for all the world at war, he has a special word for those who have sent out their sons, never to return. With those boys "All is truly well." In one little poem he shows how clearly he understands what it all means, and the comfort he gives is not vain.

"I know! I know! —
The ceaseless ache, the emptiness, the woe, —
Heedless and careless, still the world wags on,
And leaves me broken . . . Oh, my son! my son!
Yea, rather think on this! —
He died as few men get the chance to die, —
Fighting to save a world's morality.
He died the noblest death a man may die,
Fighting for God, and Right, and Liberty; —
And such a death is Immortality.

"He died unnoticed in the muddy trench.
Nay — God was with him, and he did not blench."

Margaret Bailey Speer, 1918

Why!

'Tis not the glamour of khaki,
'Tis not the lure of the blue,
'Tis the country that lies behind them,
And the heart that lies in you.

Julie Sherman, 1918

for france

It was exceedingly pleasant to be walking down F Street on a nice Saturday afternoon in June. There were several reasons why it was pleasant, but Captain Kelley, late of the R. A. M. C., now of the Royal Aviation Corps, did not stop to analyze them. He drifted along with the crowd gazing through the different show-windows at the wares so temptingly displayed, and at the same time keeping his eye on a certain pink straw hat several paces ahead. Now, there was nothing so out of the way about a pink straw hat — even a very pretty pink straw hat — but this one aroused the interest and stimulated the curiosity of Captain Kelley. Somehow it seemed very familiar to him, but as he had arrived at the Union Station early that morning, it was not very probable that he had seen it before. Losing sight of the hat for a minute, he quickened his step a little, and making a sudden dive through the crowd, he came out parallel to it. At the same instant the wearer of the pink hat glanced at him, and in a moment he was at her side.

“Mary! I say, this *is* a jolly good surprise! Whoever would have thought of seeing you here?”

“Bob!” The handshake was a hearty one. “How good it is to see someone from home! When did you come? Where are you staying? How long shall you be here?” The questions followed one another with such rapidity that he called out laughingly —

“Stop! Stop! Give me a chance to answer you. I came this morning, am staying at the Shoreham, and I am attached for an indefinite time to the British Commission. But what are you doing here? I thought you were in Canada visiting your relatives. By Jove, I don’t believe you’ve changed a bit in the last three years! Remember what fun we used to have at the manor? Do you realize that the last time I saw you was when you were visiting Edith in the fall of 1914? And even then I didn’t see very much of you.”

“Well, you see you were in training, and besides you were always very big-brotherish toward Edith, and, if I remember

rightly, you rather patronized her friends!" She glanced mischievously at him and he had the grace to blush.

"And, if I remember rightly, once I chased you and kissed you behind the stables." It was her turn to blush. Both laughed but were serious again in an instant. "You haven't told me yet what you are doing here. I ran up to London to see your uncle just before I left, and he told me you were visiting your relatives at Montreal."

"Oh, I've made the rounds of my uncles and my aunts, and I even took in some of my cousins, but as I had promised uncle to stay over here a full year, I wanted to be useful while I was resting. I took a librarian's course in college so Uncle Harry secured me a position in the Congressional Library here." By this time they had reached the Library and she smilingly held out her hand, "I must go in and work now. Come around and see me to-night, can't you? I'm staying at 1934 16th Street, just above H."

"I can find my way there all right. I'll be on hand at eight. Does that suit?"

"That's fine! Good-bye." She entered the Library and he wandered aimlessly back to his hotel.

At five-thirty that same afternoon, a thin, foreign looking boy of twelve years, entered the Library and walked immediately up to the desk. Gravely holding out his hand he said shyly, in excellent English, but with an unmistakably French accent,

"Good afternoon, Miss Mary! How do you find yourself to-day?"

"Very well, thank you, Marcel. And you?"

It was easy to see that the boy and the girl were good friends. She watched him a minute and then said suddenly,

"Marcel, you didn't sleep well last night. You have circles under your eyes again to-day." The boy flushed and answered quickly,

"No, I couldn't. I really tried, Miss Mary, but my uncle and Mr. Smith talked so loudly. It was maps again and they spoke German. How I wish I understood it. But whenever I question them, they beat me. Ever since they took me away from my beloved France, they have been busy with the maps and

their wireless. I know that they are not working for France as they say they are." The boy grew more and more excited. "They tell me lies! I hate them! They are spies!" he ended passionately.

"Hush! Hush!" the girl begged him. "You do not know what you are saying. If anyone overheard you, it would have very serious results for your uncle and his friend. But, Marcel, about the wireless. Why haven't you mentioned it before?"

"I did not know myself before last night. They are so clever. Their maps, they keep with them always. You do not understand, Miss Mary. They are to meet again to-night, I know. Oh, why couldn't you come and listen! You understand German. Please do! I could hide you in a little closet — they would never find you. You could then see for yourself. Oh, please come home with me to-night, Miss Mary," the boy burst out.

The girl hesitated. The wild adventure appealed to the dare-devil in her nature, but an English education made her pause. Suddenly, she went to the telephone, called up Captain Kelley, and, in a voice of suppressed excitement, told him that it would be impossible for her to see him that night, but she would call him up in the morning. Snatching up her hat and coat, she followed the boy into the street. They hesitated a minute outside while they bought some fruit from a street-vender, and then turned into a side street. Neither noticed a figure in khaki who appeared rather breathlessly just as they turned the corner and who stealthily followed them. At last they disappeared into a dingy old tenement, and an amazed whistle broke from the lips of Captain Robert E. Kelly. It was almost dark now and he wandered into a nearby alley to sit on an ash-can and collect his scattered thoughts.

When he had heard the excitement in the girl's voice over the telephone he had known something was up, and being bored with life in general at that instant, he had rushed to the Library to investigate. The result surpassed his wildest thought.

Meanwhile the girl followed Marcel up the rickety old steps into a dingy tenement room with only one window. Glancing around she caught the dim outline of a bed in one corner and a

small table in the center. On the right a door led to a small closet with a little round hole in the wall to let in air. Marcel placed a chair in this and they quickly made a light meal of the fruit. Then Mary seated herself in the closet to await the coming of the two men.

She had not long to wait for soon footsteps were heard ascending the stairway, and the door opened. An exclamation, which sounded suspiciously like "Donner and Blitzen" was heard as the speaker stumbled over a chair.

"Are you there, Marcel?" a harsh, guttural voice cried.

"Yes," answered the boy sullenly from his bed.

"Light the candle then, and be quick about it." As the boy complied, the speaker turned to let in another man, with a dark, smooth-shaven face, a slinking manner, and a wavering eye. The former was a stolid blond man with a heavy mustache and cruel blue eyes. Neither of the men had seen a third person, a figure in khaki, who had crept quietly into the house after them, and waited outside the door. As soon as they were seated, the men began to talk rapidly in German, always keeping their voices low. At the first sound the man outside stifled an exclamation, and with no scruples, stooped down holding his ear close against the keyhole. How he wished they wouldn't talk so fast, or rather how he wished he understood German better! He caught phrases and sentences now and then, but they only served to aggravate his curiosity.

In the small closet, quiet as a mouse, a girl also listened with all her heart and mind, and with much better results. She could occasionally see the men's faces and hardly missed a word of their conversation. She drank in every word eagerly, and as they rose to go, she thanked her lucky stars that she had been there. As they passed out into the hall a figure in khaki slipped around the corner barely escaping their notice. When they were safely out of the building, the man in khaki entered the room, and came face to face with the girl.

"Mary! Thank God you are safe! Did you hear it all?" She nodded affirmation, and a moment later both of them with a sleepy Marcel between them were safely packed into a taxi on their way to Mary's. In her little sitting-room, they wrote out

their report for the Secret Service. Mary gave a gasp of relief when it was finished and hugged Marcel.

"Marcel, you are a real hero. You have served la belle France. You shall never go back to those men again. Will you go to England with me and be educated?"

"No, Marcel. It's my job to see that you get an education worthy of your spirit. Won't you come with me?"

The boy hesitated, unable to decide, and sent a shy glance first at Mary, then at the man. Captain Kelley, reading his thought, turned gravely to the girl at his side.

"Mary, I don't see anything for it but that we must go into partnership. Will you, dear?"

Then for the second time Mary blushed, and Marcel considerably dozed off to sleep.

Catherine Remine McReynolds, 1918

The Cross-Roads

Where leads this path of wilful recklessness?
Of wanton lust and unrestrained desire
For goods and power — yet nothing that is higher —
To shine through all the desolate wilderness,
And lead you to a long despised redress?
And was it thus you thought to flee the ire
Of Heaven, while yet your course lay through the mire?
Mad world! at last an end of heedlessness!
For like a demon out the dark did rise
The monster with War flaming in his eyes,
To drive you back e'en to the grim cross-road,
Where, stumbling under pleasure's mocking goad
You chose the way that leads astray from right.
— And yet again God shows the path of light.

Louise Colby, 1918

The Pirates' Den

The steep stone steps leading down to the basement of Number 183 Fourth Street, West, were brown with age and worn, and the iron railing was twisted and bent. The lurid sign, "Pirates' Den" rattled in the breeze. Downstairs cigarette smoke choked the air, and above the noise of clattering dishes and high pitched laughter came the merry tinkle of mandolins and the deeper notes of a piano.

It was half past five, the popular time of the day in the tea-room, for Don Dickerman himself was there to see that the guests, principally the ones not of the Village, were made to feel at home; that Oscar, the violinist, had his own particular coffee, and that the music had the life and swing he alone knew how to put into it. Everyone will tell you that Don Dickerman is the presiding genius of the Pirates' Den. He can settle a quarrel as easily as he sells a futurist painting to the man from Idaho, who is seeing New York. And yet the place isn't a money-making proposition. The inhabitants of Greenwich Village, artists, musicians, hopeful authors and others, who depend on the fickle public for a living, are not in the habit of spending much on food. So Don Dickerman's smile may sometimes be a little forced, but his patrons have their own worries, and artistically inclined people are apt to be self-centered.

He has been a part of The Village for only ten months. Three years ago he had saved up enough money to pay for a part of the medical education that would some day make him a great physician. He was a little older than the other men, but saving had been a long process. Then he met Adele Cortes and succumbed to the power of her dark eyes and loveliness. They were married six weeks after he first saw her. Of course there had to be more money, but even Adele's pleadings could not move him from his purpose of studying to be a doctor. It was the time of the dance craze; Don had a gift for music, and there was an opening for a good orchestra in the Jersey suburbs. From the very beginning, Dickerman's music was a success. Dressed in white ducks, and playing his steel guitar, Don Dickerman was the most popular person at club and fraternity dances,

and with the hostesses at exclusive private dances. If his orchestra was to furnish the music the success of the party was assured. "What music?" drawled the blasé youth. "Oh, Dickerman, not half bad, I may drop in for a few minutes."

So the doctor-musician studied during the day and played far into the early mornings. It was not a very normal life and at the end of the first winter, the strain was beginning to tell. Adele was growing tired of married life. They saw each other very little; when he was home, she was usually dancing in some restaurant with the gay young crowd she had known before she married Don. He was still so much in love with her that he couldn't see that she had changed. One day in a fit of temper, over a petty incident, Adele told him that his medical career was all foolishness, that he enjoyed spending the evenings away from her and that he could earn money in some other way if he chose. —There was a big dance that night at the Essex Fells Country Club, and he had to hurry to catch a train.

The next morning, Adele had disappeared, leaving a hurried scrawl on a theatre program, saying that if she ever wanted to see him again she would find him. Later, Don heard that she was living in Greenwich Village, evidently as an artist's model. So he opened the "Pirates' Den," dropped his medical course, and gave up the orchestra, smashing all dreams for the future. Don is now running The Den in a rather vain hope that some day Adele will come back to him as he has given up everything in life which was of value to him, which Adele disliked.

The cigarette-smoke is heavy in the "Pirates' Den," Don Dickerman looks tired, and still Adele has not come.

Margaret Langenbacher, 1919

His Girl

"She's skipped you again to-day, Benjamin! I knew you were busy, so I took an extra look at the mail box for you. Cheer up, old fellow, there'll be another mail to-morrow."

Bennie looked up from his laborious task of sewing a botton on his khaki shirt. He smiled, albeit rather crookedly, at his grinning friend. "Thanks awfully, Joe," he said perfunctorily, while his fiery red ears testified his embarrassment at the mention of "Her." Bennie's ears had a way of doing that, although the rest of his face could be kept under good control. As Joe drew out of hearing, he allowed himself a faint little sigh. It was odd that "she" had not written him for three whole days. Joe couldn't have been mistaken about the mail, for practically the whole company knew the significance of the familiar violet envelope which came daily addressed to one Corporal Benjamin D. Bowen. It was rather a deep violet, with small, feminine handwriting in purple ink and a faint scent of lavender hovering about the paper. Even the stamp harmonized with the color scheme for it, too, was purple. Benjamin had been rather modest at first about claiming this missive. He would wait until the other boys were occupied with their own mail before endeavoring quietly to get possession of his. But Company B, soon realized what was afoot and would pass the letter from one to another of the laughing crowd until it reached Benjamin. At these times, Bennie's state of mind — or we might better say, of heart — would be clearly shown by the heated color of his ears. But now, no lavender letter had arrived in camp for three days; Benjamin sighed again, as he pensively viewed the result of his needlework.

* * * * *

It was a big night at the "Y" Hut, and the huge shack hummed with that peculiar drone of many men's voices. Benjamin and Joe were wedged in on a bench beside one of the long, reading tables.

"There aren't any more Cleveland papers, Bennie, old boy," said Joe as he caught sight of his friend patiently searching through a pile of magazines and papers. "I hunted half an hour,

myself, for this one. You can have it in a few shakes when I have given it the 'once over.' " Suddenly, he uttered a low exclamation. After an odd glance at Benjamin, he sprang to his feet and dragged the protesting Bennie to join a rousing chorus round the piano. "Whew!" he muttered to another mess-mate. "That was a close shave. For Pete's sake, keep Bennie away from the reading table to-night. The home paper has the notice of Flora Gray's marriage to a New York man — that's Bennie's girl, you know. I wondered why he hadn't received one of those lavender letters in the last week."

At mail time the next day the usual hubbub rose to a perfect din. There was another violet letter for Corporal Benjamin D. Bowen! Bennie received this belated epistle with the customary embarrassment. But the expression on his face as he read it, changed from anxiety to a rather sheepish relief and joy.

"Good news, old man?" asked Joe.

"Yes," sighed Benjamin happily. "She's married another man! Moonlight and waltz music always did have a fool effect on me. Ye gods! and I sure was afraid for a while that she would do the wait-till-my-soldier-comes-home act."

Elizabeth Armstrong, 1919

The Road

Over hill, over dale, it comes again to me,
Through rain, through hail, it calls again to me.
Can't you feel it, can't you feel it, oh, you people of the town?
Don't your little lives in houses ever seem to press you down?
There's a wider, fairer country where your broken hearts shall
mend.
There's a winding road to travel with an understanding friend!

Ruth Hathaway, 1919

Jim Ketson, Manager

Yes, it could no longer be denied! They had all tried not to believe it, and until now had succeeded very well in persuading themselves, that it was not true, but they could no longer fool themselves. It was the truth, the sad, sad truth, that they must face! Dora McBoony, the leading lady of the "Bijou Stock Players" was — oh, how can I say it! — was — fat! Jim Ketson, the villain (also manager), finally saw that something must be done. Dora, who used to be so slim and graceful, with her bobbing black curls, kept an audience spell-bound with her vivacious acting, but now, all was different — Dora was fat. Every day there were fewer and fewer people in the "Palace Theatre," and they looked as though they were wishing their quarters had been spent for movies with a sundae afterwards, instead of for "Freckles" with Dora, as leading lady.

Something must be done, and because Dora was so sensitive, it must be done very cleverly. It was up to Jim to do it for no one else had the nerve. But what could he do? Of course, he had heard of that famous book "Eat and Grow Thin," but, how could he present it to Dora without her being offended? Dora knew that she was fat, and she knew Jim knew she was fat, and Jim knew that she knew that he knew she was fat, but nevertheless, he must not offend her, for she must not leave the "Bijou Players," oh, no! The truth was that Jim Ketson, the villain (also manager), was very fond of Dora. Therefore, things must be fixed up.

Jim purchased the "Eat and Grow Thin" book and carefully left it in the wing where Dora was to await her cue. When Dora left, the book was gone also, much to Jim's delight. But it worried Jim, in the days to come, as to whether or not she had taken the book to heart — apparently she had not, for she did not become the least bit slimmer. To test her Jim offered her chocolate creams, which he knew she was very fond of, and each time she refused them, but did accept an apple or a peach from him now and then, so he knew she was following the book. But of what use was it? It did no good at all!

At last Jim thought of a plan which he knew would not fail if it were carried out carefully enough. He could count upon Dora's being a good sport in any case. And so Jim asked Dora to go on a picnic with him to "Fairy Isle" on Monday, which could be managed easily for the only performance on that day came in the evening. "Let's go and have a great old day and swim and take in everything. What do you say, Dora?"

Dora was innocently anxious for the day, and on Monday morning, Jim drove over for her in his new Ford and off they went! Now, the road to "Fairy Isle" was notorious for being one of the most terrible roads in the state, and when anyone did venture along it, in a machine, he did so very slowly and carefully. On this day the air was clear and the weather warm and Jim decided to speed a little so he pulled down the throttle and off they dashed at thirty miles an hour on a road that almost finished the Ford. From time to time, Jim looked at Dora out of the corner of his eye and saw her attempting to cling to the edge of the cushion. Her face was white with fear, but she was too good a sport to suggest that they slow down. Jim's heart smote him, as he saw her being bounced so pitifully, but he only took a firmer grip on the steering wheel and looked straight ahead.

At last, they arrived at the beach and it was a weary Dora who stepped from the machine and walked with Jim to the bath houses. Of course Jim was the first to be ready and he took the opportunity to hand the swimming instructor five dollars extra, for which he begged him to keep her "at it" for at least two hours. The instructor did as he was bid and for two long hours poor Dora practiced the "crawl" under his rigid instruction.

When they were again clothed in their proper apparel, it was past two o'clock and they were hungry, but Jim remembered how, when he was a boy, he had loved to take a bag of cherries and go down on the sand and eat them and he thought it a good plan for them to try. Dora was famished and Jim had no small appetite but he was bound he would not give in, so they feasted upon a box of cherries.

As soon as the last cherry was gone, Jim reminded Dora that they had better go and take a look around and try some of the things.

The first they tried was the "Crazy Village" and they went through all the antics one must perform to get out after he has entered — climbed up slippery bamboo stair-cases, rushed across moving floors and sat upon seats which rose up and threw you several feet as soon as you thought yourself comfortable. At last they breathed the fresh air and started for the "merry-go-round." Jim found Dora a prancing steed which, as the merry-go-round started, lurched back and forth with the most amazing rapidity and jerkiness. Many times they went around; each time Dora became more exhausted, but Jim's mind was made up! He would see the thing through.

At last, they must go, and again they started off on the bad road at the same rate of speed at which they had come when — sh-sh-sh-she — whizz — a puncture! Jim got out and jacked up the wheel, but the jack slipped and Jim's wrist was twisted. There they were, ten miles from anywhere, with a sprained wrist and a puncture! Well, there was nothing for Dora to do but get out and fix it and after she had pumped the required amount of air into the tire, it was all she could do to drag herself back into the machine and sit up while Jim drove one-handed back to town.

At last they were home. Soon they were busy on the evening performance and everything else was forgotten.

The play on Tuesday was given up because Dora was too ill to appear.

On Wednesday, she came — was it Dora? Yes! the old Dora, slim and graceful again. Jim was so happy that he just walked straight up to her and — I won't tell you what he did — anyway, Dora McBoony, is now Mrs. Jim Ketson.

Marian Nichols, 1919

Loneliness

In midst of seething crowds, and busy streets,
Beside slow-moving rivers, deep and still,
On brown tramped fields where now our men must drill,
And drill for war in hidden deep retreats
Of forests, sometimes looking out upon the fleets
Of nations, and once in a murky mill
Where men work long and hard on things to kill
Their fellow-men — in all my heart's swift beats
I feel the pain of loneliness for you,
The ever-present, ever-growing need
Of your companionship, your faith, your trust.
No matter where I go, no matter who
Are my companions, still my heart doth plead
For you, and still, I think, forever must.

Elizabeth Gray, 1918

No Love Like the Old Love

"Good evenin', Lydie."

"Why, good evenin', Harvey, how be ye these days? I ain't seen ye nowhere around for a month of Sundays. How's yer wife? Won't ye set down over there in that alcove and have an old time chat with yer old friend?"

It was the evening of the Church Social that Mrs. Beck chanced to meet her first but divorced husband, after a number of years. Since then they had both married, and they were now at a ripe old age. After their separation they had had no hard feelings for one another. They had parted on friendly terms. They merely could not agree on certain matters, so they felt it due each other's life happiness to separate. And now, after years, they chanced to meet at a church social.

"Yes, indeedie, I shall be delighted," said Mr. Benson, cautiously lowering himself to a fragile chair. "Well, Lydie, the years ain't changed ye much sence I last seen ye. Of course, the years are bound to change the color of the hair — but why all this gloomy dress yer wearin'?"

"Oh Harvey, it's a long story, but I'll cut it short by tellin' ye me old man up and died a month ago from the rheumatiz. Well, it was a hard time I had of it, an' the years for me ain't been as happy as I thought they'd be.—I'm glad to be seein' ye Harvey," exclaimed Mrs. Beck after a pause, as she lifted a pair of moist, faded blue eyes to those of Harvey Benson. "You ain't changed much either Harvey, perhaps ye're a bit stout, but it seems to give ye a more pompous aspect. It's becomin' to ye, Harv, I like it."

"Now do ye, Lydie?" returned Harvey blushing a little. "Well, I'm glad ye do. No, I don't feel much changed on the outside, but I tell ye it hurts on the inside. Since I left ye that mornin' I ain't been happy. Of course Sarie meant well enough, but I'm pop sure her heart was made of metal, and since her death a year ago, I've been wantin' ye, Lyd. I'll never forget our first dinner together when ye hopped on me knee an' fed me them sweet potatoes. Sure them were happy days, until we began to wrangle over who should hunt the eggs. But that's

past now and those chickens are dead, ain't they Lyd? Lyd dearie," pleaded Harvey bending over the little old lady, "don't ye think ye could love me a little mite still? Don't ye think we could buy our eggs?"

"Yes," breathed the little old lady bending beneath his embrace. "Yes, Harvey, let's buy our eggs."

Harriet B. Sanford, 1919

In Lighter vein

To the Radiator

A friendly piping in the morn I hear
When day is still held back by darkness cold,
More sweet than pipes of Pan to my nipped ear.
I draw my head beneath the blanket fold
In warm content, with no disturbing thought
Of dressing in a bleak and chilly room.
The closing of the window wide is naught —
An undertaking great it used to loom.
I find delight now in thy click and bang,
Thy rhythmic rattle fraught with gurgling sounds.
I'll brave the north wind with its bite and tang
When thy shrill whistle all its fierceness drowns.
O Radiator, with thy gladdening heat,
Would I could sing they praise with fervor meet!

Elizabeth Armstrong, 1919

When Genius Doesn't Burn

I cannot write about the lovely Spring,
Somehow my words seem not to want to rhyme;
And yet that is almost the only thing
With which a poet ought to waste his time.
Of course there's Love, but what know I of such?
Or, if I did, I could not write about
A feeling that has been described so much —
I see I must leave that, without a doubt.
Ah! then what's left for poor, but worthy me?
This world of things, so large and yet so small —
An host of wonders round about, I see;
But none of them do seem to suit at all,
And so I fear that this must be the end,
And I to other duties must attend.

Dorothy Fairfield, 1918

Heroic Couplets

Four pairs of shoes were standing in a row
Which seemed to say, "Shine me before you go."
But off I went and left them all alone,
And then, returning, met them with a groan,
For there they were, just as they stood before,
Seeming to cry, "Please shine me!" all the more.

Margaret Dane, 1919

Laughter is a pleasant thing to hear,
But ah — too much is tiresome to the ear.

Dorothy Stibbs, 1919

Marie, she knew no English, but she cooed;
And Sammy knew no French, but still he wooed.

Kathryn Beck, 1919

If you will give this world a bit of cheer
You'll find it pays you back, year after year.
But if, instead, you offer naught but gloom,
You'll find — for you there's not a speck of room.

Grace Leyser, 1919

Editorials

Everything around Abbot has changed in appearance; even old Abbot Hall has been remodeled, and the only reminders of other years are the uncomfortable little gray benches in chapel, whose very uncomfortableness old Abbot girls love, for they have been a part of the school since it was founded in 1828. And yet between the girls of ninety years ago and the girls of the present day the differences may not be so great as we imagine at first. We are facing one of the crises in the world's history. Are we preparing ourselves to the best of our ability? If the Abbot girls of ninety years ago were in our places now, would they be more efficient and more eager to seize every opportunity to fit themselves for service to their country? Abbot girls have never been dependent, weak-willed creatures. We like to think that in the years when girls didn't drive aeroplanes and vote, they were making good use of the knowledge which they received at Abbot. As the girls who have worked for Abbot and loved Abbot as we do come back to visit the Abbot of 1918, may we girls of to-day do our best to prove to them that we are living up to and upholding all of the fine traditions of the school.

Organization and co-operation are the two watchwords of the American people who are standing behind our army, making it possible for the Allies to cry, "The line still holds." This spirit has reached to every part of the United States, and not least among the groups working together as efficient organizations are our preparatory schools. Military training has been a part of Abbot's school life this spring. Under the Abbot Patriotic League the girls have undertaken the care of their own rooms, which are inspected by the drill officers three times a week. This is not an altogether new plan, as until comparatively recently Abbot girls have had charge of their rooms. But now for the first time in Abbot's history her girls are assisting in the school's farming, releasing men for more active service. Every afternoon, when classes are over for the day, groups of girls may be seen cutting the grass on the circle or starting out

valiantly for the potato patch. About eighty hours of work a week have been volunteered by the girls, and as much has been accomplished in farm work as in former years. So far this spring fifteen bushels of potatoes have been planted.

The Abbot Battalion made its first public appearance on Monday evening, May 20th, when it marched in the Red Cross Parade held in Andover. The parade started at Maple Avenue and marched up Main Street to Brothers' Field. The Battalion was received cordially on all sides. Major Davy afterwards expressed his entire satisfaction in the results which he had obtained at Abbot this year, and told us that he was very proud of us and hoped that he would be able to continue the military training next fall.

About Christmas-time there were evidences of military activity at Phillips in the occasional khaki-clad figure one saw passing the school or in the agonized blare of the bugle one sometimes heard. Even these signs were quite thrilling — we felt we were living in a very exciting and patriotic place. But now, with June close at hand and Andover in all the glory of its thickly-foliaged trees and blossom-covered stone walls, the sound of truly martial music is wafted down from the Hill, the khaki-clad boys swing by at a purposeful and soldier-like pace, we have seen the trenches they've been digging, we've seen the boys at work and on parade, and we realize that they are all earnestly giving their services to Uncle Sam.

Major R. N. Davy, R. O. C. E. F., as commandant, and Lieut. R. E. Wyatt, also of the overseas Canadian force, his assistant since April, have certainly worked wonders with the boys in preparing them for the active service which will undoubtedly be theirs in the near future. They all seem to realize the gravity of the situation and the great advantage in learning as much as possible about military science and tactics before leaving Andover. The sight of those trenches back of Brothers' Field, which the boys themselves are building under Lieut. Wyatt's direction, certainly brings home to one the grim realities of war. The boys are serious — there is no doubt about that. Their

exhibition drills have been practically flawless and carried out with an aim that is worthy of the school. This summer there will be a camp on the Hill for accepted volunteers, who will be put through a course of training as intensive as that given to Senior officers of the U. S. R.

The spirit of the school is splendid. Perhaps it is the magnificent honor roll of her boys who are now at the Front, in the air, and on the sea, perhaps it is also the daily contact with men who have fought in France and know for what to prepare them, perhaps it is the full realization of their country's need — at any rate, the school is at the fore as always. Old P. A., here's to you!

Although we all admire Odeon from afar, some of us have known comparatively little about the work of the girls belonging to the society. So some may be interested to know a little more about it. To belong to Odeon is an honor which all the members are doing their best to live up to by bringing the standard of good literature at Abbot up to the very highest degree. This year the girls have been making a study of war books. A small library has been started, each girl giving a book, which The Odeon expects to turn over to the School Library in the future. Each girl has also written a short story, and the collection is to be bound together, and given to the writer of the story which is adjudged the best.

Odeon is composed of ten girls chosen for their literary ability and appreciation. They stand for what is best in literature at Abbot, and their aim is to make this standard yet higher. We are all very proud of our girls in Odeon and look for great things from them in the future.

This is the second year that we have had rhythmic expression at Abbot, and about half the girls in school are taking it twice a week. It is really a wonderful study and Miss Adams is a splendid exponent of her art. We all like it very much, for the idea back of it is beautiful. We must realize only the beauty in the world and then express it through ourselves — that is the fun-

damental idea of rhythmic expression. In the classes we forget ourselves, our cares, the world, and the war; we hear only exquisite music and dance as it bids us. We have been dancing this Spring out near the grove with those majestic trees for a background. It is a lovely sight to see the girls frolicing over the grass in their soft gray-tinted garments. It is a pleasure to dance in the woods and be happy and care-free. The communion with nature is good for us and we all feel that we have benefited greatly by our study of rhythmic expression this year. We wish to thank Miss Adams for the sincere and helpful interest she has shown us.

The giving-up of the Riding School by Mr. Cross, while not a momentous happening in the routine of Abbot, still has a deep significance to many individuals. The opportunity of riding horse-back has given to some girls the privilege of seeing the country around in a new and distinctly different way. The gallops along little by-paths and winding country roads have brought these girls into a more intimate connection with Andover. They have somehow come closer to nature. The discontinuance of the Riding School will make a void in their lives here at Abbot, which cannot quite be filled with any other pleasure. This change is only another way in which we are touched by the war. And it makes us realize how seriously we must think about giving up the harmless luxuries which have given us so much happiness before. After the war we hope that the Riding School will be established again.

How much livelier and more fascinating country life is than city life! Have you ever heard of a family living in the city getting up at dawn in order to see one or two birds jump into a bird bath? In the country when we see a bird of an unusual variety we are wild with excitement. How much more vigorous is a cross country ride on a frisky horse in the morning than a dirty hot ride in the subway! At noontime when the factories close for a brief hour, the workers hurry out into the already overcrowded streets and enter into the small restaurants and order a cup of coffee or tea with skimmed milk instead of rich cream.

In the country we can eat our lunch out in the fields or woods. For water we have the cool, pure spring, and all the milk and cream we desire is ours. In the hot afternoons we do not have to search for a seat in a park, for there is a place under every tree that we might occupy. In the evening we do not have to rush to the movies, theatres or dance halls for amusement, for all day long we have been so busy that at night all we want is a good, comfortable bed.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

- 19 Miss Howey and four girls attend Y. W. C. A. Patriotic League Conference in Cambridge.
- 20 Girls' Musicales in Miss Bailey's rooms.
- 22 We go to the Abbot Tea-Room for supper.
- 23 Lecture at Stone Chapel. Mr. Rihbany: Entry Into Jerusalem.
- 26 Patriotic League Meeting.
- 27 Rev. Dumont Clarke: Character.
- 29 Junior-Mid and Senior-Mid sleigh-rides.
- 30 First Meeting of Officers' Class.
- 31 Examinations begin.

FEBRUARY

- 2 Abbot Luncheon at the Hotel Vendome in Boston.
- 3 Rev. Henry Hallam Tweedy talked on "Liberty" in chapel.
- 4 Seniors go to Intervale.
- 7 And the Seniors return.
- 9 Recital by the Boston String Quartet.
- 10 Miss Bailey in Chapel: Loyalty.
- 12 Senior-Mid Play: The Twig of Thorn.
- 17 Miss Mabel Emerson: Our good fortune in living in this age.
- 21 Andover Junior Promenade.
- 22 Military Exhibition at Phillips.
- 24 Mrs. Speer: The Fullness of Life.
- 26 The Three Senior Prize Plays.
- 28 Recital by Mr. Arthur Hackett in Davis Hall.

MARCH

- 1 Mr. Flagg talks on Banking.
Military Exhibition at Phillips.
- 2 The Abbot Senior Promenade.
- 3 Miss Bailey: The Book of Esther.
- 4 Mr. J. W. Erwin: Illustrated Lecture on Puget Sound.
- 5 Dr. McClure of McCormick University.
- 9 Miss Agnes Donham: The Income Budget.
- 10 Miss Wiggan of the Consumers' League speaks to us. There is also a Northfield meeting.

- 12 Spanish Evening in Davis Hall.
- 15 Military Exhibition in the Phillips Gymnasium.
- 17 Mr. Bigelow: Mr. H. G. Wells's God.
- 18 Our Easter vacation begins.

APRIL

- 3 Back at school again.
- 7 Easter Service in Davis Hall.
- 13 Miss Helen Fraser: What Englishwomen are doing in the war.
- 14 Rev. D. Brewer Eddy: Righteousness is the determining factor of Christianity.
- 16 The Barnstormers present a play.
- 20 Miss Hanscom of Smith College: The Poetry of the War.
- 21 Miss Bailey in chapel.
- 23 The Senior Play: As You Like It.
- 25 Glee Club Concert for the benefit of the Surgical Dressings Fund.
- 26 Mr. Flagg talked on Insurance.
- 27 Concert by Violin and Violoncello Pupils. In the evening Dr. Speer talked to us on "Sincerity."
- 29 Miss Blauvelt: John Brown.

MAY

- 1 May Breakfast in the Town Hall.
- 4 Recital by Miss Bennett's and Mr. Ashton's pupils.
- 5 Dr. Williams spoke to us in A. C. A. about the need of women in China. Rev. Frank R. Shipman spoke to us in chapel.
- 7 Miss Morgan: The Dawn of a To-morrow.
- 8 Geology Expedition with Miss Kelsey and Miss Lane. The Senior Art Class go with Miss Howey to Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace. Tea at Miss Pooke's studio for the faculty.
- 11 Prof. Tyler of Amherst: Conformity to Environment.
- 12 Chapel Service in Davis Hall. Prof. Tyler: Friendship.
- 14 Miss Gates gives a violin recital in Davis Hall, accompanied by Miss Nichols.
- 15 The Abbot Battalion sees the Phillips Regiment drill.
- 18 Concert by First Year Vocal Expression Class and some of Prof. Ashton's pupils. Military Inspection of rooms by Miss Bailey and Major Davy.
- 19 Miss Bailey in chapel: Power.
- 20 Senior Tables. The Abbot Battalion marches in the Red Cross Parade in Andover.
- 22 Field Day.
- 25 Mrs. Stannard: Food Conservation.
- 27 Miss Nichols: Violin Recital.

Commencement

The Commencement Exercises will be held from June 9 to June 11.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Prof. John Winthrop Platner, D.D., and the commencement address will be given by Dr. Robert E. Speer.

The Draper readers are —

Julia Conant Abbe of Dublin, New Hampshire
 Elizabeth Armstrong of Buffalo, New York
 Mildred Coleman of Flushing, New York
 Grace Myra Kepner of Monett, Missouri
 Eleonore Kimbel Taylor of New Rochelle, New York
 Anna Faith Williams of Nanking, China
 Helen Thornton Wygant of Newburgh, New York

ACADEMIC SENIOR CLASS

Irene Atwood	<i>Winchester</i>
Louise Jackson Bacon	<i>Newton</i>
Dorothy Bushnell	<i>Andover</i>
Dorothea Clark	<i>St. Johnsbury, Vermont</i>
Ruth Farrington Clark	<i>North Andover</i>
Mary Freethy Davis	<i>North Andover</i>
Carolyn Elizabeth Doolin	<i>St. Albans, Vermont</i>
Ruth Hathaway Eaton	<i>West Roxbury</i>
Helen Ruth Farrington	<i>Peabody</i>
Angele Mildred Greenough	<i>Spokane, Washington</i>
Clarissa Alden Horton	<i>Windsor Locks, Connecticut</i>
Marion Fildew Hubbard	<i>Pontiac, Michigan</i>
Mary Kunkel	<i>Harrisburg, Pennsylvania</i>
Helen Florence Martin	<i>Newport, New Hampshire</i>
Margaret Morris	<i>Germantown, Pennsylvania</i>
Marion Russell McPherson	<i>Waban</i>
Katherine Menzies Pinckney	<i>Andover</i>
Katharine Righter	<i>East Orange, New Jersey</i>
Helen Agnes Briggs Robertson	<i>Andover</i>
Velma Leone Rowell	<i>Plymouth</i>
Dorothy Mary Stalker	<i>East Boston</i>
Virginia Vincent	<i>Boonton, New Jersey</i>
Natalie Weed	<i>Newburgh, New York</i>

COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR CLASS

Ruth Emily Allen	<i>Andover</i>
Harriet Louise Colby	<i>Claremont, New Hampshire</i>
Dorothy Fairfield	<i>Westfield</i>
Helen Wentworth French	<i>Andover</i>
Elizabeth Blodgett Holmes	<i>Janesville, Wisconsin</i>

Mary Abbott Jepherson	<i>Providence, Rhode Island</i>
Beatrice Ellen Kenyon	<i>Lawrence</i>
Anna Lois Lindsay	<i>Amsterdam, New York</i>
Emmavail Luce	<i>Shanghai, China</i>
Martha Grace Miller	<i>Newark, Ohio</i>
Catherine Remine McReynolds	<i>Washington, D. C.</i>
Julie Pfingst Sherman	<i>Winchester</i>
Margaret Bailey Speer	<i>Englewood, New Jersey</i>
Catherine Louise Stilwell	<i>Anderson, Indiana</i>

SENIOR SPECIALS

Elizabeth Agnes Gray	<i>Duluth, Minnesota</i>
Margaret Florence Hinchcliffe	<i>Andover</i>

Lectures

Mr. James W. Erwin of California gave an illustrated lecture in Davis Hall, on Monday evening, March 4. A few of the pictures were motion pictures, but most of them were stereopticon slides. He first showed us San Francisco Harbor, the Golden Gate and Mt. Tamalpais. Leaving San Francisco, we travelled northward to Portland and Seattle. We went on a delightful sail down Puget Sound, and we not only saw the sound by water, but we went by automobile along the wonderful highway which follows the Sound.

Miss Agnes Donham, a member of the faculty of The Garland School, spoke to us at Hall Exercises, on Saturday, March 9. She talked on an income budget, and said that each girl should keep her own budget and should decide on a definite amount that she could afford to spend for each thing. The value of keeping a budget is to save more than you could otherwise and not to spend more than your income.

Miss Mary Wiggin, who has often spoken to us on the Consumers' League, spoke to us this year on the conditions under which women are working in the factories in Massachusetts. She is on a committee to investigate these conditions, and gave us most stirring accounts of the lives of some of these women.

Miss Helen Fraser of London, who is lecturing in this country on the part women are taking in winning the war, spoke to us on Saturday, April 13. She explained about the work being done in England by the women. They not only work in factories, the women with titles working side by side with the factory girls, but they are doing every kind of work. One group of women and girls, known as the canary girls, have sacrificed everything and are working on dangerous explosives of such a kind that gradually their hair, lips and even their skin become yellow. Miss Fraser explained about the food conditions and told how willing everyone is to economize. Each person is allowed so much flour a week and the richer class go without their full share so that the working class, which needs the flour the most, may have a little more than their portion.

Reverend D. Brewer Eddy, spoke in Abbot Hall, Sunday evening, April 14.

His talk was about the present crisis in the war, and he urged us all to be very optimistic and to give everything we could, both spiritually and materially, to help win the war.

On the evening of April 20, Miss Hanscom of Smith College read to us in Davis Hall a paper which she had prepared on "The Poetry of the War." It was very interesting and extremely well-written, in good, clear style. She quoted from the various poets this war has produced, Wilfrid Gibson, Rupert Brooke, and many others, and the quotations were well-chosen to bring out the points she wished to make. There have been some lovely bits of poetry — but nothing very great has yet been written. In Miss Hanscom's opinion the great poetry of the war is still to come. We were very fortunate in hearing such an interesting paper by such an interesting woman as Miss Hanscom, and hope that she will visit us again.

Miss Mary Taylor Blauvelt, of Farmington School, gave a lecture on "John Brown" in Davis Hall, Monday evening, April 29. She showed us in an exceedingly interesting manner that John Brown, murderer and law-breaker as he undoubtedly was, had the cause of righteousness and justice at heart, although he failed to connect his high ideals with a practical application. We understand now through Miss Blauvelt's appreciation of this misguided leader, the fine motives and the undying spirit of John Brown which the Union soldiers carried with them through the Civil War. At the close of the lecture the audience joined the Glee Club in singing, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

"The Dawn of a To-morrow" by Frances Hodgson Burnett, was given by Miss Morgan in Davis Hall, Tuesday evening, May 7. We were glad of the opportunity to hear Miss Morgan, for up to this time we had seen her talent only through her excellent coaching of the class plays. The audience applauded the recital enthusiastically, and Miss Morgan very generously gave several encores, including "Carry On" by Robert W. Service.

It was a great pleasure on Saturday afternoon, May 11, to have Professor John Mason Tyler of Amherst speak to us again. In his talk on "Our Relation to our Surroundings" he told us that the word "surrounding" spells opportunity for most of us, and that the effect which our environment has upon us shapes the course of our lives. He was also the speaker at the Sunday evening service. Professor Tyler's little visit to Abbot is one of pleasant things we look forward to in the spring.

Concerts

On the 9th of February we had with us again the Boston String Quartet. We always look forward to their annual visit to Abbot with great pleasure, for the members of the String Quartet are musicians in the highest sense of the word. The selections they played were beautiful. The Beethoven Quartet in G Major was magnificent and the 'Cello Obligato of Chopin's was exquisitely interpreted.

It was our good-fortune on the 28th of February to be given a song recital by Mr. Arthur Hackett, who was accompanied by Mrs. Hackett (Miss Constance Freeman), at the piano. Any one who has heard Mr. Hackett sing is not likely to forget it soon. His voice is clear and powerful, and marvelously under his control — his technique is excellent, and the choice of selections good. The songs were for the most part in English, a fact which is always more or less pleasing to school-girls, and there were also some exquisite French songs. Mrs. Hackett is a skilled pianist. Taken altogether the recital was delightful.

A concert we heartily enjoyed was that given by the Glee Club the night of April 25th for the benefit of the Surgical Dressings Fund. In their spotless white sailor suits and caps and with their faces wreathed in smiles, the members of the Glee Club that night were a joy to behold. And their songs! Well, we just wish you all could have heard those plaintive darky airs and the thrilling patriotic songs — and when the concert closed with the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, we felt, indeed, that it was one of the most pleasant evenings of the term.

On the afternoon of April 27th there was a very interesting and highly successful concert in Davis Hall given by the Violin and Violoncello departments, assisted by Esther Milliken as Soprano, and Ethel Dixon as accompanist. The Abbot String Quartet was encored again and again, the singing was lovely, and the audience was very enthusiastic about each number on the program.

May 4th, we were given a concert by the vocal pupils of Miss Mabel Bennett, assisted by a few of Prof. Ashton's piano and organ pupils. The afternoon was a great success indeed and everyone enjoyed it. The girls sang and played beautifully, and one number with a violin obligato was especially lovely.

A recital to which we looked forward with great anticipation and which realized our expectations was that given by Miss Gates with her violin, accompanied by Miss Nichols at the piano. Miss Gates plays beautifully with a firm touch and an extensive knowledge of technique, and the selections were spirited and full of tone-color. We all enjoyed every bit of the recital, and hope we'll have the pleasure of hearing again next year Miss Gates and her fine accompanist, Miss Nichols.

On the afternoon of May 18th, we were entertained very pleasantly in Davis Hall by the members of the First Year Vocal Expression Class and by a few of Prof. Ashton's pupils at the piano and at the organ. The selections were taken from the beloved poets of our childhood, Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson, and were charmingly given. The musical selections were appropriate to the occasion and very lovely. It was one of the most pleasing recitals of the year.

Plays

The Senior Middle Class presented "The Twig of Thorn" by Marie Josephine Burr, in Davis Hall, Tuesday evening, February 12.

The Cast: —

NESSA TEIG
 MAURYA, her neighbor
 OONAH, Nessa's granddaughter
 ANGUS ARANN, a young peasant
 AILEEL, a wandering poet
 FATHER BRIAN, the priest
 A FAERY CHILD
 FINULA
 KATHLEEN
 SHEILA
 SHEAMUS
 MARTIN
 TUMAS

JENNIE MARR DUNAWAY
 MARIAN NICHOLS
 RUTH ALLEY
 MILDRED COLEMAN
 HELEN WYGANT
 CHARLOTTE COPELAND
 HELEN LEFFINGWELL
 MARION CHANDLER
 MAREA BLACKFORD
 NATALIE PROUDFIT
 RUTH HATHAWAY
 ELEANORE TAYLOR
 LOUISE CLEMENT

DIRECTED BY: BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN
 STAGE MANAGER: KATHARINE S. COE
 PROPERTY MANAGER: RUTH HATHAWAY

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

Oonah, the orphan granddaughter of Nessa, comes to live with the latter in her little cottage in the country when her married sister moves away from Dublin. One day when out walking she loses her way and is brought home by the peasant Angus. Nessa and an old neighbor Maurya, see that Oonah is wearing a twig of pink thorn in her hair. They cry out saying that the "little people" will work evil and that the thorn tree at the Three Roads brings a curse. Oonah pretends to throw it away. Father Brian rebukes Nessa for her lack of faith, as the blessed St. Bridget is in the room, and says that the child did not mean to do anything wrong. Angus falls in love with Oonah the minute he sees her. Oonah hides the twig behind St. Bridget. When neighbors are at the cottage dancing, Aileel, a wandering poet comes in. He loves Oonah instantly and soon demands that she choose between Angus and him. She takes Angus. Angus goes away to win his fortune. Nessa dies. There is a great famine. Aileel comes to Oonah once more. Angus finally returns but he says he cannot stay as he must earn some money. Oonah begs him to live in the cottage and use her money. He refuses. To save Oonah from the "little people," Aileel carries the thorn and takes the curse upon himself, promising to go with them at sunset, if they will spare Oonah. A fairy enters and casts rose petals and a spell over Oonah, while Aileel and Angus are in the room, but the former's sacrifice saves her. Oonah is dazed and does not know what has happened. Aileel makes Angus promise to marry her immediately and asks Oonah to dance with him first at her wedding. She promises. Angus picks up his pack and finds it heavy with silver pieces. They are married and Oonah dances with Aileel.

Ruth Alley was a very charming and lovely Oonah. She seemed like a fairy herself in the interpretation of the Irish maid whom the poet Aileel

compared to all out-doors and whom the simple peasant, Angus, loved for her sweet beauty.

Angus Arann, the young peasant lover of Oonah, was delightfully played by Mildred Coleman.

The part of Nessa Teig, Oonah's grandmother, was taken by Jennie Marr Dunaway with unusual success.

Marian Nichols was a very realistic Maurya, Nessa's sympathetic neighbor. Helen Wygant was Aileel, the wandering poet, who loved Oonah because she reminded him of out-of-doors, the moon, the pine tree and the brook.

Miss Morgan's kindness in coaching "The Twig of Thorn" and her tireless efforts in making it a success, were deeply appreciated by the Senior Middle Class. A bouquet of roses, tied with silver ribbon, forming the class colors, was presented to her in appreciation.

Two posters were sold between the acts for the benefit of the Surgical Dressings Fund.

Three plays, written by members of the English V Class, were presented in Davis Hall, in February, for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross.

THE CURTAIN RAISER — "MUCH LABOR LOST" — BY VIRGINIA VINCENT

The Cast:

PEGGY, President of the Club	ELEANORE TAYLOR
BETTY	EDNA DIXON
TUTTLE } Members of the Club	ETHEL DIXON
JACK	HOPE ALLEN
DICK	RUTH HATHAWAY
JIM	LOUISE COLBY
A MAID	IRENE ATWOOD

"Much Labor Lost" was a clever farce, a take-off on the popular fad of dieting. The parts of the three girls were played with great success by Eleanore Taylor, Edna and Ethel Dixon. Hope Allen, Ruth Hathaway and Louise Colby made irresistible boys.

"OFF AGAIN, ON AGAIN" — BY KATHERINE PINCKNEY

The Cast:

JACK WAKALEE (President of Delta Phi)	NATALIE WEED
TOM DARCEY	MARTHA GRACE MILLER
"DUTCH" STEVENS	VIRGINIA MCCAULEY
JUNE BARKLEY	SALLY BARTLETT
"OWL" RICHMOND (a bookworm)	KATHARINE COE
MR. FAY, (coach)	KATHREEN NOYES
BARBARA FAY (his daughter)	ELIZABETH DOOLIN

The difficulties encountered by the Delta Phi fraternity in giving their cherished play and Tom Darcey's fear that "Gwendolyn," might be disappointed furnished the theme for "Off Again, On Again." The trouble over the play brought Jack Wakalee and Barbara Fay, once very much in love with each other, into unwilling co-operation in making the play a success. In "doing their bit" as lovers in the fraternity play, they realize that they

aren't just acting, much to their own surprise and that of Jack's fraternity brothers.

"CROSSED WIRES" — BY MARY DAVIS

MR. PARKHURST
BETH PARKHURST, his daughter
"BUNNY" PARKHURST, his son
MARIE ALLEN
BERT THURSTON
MR. FOX

SALLY EDDY
DOROTHY BUSHNELL
KATHERINE PINCKNEY
MARGARET CLARK
ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG
GERALDINE MURRAY

The complications of "Crossed Wires" were skilfully unravelled by Katherine Pinckney as "Bunny", and Sally Eddy, the politically-inclined Mr. Parkhurst. Dorothy Bushnell was a very sweet and attractive Beth Parkhurst, capable of managing both of her lovers, Mr. Fox, and Bert Thurston. The role of Marie Allen, "Bunny's" choice of fair women, was well played by Margaret Clark.

The Spanish Department presented a "Velada Espanola" in Davis Hall, Tuesday evening, March 12, for the benefit of the Girls' School in Madrid. An unusual feature of the entertainment was the selling of molasses candy, Mexican style, between the acts. Hot chocolate with whipped cream and sandwiches were served later.

Miss Mathews deserves much credit and appreciation for the time and thought spent on the Velada. It was due to her efforts that the evening was a success. All the girls in the Spanish classes took part in the dances, the folk songs and the best known poems in the language. An orchestra composed of girls who are not in the Spanish department played the accompaniments and selections during the intermission.

AS YOU LIKE IT

For the first time in a number of years the Seniors presented a Shakespearean play, "As You Like It." The play was given Tuesday evening, April 23d, Shakespeare's birthday. Without doubt the performance was the best that has ever been given at Abbot. As someone said, "It was as though they were making a new play, which no one had ever seen before." Every part was well taken, so well in fact, that the play stands on its own merits, without the beautiful costumes and the music, which were in themselves lovely. To Miss Morgan is due much of the credit for the success and the finished effect of the performance.

Mildred Greenough as Rosalind interpreted the part exquisitely, and we found ourselves, with Phebe, loving her Ganymede. Orlando, Rosalind's passionate lover, who hung amorous sonnets to her on the trees in the forest of Arden, was Margaret Morris, who took the difficult part in a remarkably comprehending manner. Louise Bacon as Celia had an individual charm and a sympathetic understanding of her cousin's misfortunes. Touchstone, the connecting link between the characters, Katherine Pinckney, tripped her way through the Forest of Arden and into the hearts of the audience. Dorothy Stalker as Oliver, Irene Atwood as Jaques, Helen Robertson as Old Adam,

and Elizabeth Doolin, who played the part of Audrey, the country wench, are all deserving of a great deal of praise for their performance.

The Cast:

DUKE, living in exile	NATALIE WEED
FREDERICK, his brother and usurper of his dominions	VIRGINIA VINCENT
AMIENS	MARION HUBBARD
JAQUES } Lords attending upon the exiled Duke	IRENE ATWOOD
OLIVER }	DOROTHY STALKER
JAQUES }	CATHERINE McREYNOLDS
ORLANDO }	MARGARET MORRIS
LE BEAU, a Courtier	KATHARINE RICHTER
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown	KATHERINE PINCKNEY
CORIN }	MARION MCPHERSON
SILVIUS }	MARTHA GRACE MILLER
CHARLES, a Wrestler	MARGARET SPEER
ADAM, servant of Oliver	HELEN ROBERTSON
WILLIAM, a country fellow in love with Andrey	VELMA ROWELL
ROSALIND, daughter to the exiled Duke	MILDRED GREENOUGH
CELIA, daughter to Frederick	LOUISE BACON
PHEBE, a Shepherdess	DOROTHY BUSHNELL
AUDREY, a country Wench	ELIZABETH DOOLIN
HYMEN	RUTH FARRINGTON

Field Day

Field Day this year was held on Wednesday, May 22. On account of the discontinuance of the Riding School and the lessons in Archery, these sports were missing from the day's program, which, however, was even more interesting than usual because of the contest for Military Honors. In the morning the hockey game was played between the Senior-Middlers and the two lower classes on one side, and the Seniors and Junior-Middlers on the other. The game was a close and exciting one. Towards the latter part the Senior-Middlers and their supporters made two goals in close succession, an advantage which their opponents were unable to overcome. The game came to an end with the score 2 to 0.

A tennis tournament was held at two o'clock, the finals being played between Betty Wright and Louise Clement. The sets were 6 to 2, 6 to 3, and were won by Betty Wright. This was followed by Military Drill at half past three. There were quite a number of spectators present when the command was given to "Fall in." The two companies were first reviewed by Major Davy and the staff. Then the contest began, Company A taking the field under the command of Captain Holmes. They went through the regular drill, comprising all the movements which the Abbot Battalion had taken up to that time. They were followed by Company B, commanded by Captain Coe. Although both companies did so well that the decision was a difficult one, the judge, Captain Peck, decided in favor of Company B.

Honor A's were given this year to Katharine Coe, Kathreen Noyes and Elinor Sutton.

Military Drill

The fact that we had started military drill at Abbot was mentioned in the last number of THE COURANT. We hoped then that by June we might have accomplished something along that line, and indeed, we feel we have, for to-day we have the Abbot Battalion.

Given below are the names of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers:

Major of the Battalion—Miss Whiting

Major Davy's Staff—Miss Marceau and Miss Pickering

Captain Adjutant of the Battalion—Jane Holt

COMPANY A

Captain—Elizabeth Holmes

1st Lieut.—Edith Page

2d Lieut.—Catherine McReynolds

1st Sergeant—Leonore Wickersham

Rt. Guide of Co.—Elizabeth Hartel

Left Guide of Co.—Grace Leyser

Left Guide of 1st Plat.—Grace Francis

Rt. Guide of 2nd Plat.—Frances Sutro

Corporals—Natalie Weed

Edith Adams

Louise Stilwell

Dorothy Korst

Louise Bacon

Helen Walker

Elisabeth Luce

COMPANY B

Captain—Katharine Coe

1st Lieut.—Virginia McCauley

2d Lieut.—Elizabeth Newton

1st Sergeant—Elizabeth Armstrong

Rt. Guide of Co.—Muriel Johnson

Left Guide of Co.—Catherine Greenough

Left Guide of 1st Plat.—R. Hathaway

Rt. Guide of 2nd Plat.—Helen French

Corporals—Gretchen Brown

Avalita Howe

Martha Grace Miller

Virginia Vincent

Mary Bushnell

Helen Wygant

Grace Cowan

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER — FEBRUARY, 1918

Margaret Speer	93
Emmavail Luce, Kathreen Noyes, Julia Abbe	92
Constance Ling, Elinor Sutton	91
Louise Colby, Elizabeth Sjostrom, Elisabeth Luce, Helen Walker, Dorothy Lauder	90
Mary Jepherson, Martha Grace Miller, Katharine Coe, Helen Wygant, Margaret Clark, Dorothea Flagg, Dorothy Moxley	89
Irene Atwood, Avalita Howe, Margaret Morris, Gertrude Stark, Helen Donald, Faith Williams, Frances Thompson	88

THIRD QUARTER — APRIL 16, 1918

Margaret Speer	94
Julia Abbe	93
Emmavail Luce	92
Kathreen Noyes	91

Elisabeth Luce, Helen Walker, Elinor Sutton	90
Irene Atwood, Avalita Howe, Martha Grace Miller, Dorothea Flagg, Dorothy Moxley, Frances Thompson	89
Louise Colby, Elizabeth Armstrong, Katharine Coe, Constance Ling, Faith Williams	88

Items of General Interest

Mr. Flagg gave this spring to the classes in Democracy and Civic Responsibility two very interesting and helpful talks — one on Insurance and one on the Principles of Banking.

Under Miss Mason's direction a good many of the girls have been making surgical dressings on Wednesdays. They have made 4550 dressings altogether. The total amount raised for the surgical dressings fund was \$158.50.

On Wednesday of the week of the Red Cross drive, three of the girls, Irene Atwood, Clarissa Horton and Helen Martin, had a very inspiring and interesting experience in assisting some of the Andover ladies in collecting Red Cross contributions at the Tyler Rubber Factory and Carlisle Cord Company.

Miss McLean's sister Harriet, who had been ill for nearly a year, died in Boston on the 17th of March. Miss McLean and her sister Belle are planning to spend the summer in New Hampshire.

Miss Bixby's mother died very suddenly in March, about a week before the Spring vacation.

A goblet and pitcher were given to Miss Phebe McKeen by her sister, Miss McKeen. At her death Miss Philena McKeen gave them to Mrs. Harlow, who in turn gave them to Mrs. Fannie Fletcher Parker. The latter has now returned them to the school. Also, there is a cut-glass perfumery bottle belonging to Miss Phebe McKeen, which was left by Miss McKeen to Miss Merrill. At her death it was given to Miss Kelsey, who has added it to Mrs. Parker's gift.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary has sent to the school a complete edition of the works of Honoré Balzac. It is an unusually fine leather-bound edition of twenty-five volumes.

Miss Sarah Merrill had bound for the school 34 volumes of modern French books which had belonged to Miss Maria S. Merrill.

The Boston Abbot Club has made the school a present of \$15.00.

The John-Esther Gallery was closed through the winter months because of the need for conservation of coal. After it was opened in April, selected photographs were exhibited from the large collection recently presented to the school by Miss Susanna W. Smith, 1864, sister of Mrs. Esther Smith Byers, 1856, donor of the gallery.

There has been given the school a very interesting picture of the interior of the Byers home in New York, showing the pictures now in the John Esther Gallery.

Miss Sherman is working this spring on the War Chest Committee of the city of Springfield.

Bertha M. Terrill, a former teacher of Greek at Abbot Academy, now professor of Household Economics at the University of Vermont, is Director of Home Economics in Vermont and assistant to the Food Administrator. She has travelled about the state, giving addresses on food conservation.

Dr. George A. Gordon, a former trustee of Abbot Academy, has recently published a book of five patriotic sermons preached at the Old South Church, Boston. The collection is entitled "The Appeal of the Nation."

Mrs. Elizabeth Barnett Hitt, a former teacher at Abbot Academy, has two sons in the service. Lieutenant Colonel Parker Hitt of the Signal Corps, who was, at last accounts, on General Pershing's staff, is a cipher expert. He deciphered the highly complex code of a Japanese message in less than an hour, "although he knew not one word of the Japanese language or in what language the message was written." After the code was deciphered, some one else translated the message. The other son, Lawrence, was an architect before the war, and is now engaged in camouflage work, with the rank of first lieutenant.

Elizabeth Tyler has just got her Doctor's degree from Columbia University.

Alumnae Notes

The Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association and the Boston Abbot Club on February 8 was of unusual interest. Miss Bailey spoke of the influence of the war on the school in various ways and told of the formation of the Abbot Patriotic League. Mercer Mason Kemper, who is a daughter and a wife of an army officer, spoke from experience of the good work done by the regular army in years past and of its influence for good. Evelyn Reed Ahern told of her experience in England during three years of war. A message of cordial good feeling was brought from the women of England to the women of America by Miss Lucy Soulsby, head of an English School for girls.

At the March Meeting of the Boston Abbot Club, letters were read from alumnae in war service, including Miss Jean Jillson, who has now joined the Red Cross Relief Unit for Palestine, Mrs. Sara Puffer McCay, who has just returned from America to her home in Geneva, and Mrs. Mary Smith Churchill, who described a recent air raid in Paris.

A Roll of Honor, bearing the names of those previously connected with Abbot Academy who have been engaged in war work abroad, was prepared by Phyllis Brooks, †1915, and was on exhibition at the Alumnae Luncheon in February. A card list of alumnae and near relatives, with relatives of present students, who are in any kind of war service, over here or over there, has been made and will be kept up as far as possible from information received. Additions and changes will be gratefully received by Miss Carpenter.

The Roll of Honor includes trustees, past and present, former teachers and alumnae, and the service varies from Mr. Stackpole's work as chaplain at the front, to Red Cross nursing and the care of refugees in France, Palestine and Turkey. The list of names follows: Dr. Albert P. Fitch, Rev. M. W. Stackpole, Mr. Lester Fuller, Edith E. Metcalf, Olive Twichell Crawford, †1876, Sarah Puffer McCay, †1881, Jean L. Jillson, †1887, Katherine Lahm, Parker, 1894, Mary Smith Churchill †1897, Martha L. Blakeslee, †1902, Mabel O. Fordham, 1904, Elizabeth Deeble, 1906, Winifred Warren, 1914. Cornelia Williams, 1905, will soon finish her hospital training for special work for disabled men in France.

1868. It is hoped that the reunion of the fifty-year class will be unusually large this year. There are twelve members, and of these Rebecca Davis Spalding, Mary A. Spalding, Henrietta Learoyd Sperry and Katherine Chapin Higgins are expected and possibly Alice French and others.

†1873. Carrie Dana Bennett's son is first lieutenant in the Field Artillery.

†1874. Emma Wilder Gutterson's son, Herbert, has a responsible position in the purchasing of supplies on Mr. Hoover's staff in Washington, and Wilder is in a government munition plant.

†1878. Henry Blodget Richards, son of Charlotte Blodget Richards, is first lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps and is now in a Machine Gun Battalion at Camp Devens, Ayer. Her youngest daughter is engaged to Captain Bronson of the Coast Artillery.

†1879. Nellie Barron Brainerd's son John is lieutenant in the regular army in France.

†1881. Margaret Fowle Sears's son Philip, is in the Naval Reserve Force.

1881. Laura Billings's husband, Prof. Frederic S. Lee, of Columbia University, is consulting physiologist to the U. S. Public Health Service, and executive secretary of the committee on industrial fatigue of the Council of National Defence. He has made an exhaustive study of the conditions under which war is making unprecedented demands on industry, and has been lecturing on the subject at various colleges.

†1882. Lillian Wilcox Miller's son, Lloyd, is in the ambulance service in France. At the March meeting of the Boston Abbot Club, a recent letter from him was read, giving a thrilling account of a submarine attack which occurred on his way across the Atlantic last August, but which the censor had not allowed him to mention before.

1883. Amy Abbot Stevens's daughter, Caroline, after taking a nurse's training course in Boston, is in France as Red Cross nurse's aid. Her work will be for refugee children. Abbot and Dale, the two sons, are in the service, Abbot as inspector of army supplies, with rank of captain, Dale a first lieutenant in the army.

†1887. Emma Twitchell Sturgis's son, William, is in the Railway Engineers Corps, Camp Grant.

1890. Agnes Smith Stackpole has been most active in Red Cross work in Andover. She is chairman of the Surgical Dressings committee, and a member of the Civilian Relief Committee. Her husband has been in France since September as Chaplain of the 102d Field Artillery.

†1894. Ethelyn Marshall Cross's husband, Rev. Allen E. Cross, has written two hymns, published in the *Congregationalist*, which have been much in demand for use in patriotic services.

†1894. Mabel Bosher Scudder's address has been changed to 16 Tsukiji, Tokyo, Japan.

†1895. Lucy Talcott, May Churchill Talcott's older daughter, has an interesting story "Jocelyn" in the February, 1918, number of the *Radcliffe Magazine*.

†1897. Mary Smith Churchill's husband, Lieutenant Colonel Marlborough Churchill, has been ordered to Washington. He returned from France in May and was followed in early June by Mrs. Churchill and Mollie.

†1897. Mr. Frank L. Quinby, husband of Frances Hinkley, has gone to France as athletic instructor in one of the camps.

†1898. At a recent educational conference held at Teachers College, Columbia, Sara Patrick was leader of a discussion on the Project Method in Teaching. She has been teaching in the department of Industrial Arts at Teachers' College since 1911.

1898. Dr. Claude M. Fuess, husband of Elizabeth Goodhue, has been appointed by the Secretary of War Director of Personnel in the Quartermaster Corps, one of the twelve administrative branches at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida.

†1901. Delight W. Hall is teaching at Miss Lee's School for young girls in Boston.

1901. Helen Whittemore is a Red Cross nurse at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.

†1902. Martha L. Blakeslee sailed in April for France. She plans to stay for a year as a canteen worker for the Y. M. C. A. Her address is 12 rue d'Aguesseau, Paris. Cr. Y. M. C. A.

1903. Rose Thomson Pratt's husband, Dr. Joseph H. Pratt, has been in the medical service at Ayer, with the rank of Major. He was first at the head of the hospital and later examiner for tuberculosis, with ten doctors under him.

†1905. Frances W. Cutler, who has been teaching at Vassar for three years, has resigned her position and will be at home next year. She has recently written a series of articles for the revised Encyclopedia Americana, and contributed to various magazines. Her brother, George Ripley Cutler, is in the ambulance service in France, and has recently received the Croix de Guerre from the French Government. They are the children of Sarah Ripley, †1880, and grandchildren of Mary Aiken, 1854.

†1905. Katherine Woods has been distinguishing herself by some special articles for the *New York Times*, one of which was a write-up of the Hog Island situation.

†1906. Evaline Korn has been teaching surgical dressings for the Red Cross in her home town, Middletown, N. Y.

†1906. Persis MacIntire of Worcester has taken the teachers' course for surgical dressings, and has taught the use of the knitting machines, being one of the assistants in charge.

†1907. Laura Howell has been studying at the School of Philanthropy in New York and working for the B. S. degree at Teachers' College.

†1907. Gertrude Lefevre (Vassar 1911), is teaching in Leroy, N. Y.

†1908. Anna Howell is at Ossining, N. Y., engaged in social work under the government.

†1908. Edith Gutterson has opened a Tunic Craft Shop in Chicago, where she will design gowns on the principle devised by her sister, Constance Gutterson Taylor. She has been living in Chicago with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crawford (Frances Tyer).

1908. Helen Buss has been taking the Home Nursing Course at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and has placed her name on the list of workers for the government when needed for visiting out-patients.

†1910. Mira Wilson has graduated this May from the School of Theology of Boston University. She took a leading part in the class day exercises in March. Her degree is Bachelor of Sacred Theology.

†1910. Clarissa Hall's brother, Gordon, is in the gas defence service in France, with rank of sergeant of the first class. He is engaged in the important work of repairing gas masks.

1910. Helen Corey Briggs's husband is petty officer in the Naval Reserve Force.

1911. Elizabeth Hincks graduated from Vassar last year, and has been at home in Cambridge, studying to be a clinical psychologist. She has been doing practical work at the Psychopathic Hospital and taking courses in Psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School.

†1911. Corinne Willard is doing work for the Red Cross. She has taken the course in Surgical Dressings and is now teaching a class.

1912. Helen Bowman writes that she has been in the Associated Charities work in Muncie this winter. Her father died on May 25th, after a short illness.

†1913. Enid Baush's husband, Ralph Patterson, is Regimental Sergeant Major of the 301st Infantry at Camp Devens.

†1913. Marion Gould Smith's husband has recently gone to France in the aviation service. His rank is second lieutenant.

†1913. Jane Newton Sheldon's husband is in the Aviation Corps.

1913. Mary Erving and Beatrice Temple were bridesmaids at Eva Erving's wedding in March. The wedding march was played by Edith Johnson.

1913. Ruth Jenkins's husband, Carl A. Billings, is a first lieutenant. He is in France, training men in an officers' school.

1913. Emma E. Holt has received an appointment in the office of the Treasury Department at Washington.

†1914. Mildred Horne has been teaching this winter in Bangor, Maine. She lives now in Derry, New Hampshire, where her father is principal of Pinkerton Academy.

†1914. Gladys Higgins is instructor in French and German in the Union High School of Arlington.

†1914. Lucretia Lowe was among the honor students at Radcliffe this year and was made a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. She has received a "Magna." She is in the graduating class at Radcliffe, as are Elsie Gleason and Lillian Conroy.

†1914. From Smith College there are three to be graduated, Elisabeth, Bartlett, Mary Harsh and Katharine Selden. Alice Sweeney and Dorothy Bond graduate from Vassar.

†1914. Frances Jones has been studying at a business college in Portland, Oregon.

†1914. Margaret Blake is teaching in Raleigh, North Carolina, in the same school as Alice Harsh, †1913.

†1914. Martha Lamberton has been spending the winter with her mother in San Diego, California.

†1914. While her husband, Captain Keene Kirkpatrick, is with his company at Camp Sherman, Louise Allaman Kirkpatrick and her little daughter, Nancy, are staying with Louise's father and mother in Dayton.

1914. Susan C. Flynn graduated last June from the Bridgewater Normal School, and has been teaching in the Kindergarten at Deerfield.

1914. Mary Flynn is to work this summer under the Massachusetts Farm and Garden Association with a unit formed of girls from Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School.

†1915. Esther Sheldon Shinn is an instructor in her old school in New Haven, teaching swimming and tennis, and besides has three private classes in gymnastics and gives individual lessons in aesthetic and interpretive dancing.

†1915. Phyllis Brooks has left college and has been staying at home in Andover this winter. She and Eleanor Bartlett have worked hard on surgical dressings.

†1915. Marion Barnard is assistant librarian in the public library at Walpole, Massachusetts.

†1916. Eugenia Parker has been captain of a troop of Girl Scouts in Winchester this year and has enjoyed taking charge of their war work.

†1916. Agnes Grant has won at Smith College the much-coveted "S" sweater, which is given for high academic standing and good attitude in athletics.

†1916. Vera Allen is graduating from Miss Wheelock's School in Boston. She has been taking a course in story telling with Miss Shedlock. Most of her work, however, is practice work and she teaches in kindergarten and in the first grade in a private school in Malden.

†1916. Mrs. Henry Weber, mother of Miriam Weber and of Helen Weber Mitchell, died suddenly at her home in Canton on the 13th of May.

†1916. In May, Mildred Jenkins was graduated from the Domestic Science course at Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. She is to be at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston in July, and will be dietitian in a Y. W. C. A. Camp at Lake George in August.

†1917. Sally Humason is on the board of editors of the Freshman paper at Vassar, *The Sampler*, and has contributed several stories to it.

1917. Elizabeth Willson is studying color and design at the School of Industrial Arts in Trenton.

†1917. Elizabeth Bacon has been since April acting office-secretary of the Albany Y. W. C. A.

Visitors

Norma Allen, †1915, Marion Brooks, †1915, Marion Willson, 1917, Harriet Balfe, †1917, Frances Gere, †1917, Ruth Jackson, †1917, Sarah Cushing, †1915, Marion Barnard, †1916, Josephine Tonner, 1915, Mary Church, †1917, Clara Dore Robinson, 1913, Eva Smith, †1909, Esther Davis, †1917, Jane Patteson, 1916, Olga Erickson Tucker, †1913, Lois Erickson, †1917, Ruth Moore, 1916, Mrs. Edith Croll Brown, 1892, Phyllis Brown, 1917, Mrs. Mary Churchill Talcott, †1895, Esther Kilton, †1916, Dorothy Pillsbury, †1916, Sylvia Gutterson, †1916, Miss Titcomb, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Louise Lawrence Reynolds, Elizabeth Allen, †1913, Elisabeth Bartlett, †1914, Agnes Grant, †1916, Josephine Walker, †1916, Alice Littlefield, †1917, Janet Davis, †1917, Dorothy Bennett, 1913, Gertrude Goss, †1917, Charlotte Fleming, †1916.

Engagements

†1910. Dora E. Heys to Mr. Arthur F. Pym, formerly of Detroit, now of Lynn.

†1913. Mary L. Erving to Mr. Carl N. Lindsay, of Andover. He is in Battery F, 102d Field Artillery, in France.

1913. Ella Augusta Stohn to Mr. Douglass D. Getchell of Minneapolis, at present stationed at Base Hospital, No. 26, at Fort McPherson, Georgia.

1913. Helen Marion Symmes to Dr. Norman Paul Hersam.

1913. Janet Nevius to Mr. Frederick Curtis of Wilmington, Delaware.

1913. Hertha Fletcher to John Howe Field, Jr. of Buffalo, New York.

1914. Harriette Woolverton to Mr. John Snow Nelson, son of Bishop Nelson of Albany. He has been with the Y. M. C. A. at Spartanburg, but expected soon to sail for France.

†1915. Eleanor Wilder Bartlett to Mr. David H. Atwater of New York and Westhampton, Long Island. Mr. Atwater recently returned from ambulance service in France.

†1915. Esther Sheldon Shinn to Mr. Bertrand B. Salzman.

†1916. Sylvia Gutterson to Mr. Philip Clifton Pearson, Harvard 1919, of Round Hill, Greenwich, Connecticut. He enlisted in the United States Naval Reserves before the outbreak of the war, and is now attached to the naval attachment of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Marriages

Campagna-Pinto—D'a La Brecque.—In New York City, April 2, 1918, Mlle. Corinne d'a La Brecque to Sig. Dante Leonardo Campagna-Pinto. At home 26 Maple Avenue, Cambridge.

1892. Winslow—Crocker.—At Tufts College, April 27, 1918, Josephine Davis Crocker to Mr. Francis A. Winslow, vice-president of the Carolina Shipbuilding Company, Wilmington, N. C. Mr. Winslow has other business in Chicago, but will live for the present in New York City, where Mrs. Winslow has been active for some time in Red Cross work.

1898. Green—Keese.—In Ashburnham, February 26, 1918, Marion Ashton Keese to Mr. Henry Durell Green.

1906. Russell—Kimball.—In Covington, Ct., Carita Lillia Kimball to Lecky Harper Russell, M.D., now in the 147th Field Hospital Corps of the National Guard, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

†1910. Bain—Flynn.—In New York City, April 27, 1918, Edith Honore Flynn to Ensign Joseph Andrew Bain, of Lawrence.

1911. Bevington—Erving.—In Andover, March 27, 1918, Eva Abbott Erving to Mr. Ralph Walwork Bevington. At home, 64 Hillside Avenue, Lawrence.

1912. Smith—Skolfield.—In Brunswick Maine, March 16, 1918, Frances Eliza Skolfield to Mr. Lawrence Willey Smith, Lieutenant United States National Army.

†1915. Sharp—Cushing.—In Andover, March 30, 1918, Sarah Whitney Cushing to Mr. Arthur Eugene Sharp.

†1915. Lowes—Winklebleck.—In Chicago, April 25, 1918, Marion Wesley Winklebleck to Mr. Walter Peverall Lowes, 107th U. S. Infantry.

Births

1907. In Belmont, January 27, 1918, a son, Edward Hollis, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hollis Temple (Margaret B. Millett).

1908. In Andover, April 25, 1918, a son, Kellogg, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg Boynton (Marion Lewis).

1913. In Lynn, May 12, 1918, a daughter, Patricia Honors, to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Johnson, 2nd (Katharine K. Gilbert).

†1915. In Roslindale, September 12, 1917, a daughter, Gertrude Peters, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Peters Whittemore (Mattie C. Larrabee).

†1916. In New York City, March 11, 1918, a son, Carlos Sword, to Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Rodriguez, (Lillian Sword).

Deaths

†1855. In Andover, May 12, 1918, Ellen E. Peabody. Miss Peabody and Mrs. Wilbur were the only members of the first class formally graduated from the school. Three years ago they celebrated their sixtieth anniversary.

†1855. In Andover, March 16, 1918, Rebecca Merrill, wife of the late Rev. Henry R. Wilbur. She was the author of numerous stories and books for children. Her daughter, Caroline, graduated in 1895.

1857. In Framingham, January 29, 1918, Eliza M. Millett, formerly of Andover.

1858. In Brewster, February 7, 1918, Emily C. Cobb.

1858. In New York City, March 2, 1918, Mary Jane Swift.

1864. In Auburndale, April 17, 1918, Angeline C. Blaisdell, for many years Treasurer of Lasell Seminary.

1864. In Springfield, April 4, 1918, Amy Morton, wife of the late William Charnley. She was one of five Andover sisters, all students at Abbot Academy. Judge Marcus Morton, formerly president of the Board of Trustees, is a brother.

1878. In Chelsea, October 5, 1916, Caroline B. Stickney.

1889. In La Jolla, Cal., January 8, 1918, Grace I. Penfield, wife of Rev. Henry H. Wentworth.

1900. In Haverhill, March 24, 1918, Bertha Gage, wife of Edwin A. Sheridan.

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Class Motto: "Ad astra per aspera."

Class Flower: Yellow Rose

Class Colors: Yellow and White

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Class Flower: Rose

Class Colors: Rose and Silver

Junior Middle, '20

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Class Flower: "American Beauty Rose"

Class Colors: Dark Green and White

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Calendar

1918-1919

1918

June 11, Tuesday

School year ends

Summer Vacation

September 18, Boarding Students register before 7 P.M.

September 19, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Fall term begins

November 28, Thursday

Thanksgiving Day

December 19, Thursday, 12 M.

Fall term ends

Christmas Vacation

1919

January 8, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

January 9, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Winter term begins

February 1, Saturday

First semester ends

February 3, Monday

Second semester begins

March 20, Thursday, 12 M.

Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 2, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 3, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Spring term begins

June 10, Tuesday

School year ends

FARMING

The War has changed most everything,
But for us here at school
The biggest change that has come this year
Is the use of the garden tool.

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Nor understand our French,
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And to dig a potato trench.

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That cause us a long-drawn sigh —

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At the stern call "Fall In."
We fell and drilled and my 'twas hot!
It should have made us thin.
We righted squads and squaded right,
Got splinters in our hands,
The ground did blister our poor feet,
And Greek seemed the commands.

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We right-obliqued and forward marched
Till we were in a mess.
We didn't know platoon commands,
From company, I'll confess.
We had blind staggers from the heat,
Ere we finished our parade,
But just last night we all found out,
It paid, it surely paid!

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The Abbot Courant

January, 1919

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1919

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLV., No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1919

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Vol. XLV

JANUARY, 1919

No. 1

November 11, 1918

The great news came on golden wings of dawn,
We waited breathless, hands outstretched,
To grasp that flaming torch to carry on.

Ruth Hathaway, 1919

To Christopher, My Godson

A NEW WORLD

Child, the old world's clamorous song

Slowly shall cease.

God is sending an angel strong;

Over the angry clouds of war

Distant she shines like a silver star:

Her name is Peace.

See! she is lifting rosy wings
 Out of the night;
Singing us songs of future things —
 Singing that forces of earth and air
 Are the only drudges, if men will share
 All hearts' delight.

Holding for scepter a budding rod,
 She travels amain.
Because she comes from the hand of God
 Burning with life, in her gentle breath
 Mischief and slackness meet their death,
 Fading in shame.

Woven her robe of the dear blue sky.
 Heaven above
Comes to us when she passes by.
 Men shall look in her star-like eyes,
 Gaining by labour and enterprise
 Conquering love.

Soon you will grow and understand —
 Boy of my heart!
God has strengthened the angel's hand
 By the prayers of humble souls who wrought
 For human need, and, wrestling, sought
 The better part.

*Lillie Dougall, ex-1884
Cutts End, Cumnor, England*

To France and Britain

O France! you held that line so long,
Small army though you had,
Against that deadly German throng,
With blood and battle mad.

O France! we to your hardy sons
Do owe our homes unharmed,
For all your stalwart men and guns
Held firm till Britain armed.

And Britain! to your slate-grey fleet,
O mistress of the sea,
We owe our native land's firm seat,
Our lives and liberty.

O Britain! we are loath to say
That we enjoyed repose
While you were helping save the day
And battling deadly foes.

O France and Britain! you're too high
To say how late we came
To do our bit and maybe die,
But we'll not hide our shame.

Margaret Clark, 1919

Between Cigarettes

Air raids and London were becoming synonymous and commonplace evidently; at least, people seemed only calm and a bit bored over them now. Cellars were vastly popular, of course, but a panicless, rather weary serenity reigned in them during the enforced stay of their motley crowds of transients. All was ordered, regular, still, and yet it seemed almost electrically charged.

Even the desolate and dusty cellar of an abandoned house had its share of fugitives the fifth evening running that the Gothas came. The light from door and broken windows revealed an unconcerned enough group. Here a little Irish servant girl with her shawl caught tight against her trembling lips. There a passionate-eyed boy poilu with crutches and bits of color on his breast. A benign but twittering little scholar, clutching his Horace, hat, cane, and spectacles, pattered about.

But a perfectly groomed young Canadian officer lighting a cigarette with shaking fingers was really not so calm. His eyes were bewildered and weary, still horror-stricken at the unforgettable scenes brought back by the sounds without. He had seen much service, and played his part bravely, but now he was sick for the snows and winds of Montreal, and the banks of the blue St. Lawrence. He was lithe and big in his spotless khaki, there was "swank" in the set of his cap, in his carelessly held swagger-stick and gloves.

Perched on a keg was another transient, a tanned-cheeked Tommy Waac, unconcernedly whistling a foxtrot. Faultlessly uniformed, smiling, full of poise she was, a trifle bored perhaps, her shapely, well-groomed hands tapping each other. Frivolity and luxury-loving once, her thin brown face showed her new deep joy in giving, and glorified her slang and ragtime.

The talk was desultory. The blonde young officer, half-musingly watching the whistling girl, suddenly laughed.

"It reminds me — that foxtrot — of down in Quebec one summer ——" He laughed again reminiscently.

"Tell us," commanded the girl. "It won't be safe outside for ages and — we want to — forget."

"We-e-ll," he acquiesced. "Quebec — it's — well, any of you been there? No? Well, you've missed it. Fascinatin' little old place — full up of historical tablets and things, and old houses, and funny little ramblin' streets — like lanes or alleys. My people used to go there summers, stayed at a wonderful old house, French Canadian, you know, and datin' back to Champlain, I guess, or Frontenac. It had four stories, and a marvelous circular staircase that wound up without any support to the top floor. Had to stop every time I went in, I did, just to look at it. It must have been a day dream of some French Canadian architect who ought to live forever. Our rooms were palatial — great windows and gilt mirrors same size, alternatin' along the drawing-room. And old mahogany, and tinkly glass chandeliers, and funny old portraits — Champlain, of course, and old Père Duval. It was like livin' in an historical novel, almost.

"My sisters, of course, and the Mater ran around a lot, teas and dances, and things — course this was all before the war — with the English people livin' there. Lots of 'em, too, some in bully estates out the Grande Allée, some in town, some 'cross on the Isle of Orleans — heavenly place that — all magnificent trees — some stayin' at the Chateau Frontenac. Those were mostly from the States though.

"But I, well — that kind o' thing used to bore me rather, and I used to moon off a lot by myself. Used to march up and down Dufferin Terrace and watch the boats on the St. Lawrence — nothin' camouflaged then — or go around the walls and dream about their history. Or out at the Plains of Abraham sometimes. Always used to kind of like Montcalm — game, he was. The French even then — I tell you!

"But I liked to fool around the queer little streets down in the old part of the town best. It was dirty and smelled to heaven generally, and funny little ragged kids runnin' up, pretendin' to cry and yellin', 'Pennee, pennee!' all around, but it got hold on you somehow; you couldn't keep away; you just had to explore it.

"Well, one day I was amblin' along — Côté d'Abraham I think it was — anyway, down in the very French part of the town. I stopped in front of a shabby little house with an untidy yard before it, and a vase of unexpectedly magnificent deep red

roses in a window. I stopped because of a very high, very true, piercingly sweet voice singing that silly bit of ragtime you just whistled.

["Silly?" murmured the young lady. "Well — perhaps."]

"Then out through the door dashed a rather wonderful Russian wolfhound, with a red slipper in his mouth. I gasped — and clutched him. The song was interrupted. 'Oh, ciel!' ejaculated the voice. 'Ce chien-la!' and out came running the prettiest little scrap of a French girl imaginable. About fifteen she was, and dark, and sparkling, and vivid, with tumbled hair and a red mouth. I restored the shoe, and she dimpled, and invited me to restore the dog, Fifi ('Holy Moses!' I murmured) to the house. So I did and thus began a rather fascinating friendship with Mademoiselle Jacqueline and her fat and numerous family.

"My curiosity went wild over the dog and the roses. Why? Why? in such a place, among these shabby and improvident day-laborers — for such I found them to be. Madame informed me promptly. Jacqueline, it seemed, was considered desirable by a friend of Monsieur her father, a wealthy man, a widower, and they were to be married shortly. But he spoiled the child, M. Herbert did, and gave her anything she wished, and Mon Dieu, the flighty desires of the little imp! This almost with tears. But Jacqueline's tale was slightly different. M. Herbert was *fat*, Mr. Bobbie (she always called me that), and she was so tired of fat people. And Henri Bonnard was so different, but — well, he's poor, and of course the Fat One isn't. Eh, bien, French Canadian girls marry as they are told. Is it true, Mr. Bobbie, that English girls and Americans marry whom they like?

"I was angry. She was too pretty and young to give to a fat old harness-maker. Henri, it seemed, was a young fisherman living at Sillery Cove, about seven miles away. Jacqueline thought she'd love to sell fish, but not Madame her mother! I was interested, and my first sight of M. Herbert made me decide to interfere.

"So I formed a plan — and it made me feel delightfully wicked for a week after. Her parents cared only for money, and wished to sacrifice Jacqueline for the wealth which would come to them. But Henri was different. So one dark night I kidnapped the girl

— with her giggling consent — popped her into a victoria and off to my most sporting sister, who left the next day for the Rockies, with a new little French maid in tow. Then I had many conversations with the irate parents and the devoted Henri. One considered me a fiend, the other a god. Very gratifying. I had an awful time. M. Herbert was wild — I had to newly harness all our horses to calm him down at all — the parents wept and swore alternately. But Jacqueline was gone, and I finally soothed them, by means of gold and greenbacks.

“Henri waited patiently at Sillery for me to fulfill my promise to bring him Jacqueline when my sister returned the next summer. But I never did. That was 1914, and so I was elsewhere. But Jacqueline arrived, prepaid so to speak, by the sporting sister, and was married to Henri before her parents could turn around. She has not forgotten Mr. Bobbie, they write me, but I have never seen her since. Henri has lost his leg and arm at Verdun, and she’s a busy little head of the house now, at nineteen — an old woman, the French Canadians say — but she still sings.”

Paulina Miller, 1920

The Antique Club

To begin with, the Historical Society is a society for the prevention of cruelty to antiques — primarily for inanimate antiques although after attending one of their meetings I wondered if human beings had not been included in the list.

Antiques used to mean to me beautiful mahogany furniture, some hundred to two hundred years of age, but now — alas! it has taken a far different meaning. Rubbish is now to me a synonym for antiques. All preconceived ideas of mine have been washed away and now, only account books kept nobody knows when, by nobody knows who and about nobody knows what, iron forks and coffin-plates gathered from anywhere, have taken their place.

At each meeting a few more uninteresting objects raked from under somebody's attic eaves are presented and duly praised, and past histories invented by the donors. People actually get together and admire, as beautiful, crude paintings illustrating a family history. For instance, the first represents the marriage, the second the family, mother, father and daughter, walking sedately to church, and lastly the widow seated under a weeping willow on her husband's tombstone.

As often as these meetings are held, doughnuts, cheese and cider are served down in the cellar of the historical society's house. Whether people a hundred and more years ago thus treated their guests I cannot say, but at any rate that is a fixed habit of the heads of the Historical Society or Antique Club as I choose to call it.

Margaret Clark, 1919

The Evening Wind

Long ago I heard the wind,
The evening wind from far away,
Murmuring over distant hills,
Over hills at close of day.

And the wind blew through the trees
Of the woods where all was still,
Save for sounds of Nature's voice.
I heard the drowsy, droning rill
As it flowed between the rocks;
The thrushes sang their vesper song,
And soon the moon began to shine,
Making shadows weird and long;
Shadows played among the leaves,
Shadows lurked and flickered there,
And silver lights began to glow
Upon the tree trunks brown and bare.
And all the while the gentle breeze
Blew through branches high above;
Awed, I listened, and I felt
God's own peace, and God's deep love.

Long ago I heard the wind
The evening wind from far away,
Murmuring over distant hills,
Over hills at close of day.

Julia Conant Abbé, 1920

Then Out Spake Brave Horatius

"Last watch, Post No. 6 — Private Trump. Company dismissed!"

Guard duty, last watch at Post No. 6! Private Trump's chest swelled with pride. Now he would have a chance to prove that two weeks of hard training had not passed lightly over his extremely young and inexperienced head. Yes, he would show them that Private Trump, No. 54, B Company, was a soldier born and bred. The great responsibility and honor which, he convinced himself, was coming to him that night, wiped all minor troubles such as lost mess cups and extra fatigues from his mind. As soon as he was free he slipped away to a neighboring barnyard where he was discovered an hour later grimly challenging chickens and fiercely commanding a brindled calf to advance and give the counter sign. That was all very well for the daytime, thought he, but what about the dangers that he must confront at Post No. 6 that night? The life of a soldier was indeed a hard one.

Now Post No. 6 was a light wooden bridge swung across a small stream in the middle of a dusky hollow, a vitally important position, reasoned Private Trump, as an enemy attacking the camp would probably choose this very spot in which to lie in ambush. Still he was a soldier now, no longer a schoolboy.

"Anything moving?" he asked in his most professional tones as he relieved the guard.

"Nothing doing as yet," was the gruff reply. "But — a little inside dope: keep your eye on that bit of woods over yonder."

"Yes, sir," stammered the excited rookie. "But, sir, what is it?"

"Nothing, nothing, my boy, but you just take my advice, and keep your eye open, that's all," and he went off chuckling in the dark, for he was an old soldier.

Inside dope! Keep your eye open! There must be something in the wind. Private Trump, left alone, shook in his boots. But he was a soldier. He drew himself up two inches more than he had before thought humanly possible, pointed the muzzle of his gun to the north star, and paced boldly forth. Yes, he would do his duty. What might not happen? The country was full of

spies. The enemy were on every side. The camp was an important factor in the military preparations of the nation. Anything might befall, and it might be possible that he alone could prevent disaster. It would be fine to die in his tracks a hero, the very first of his company. He thought of brave Horatius and to his fired imagination it seemed as though his fate might even be similar.

Jolly old boy that, he thought to himself. Great, the way he and the dauntless three kept the bridge in the pass of Thermopylae with the Spartan hordes pouring down upon them. It wouldn't be half bad to do that. Of course, he would have to die, but then, think of people making poems about Bobby Trump, the hero of the day, the savior of his country, and all that. His dad would be pretty proud, you bet, and his kid brother, well he could just imagine Johnnie strutting around school boasting about his big brother; and Polly, his adored Polly, she'd be sorry she called him "little Bobby" and wouldn't take him seriously. She'd be pretty glad to say he was fond of her before he became a soldier, when they began to write about him in the papers. And then they'd have a big funeral and the President would maybe send a letter to his mother the way Lincoln did and well, the old Roman didn't have anything on him in all that, you bet. And maybe ——

Sh-h — what was that—— a sound! — someone over in the woods. Simultaneously Private Trump's exalted thoughts descended and his hair began to rise. The sound became louder. They might be a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, and he, like brave Horatius, must stop them or die. He summoned all his courage, raised his gun to his shoulder and in a voice as much like the major's as he could make it, rapped out:

"Halt — who goes there!" No answer.

"Halt — who goes there!" No answer. He nervously fingered his trigger. Once more:

"Reply or I fire!!"

Then spoke the ten thousand in bucolic tones: "M-m-a-a."

Gwendolen Bossi, 1919

One of the four Million

C. P. McPherson was sound asleep. His head lay on an open book in which were a few sheets of paper, hastily written, and in great confusion. The first light of the dawn was beginning to shine through the narrow windows. While the flickering gas still lighted up the small room, which was furnished with only a bed, a table, and the chair in which McPherson was sitting — gradually the room grew lighter and just as the first sunlight came into the window McPherson awoke with a start.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, and without further comment began to study the calculus again. But his mind wandered and he could not keep his thoughts on the mathematics. He thought of how he had left Lester Street to earn his education. On that street he had played from the earliest time that he could remember. Then came the long years in High School and now he was at college.

He worked at night in a garage on Seventy-second Street and went to college every day. But in those few hours between the closing of Hogan's garage and the opening of college he could not study. Every morning he would fall asleep over his work, and again and again he had appeared in classes unprepared.

But the classes — the Calculus. The inspiration that he had found in Professor Pane's instruction was so great that it seemed as though if he could only hold out for that year he would be successful. But every night it was just the same. He went to Hogan's and washed cars — first the hose, then the sponge and the chamois. Often he would forget his work and dream of splendid bridges and towers that he imagined himself building. Then Mr. Hogan would come in and remark:

"Hey there, McPherson, what is this? A field of daisies?"

So the time had gone along and now he was failing. He knew it, and he intended to speak to the secretary that day and explain. As he sat there dreaming, a knock came at the door and the landlady entered.

"Sorry, Mr. McPherson," she said, "but if you don't pay no more rent you will have to get out. I'd sure like to have you stay, but money's money."

Sorrowfully McPherson shook his head and began to pick up his books. He packed his bundle, put his books under his arm and went down the rickety stairs. As he stepped out into the air he noticed by the clock in the pawnshop across the street that it was eight-thirty and that he must set out for college.

As he went to his first class the secretary's assistant came up to him and said with her nose in the air: "You are wanted in the office at nine-thirty, Mr. McPherson. Please be prompt."

She turned around and strutted away. She would not have anything to do with one of those poor fellows. McPherson noticed it and felt still more that he was friendless and homeless. But he was called to the office — maybe that meant that he was awarded the scholarship for which he was working, or perhaps the secretary had a good position for him. Well, he would see soon. At nine-thirty he was in the much-dreaded "Den of Lions", as the secretary's office had been dubbed. As he waited he looked over all the brownness of the office. On the table lay the never-to-be-forgotten "Anatomy of Melancholy" which college boys of many generations had regarded with awe.

The door that led into the main office opened and he went in. The secretary was sitting behind the huge mahogany desk and rustling ominously the many sheets of paper on it.

"Well," began the great man, with a sarcastic smile, "you don't seem to be distinguishing yourself, do you?"

"Why," McPherson gasped.

"To be explicit," continued the secretary. "This college does not desire men who do not bring credit to it. I hope that you will find some occupation more suited to the gifts you doubtless have than the one that you are leaving."

McPherson got to his feet shakily, went out through the brown ante-room into the street, and started down Broadway towards the East Side and Lester Street.

Elizabeth Hawkes, 1920

A Mystery

We were sitting by the fireside knitting. I had just finished picking up a stitch which my companion had dropped. When I handed her knitting back to her, she thanked me — “as much as tongue can tell”.

Upon hearing these words my thoughts wandered back to the time when I was a small child, and the scene about me was changed completely. I had an aunt who had taught me to say, “as much as Tonkin Tell” whenever I wanted to express myself strongly. So when she visited us, soon after her arrival at the house, I would climb into her lap and tactfully ask, “Auntie — did you bring me some candy, Auntie?”

She would reply, “How much do you love me?”

Winding my plump arms tightly about her neck, and taking a deep breath, I would answer, “As much as Tonkin Tell.”

Then she would produce a large box of sticky gumdrops, and I would lapse into a blissful silence.

The phrase, “as much as Tonkin Tell” often troubled me. I wondered who this person could be. I remembered the story my mother used to relate to me about William Tell, who shot the apple on his son’s head. I wondered if Tonkin Tell was any relation to William, but upon questioning my mother closely, I found that he was not.

Then I imagined him a big, jolly man — maybe something like Santa Claus; or maybe a maker of gumdrops. Whoever he was, I had great respect for him.

At last I decided that he must be a great friend of my aunt, a friend that loved her very much, a friend that was good and kind. He must have a great many fine qualities, because my aunt knew him and liked him, so it seemed. I had a great desire to meet this great Tonkin Tell. He must be a great man. Some day I —

“Oh! I dropped another stitch!”

I was back at the fireside again, and my companion was vainly trying to pick up the lost stitch.

“Here, give it to me and I’ll do it for you,” I offered politely, remembering the kind Tonkin Tell.

Sallie Bartlett, 1921

Reflections in the Water

Above the clear, calm surface of the pool,
Her slender form with hardy leaves entwined,
A yellow rose her graceful neck inclined
To steal a glance into the waters cool.
A timid look into that mirror deep —
With vanity was filled the rose so meek;
She brushed the surface with her velvet cheek;
Sweet fragrance to the quiet pool did creep.
The haughty blossom higher reared her head;
She wished no more her riotous charms to hide —
Until her petals soft began to fade,
Her golden heart grew dark and then decayed,—
At dusk she floated on the surface — dead.
The water gently rippled as it sighed.

Elizabeth Sjöström, 1919

Their Christmas Guest

"Jane, dear, don't you think that it would be a lovely idea to have one of those poor lonesome sailor boys here for Christmas dinner?" said Miss Bessie Oldham to her sister, one crisp morning in December as the two little old ladies were finishing their prim breakfast.

"Why, what a sweet idea, Bessie. I do think it would be beautiful. Just think, some nice young fellow who has never been away from home on Christmas Day before; he will miss his mother so, and maybe we can help him forget his homesickness. I will ask Mrs. Martin to-day how we can get one to come and then I'll see Sara about the dinner. We must be sure to have all the things he is used to at home. Oh, sister, how lovely it will be to feel that we are helping some homesick boy. I must go and see if Sara can't think of something extra nice to have." And little Miss Oldham fluttered off to start the preparations.

At last it was Christmas Day and the two sisters anxiously awaited the arrival of their guest.

"I do wonder what he'll be like, dear," Miss Bessie kept saying between her flutterings around the house to see that everything was in readiness. "Probably he'll be about eighteen, they say they are so young in the Navy, and perhaps he'll have light curly hair and blue eyes just like Cousin Mary Roberts' boy — he is such a dear. Oh, look, there he is now; he's very nice and tall, isn't he?"

The guest when he was finally ushered in was quite a surprise to them both. Jake McCurdy was not at all like Cousin Mary Roberts' Teddy. As Miss Bessie had said, he was tall; he was also broad and decidedly ill at ease in the presence of the two little ladies, the fragile furniture and bric-a-brac. Miss Oldham was the first of the three to remember her duties.

"We are so glad to see you, Mr. ——"

"McCurdy, ma'am, Jake McCurdy," replied her embarrassed guest.

"Oh, yes, won't you sit down, Mr. McCurdy?" continued Miss Oldham.

Mr. McCurdy sat down, and there was another moment of silence.

"How long have you been at the station?" ventured Miss Bessie.

"Pretty well, thank you, ma'am," balancing nervously on the edge of a slippery haircloth chair.

"How many men are there there now?" Miss Oldham took her turn.

"About forty-seven thousand, I think, madam."

"Have you been there very long, Mr. McCurdy?"

"Two months, ma'am."

"Have you been homesick, you poor boy?" asked sympathetic Miss Bessie, her heart yearning to comfort a lonesome boy.

"No ma'am, thank you." Jake was becoming a trifle bored.

"I suppose you live near enough to get home often to see your family; that must be so nice." Miss Bessie was not discouraged yet.

"No, ma'am, since I've been in the Navy I haven't had any home except the barracks."

"Why, you poor boy, you must come here often and try to think of this as home. We would love to have you."

Jake looked rather startled at this sudden offer of a home and was about to stutter out an embarrassed answer when dinner was announced.

Poor Miss Jane and Miss Bessie! If they were shocked to find their protégé without yellow curls and blue eyes, they were deeply pained to observe him at the table. He meant extremely well but unfortunately his standards of table etiquette were not quite up to theirs. At last the painful ordeal was over.

By this time all possible questions concerning life at the station had been asked and all possible topics of conversation introduced in a vain effort to interest their guest. Finally he rose to go and Miss Bessie was ashamed to catch herself in a sigh of relief.

When he was out of the house, Miss Jane turned to Miss Bessie. "Sister," she said, "I think that next Christmas we had better have orphans, somehow they seem more suited to us than sailors."

"Yes," agreed Miss Jane. "You are perfectly right."

And outside in a very different sort of language Jake McCurdy was expressing the same idea. "Deliver me from another of those!" he exclaimed to himself. "Me for Child's any day!"

Ellinor Blymyer, 1920

freedom

Reprinted from *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*

Give me the long, straight road before me,
A clear, cold day with a nipping air,
Tall bare trees to run on beside me,
A heart that is light and free from care.
Then let me go! — I care not whither
My feet may lead, for my spirit shall be
Free as a brook that flows to the river,
Free as the river that flows to the sea.

Olive Runner

The finger of Progress

Ten years ago people mourned what they called "the passing of Old Detroit": Those who had grown up in the pleasant quiet of its long, shady avenues, felt a pang of intense regret to see them invaded and despoiled by the onslaught of industry. Woodward Avenue, the pride of Detroit for its fine old residences and beautiful trees, underwent a gradual but disheartening change. The lovely homes were torn down to give place to garages, and stores, and movies; and the immaculate pavements became soiled by the feet of a heterogeneous throng, gathered from every country in the world. Its serenity was interrupted by the clang of new street car lines and the whirr of factory wheels. In the downtown section the old buildings were remodeled or torn down, while in the outskirts great subdivisions unrolled, and street after street rapidly filled with rows of new houses. Hurry and tumult, business and commerce, entered the city and claimed it for their own. The change, gradual as it has been, has so transformed the city that to-day a stranger who had known it in 1908 would not recognize it.

If such a person is crossing the border to-day from Windsor, he sees an interesting sight. As the ferry swings away from the dock, a sweeping view of Detroit spreads out before him. It is the picture of a fine, prosperous, American city. It stretches for miles along the river; its wharves are filled with shipping. The freighters nosing the shore are loaded with ore from Duluth and lumber from northern Michigan forests. Back from the river the skyline of low conglomerate buildings is broken only by church spires, save towards the central portion where one's interest concentrates. Here, rising from the heart of the city, is a group of skyscrapers. Straight, and majestic, and white, they tower above the sordid and grimy buildings of the surrounding city. These new buildings, beautiful, tall, stately, symbolize the spirit of the new Detroit which has risen out of its former self. Having passed through the painful transition from a pretty town to a great city, it is emerging fine and splendid and alive, filled with a thousand sorts of peoples and as many cosmopolitan interests.

Constance Ling, 1920

Bob-Wire Entanglements

Perhaps you think that a man separated from home and family is very easy prey for a girl who can write good letters. Perhaps. Anyway Lieutenant Bob White of the famous 107th "fell for" Janet Lee's letters and decided that she was just the kind of girl he had been waiting for for all his twenty-nine years. How their correspondence started is of little consequence to us — we prefer the effect to the cause.

When the armistice was signed Bob and Janet had been corresponding very regularly for over a year — Bob was a West Pointer and one of the first across. Janet had got to the point where she admitted she was worried and anxious when she didn't hear from him regularly, but she was a rather conventional girl for a modern New Yorker and she was afraid, terribly afraid to have him come home — yet she wanted him to — oh! awfully.

Three weeks after the signing of the armistice she got a letter with a Base Hospital postmark. Poor Janet! She was afraid to open the letter, but after she had gathered up her courage and read it the first fear was replaced by another of a different kind. For the letter had said, "I have had a slight case of influenza and as I'm pretty weak the M. C. man says I had better go home for a cure. The first thing I do will be to look you up and then ——" And he had finished by saying, "I shall probably arrive very soon after this letter or before it, unless the armistice clears up the mail service."

He might come any day! Janet was crazy to see him, but down in her heart she was afraid — afraid he might be disappointed in her. She knew she couldn't be disappointed in him.

She hadn't long to wait, for that very morning came a letter asking her to meet him for lunch the next day and to bring a friend because he was staying with a classmate of his and would like her to meet him. Janet knew the classmate was only to save her from embarrassment. So she called up the most attractive of her friends.

"Jinny," she said, "you'll do me a great favor, won't you?"

"Of course," said Jinny promptly.

"Well, I want you to be me for to-morrow," and she told her of the meeting. Jinny demurred but gave in after much persuasion.

Bob had no shy disposition and his experience had not taught him that he need fear how a woman would like him. But now that he was back in the land where all women were attractive and where tantalizing letters mean nothing, and where he was fêted and petted and cooed over endlessly, he began to have his doubts as to Janet's wonderful qualities, which had seemed so very wonderful to him. So he and his classmate also changed identities.

They met with very little embarrassment, though no one really looked squarely at anyone else until they were seated with a waiter hovering respectfully around them.

Bob, looking at the supposed Janet, said to himself, "Darn it all, I didn't want her to be flauntingly good-looking. Why couldn't she have been the other one. She's the kind that would help a fellow out any time."

And Janet, looking at the supposed Bob, thought, "He doesn't look a bit as if he had been through the awful things over there, he looks frivolous. I like the other one better."

As for the supposed Janet and the classmate — they seemed to find favor in each other, and not having any problems of their own they kept the conversation going, though the other two were rather silent — wondering how they were going to get out of their embarrassing situation.

Bob, who wasn't a very good dissembler, forgot himself and said: "Say, Joe, I didn't leave my cigarette case in my uniform pocket, did I?"

Janet with her own mistaken identity heavy on her mind, noticed the slip and looked quickly from one man to another. But Joe carefully felt of all the pockets of the uniform and finally brought forth a cigarette case, decorated with an insignia which Janet recognized as the insignia of Bob's regiment, and below it Bob's initials. It might have passed off all right but Bob, seeing that Janet knew his ruse, slowly began to get scarlet, and murmured, "I guess they found us out, old man."

Janet held her head high. She was really glad to find that the nicer one was Bob but she wasn't exactly sure whether she ought to be insulted or not, just on principle, of course. But not so Jinny. She snickered, then giggled, and finally burst out laughing. The two men were amazed, and in Janet's eyes a twinkle was born, though her cheeks were flaming.

"I c-c-can't h-help it," giggled Jinny. "It's the — the f-f-funniest th-thing I ever heard of. Where's my hanky? I never laughed so hard!" And words failed her.

"Well," said Janet, unsuspected dimples making their appearance. She tried hard to look serious and only succeeded in making them deeper and finally had to drop her lashes to hide the smile in her eyes. "Well, I suppose it's up to me to explain."

"Yes," giggled Ginny.

"But," said Bob. "Aren't you sore or something? We're the ones that should explain."

"No," said Janet. "You see — you see — well, you see I'm really Janet Lee, and the person with the giggles is really Virginia Allen!"

"Three rousing cheers!" said both men together. "Now that we know each other let's all go to the theatre tonight to celebrate."

"Janet, dear," said Bob several weeks later when everything had been settled, even to the date of the wedding. "Why did you do it?"

"I was afraid, well I guess I was afraid you might not like me. And Jinny is so attractive — I didn't want you to be disappointed."

There is only one reply to a remark like that.

"Why did you do it, Bob?" she asked later.

"Well, because I was a fool, I guess."

And Janet with a woman's intuition let it go at that.

Eleonore Taylor, 1919

Editorials

Of rare significance to the school has been the opening of the two new cottages, Draper Homestead and Sunset Lodge. Draper Homestead, opposite Draper Hall on School Street, was for many years the home of Mr. and Mrs. Draper, who did so much for the school and who loved it so dearly. In September it was opened and furnished as nearly as possible the way it had been by Mr. and Mrs. Draper, much of their furniture being used. Sunset Lodge, beyond Sherman Cottage on Abbot Street, was opened in January and is dear to us because there Miss McKeen, for so many years principal of Abbot, spent the sunset years of her life. May these two cottages keep fresh the memory of these dear friends whom every Abbot girl learns to love, and may the thought of their lives be an inspiration to us in the days to come.

Without a question the greatest event of our school year, of our lives, in fact, was that which took place at four o'clock on the morning of November 11th. Then it was that we first knew by the wild ringing of whistles and church-bells that the armistice had been signed and that the war was ended. Even now we cannot tell clearly just what we thought and how we felt when we woke up in the early dawn to that sound. We cannot tell what we thought, but we can tell what we did. Out into the dark corridors we tore, up and down we capered in a mad, senseless dance of joy. Then in a momentary return to sanity we hurriedly threw on some clothes and assembled in the hall for a rousing sing. A procession through the house followed by a march around the circle and a snake-dance visit from Phillips, only served to heighten our excitement and enthusiasm, and when papers arrived confirming the glorious news we very nearly lost our heads. For the next hour, in and out of the house, up and down the stairs we laughed and wept and sang until the breakfast bell brought us to the realization that we were hungry. And yet all that frantic demonstration was not the expression of our true feelings. That was only the result of the rebound of our spirits after casting away, all in a moment, the worries and doubts and fears that had been gnawing at our hearts for so

many long months, merely the result of an overwhelming relief and an irresistible impulse to say something, do something, sing something, it mattered not what. All that came in the first wild rush of joy before we had had time to quiet down and think. The true expression of our feelings came later when we were assembled in chapel. Then, with our school-mates around us, our faculty before us, and the bright, clean atmosphere of morning over everything, then, and then only, did the significance of that hour dawn upon us. And as we slowly grasped the realization that the guns were forever stilled and that cruel slaughter had forever ceased, a wonder and awe stole over us, obliterating the petty, selfish thoughts and leaving in us only a great and true thankfulness. And then we sang and put our hearts into it, and we prayed and put our souls into it, and out of it all came a feeling of love and unity, a feeling of fellowship with mankind and an earnest purpose to live up to the solemn vow each of us made within her to lead a life that should be in some measure worthy of the sacrifice of the Great War. So it was that the Peace came to Abbot.

The Abbot girls have not been slacking this summer. We found that out at our "Summer War Work Meeting" in Abbot Hall this fall. Of course there were the farmerettes, who had worked all summer but who seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed picking the apples, harvesting the hay, and driving the cows home from pasture. There were the Canteen girls, who had found that it was the greatest fun to feed a hungry sailor or soldier. There were those who had spent their time in the Automobile Corps, importantly driving men in uniform from place to place. There were the girls who had worked in the hostess houses, giving the homesick soldier a merry half-hour. They all did something and they all enjoyed it.

What makes Andover look so deserted in the afternoons? Where are the crowds of girls that used to be seen on Main Street and in Lowe's Drug Store? Where are the girls that used to keep Chase's and Champion's busy? At half-past three every afternoon there is a mad rush from class-rooms and dormitories.

Books are flung aside in haste and their owners disappear around the corner of Draper Hall. But very soon they reappear, worn out but victorious, with a triumphant smile on their faces. Each girl holds in one hand four or five sandwiches, in the other a piece of cake, several cookies, an apple, a banana, and a cake of chocolate, while their tongues are still burning from the hot chocolate they have just had. No more do these starved, thin specimens resort to the village for nourishment — for now Mrs. Scannell has opened a lunch-room in her apartment, where all may find refreshment after the strenuous work of the day.

We have this year a new kind of informal Sunday group which seems to be working out more and more satisfactorily. Discussion instead of reading aloud has been the keynote, and we have discovered that we really can discuss, in a girl's room, more or less violently, even though we may be wordless in classes. Our increasing desire, this first year of the great reconstruction period, for a larger knowledge and understanding of the problems of the world has naturally influenced our choice of subjects. Therefore nearly all of us are seeking the challenge of the present crisis, with the help of Mr. Fosdick's inspiring book, and our own leaders and groups. We are finding it in many ways and places, and are doing our best to meet it in a spirit worthy of the kind of women we wish to be — and are thought to be by those more active challenge-acceptors overseas. A hard thing for many of us to accept has been the necessity of the comparative smallness of our sacrifice. It would be so much easier to do big things! So we are finding our special challenge in accepting, as gamely as possible, our part, not one of doing, but one of preparing to do. Our preparation is of necessity intensive — we must fit ourselves mentally, bodily, spiritually for our big work of the future, and there are many things to learn. Our informal group talks are helping. The thoughts and ideas of others are surely broadening us, even if gradually.

A new form of entertainment was introduced to us this fall when we were invited to a husking-bee. No, "we" weren't invited, just fifty of us were. The great question was who should

be the lucky fifty. To make it fair we drew lots and we were a happy fifty who trooped off to Mr. Chase's farm, and it was a sad bunch that watched us from the windows as we left. We were ready for work; our clothes showed that, nothing more elaborate than a "peter tom" and a sweater. When we got there, O what fun we had! Sides were chosen, and for an hour the air was full of laughter and cornhusks. The very best part of it was that we had husked one hundred and one bushels of corn, earned five dollars for the Red Cross, and saved Mr. Chase's corn crop!

"Save me a mop," comes the whispered word as certain ambitious housekeepers hurry early from the dining-room on a Wednesday morning. Half an hour later the work is well under way. The corridors begin to resemble an antique shop or an auction sale, with chairs, tables, screens, lamps, clothes, books, and every conceivable bit of worldly wealth scattered in sweet confusion throughout the halls. As you tread your way precariously through this maze of household goods, you may catch a fleeting glimpse through the open doors — no need to close them with such a barricade — of a pair of waving legs and, following this clue, may discern amid the haze a busy worker, flat on her stomach, fiercely jabbing at that mysterious region that lies under the bed. Being the only lazy person in sight, you turn for sympathy to the great out-of-doors, and, as you step forth, stumble over a pile of mats, wildly dodge the descending stick of a muscular rug-beater, and receive upon the head a shower of pillows from somewhere in the infinite. Terrified by this onslaught, you return hopefully to the sanctuary of your own room. Alas! Your roommate has it too, and with desolate heart you flee to the "Libe", there to find dusty peace 'mid the realms of the learned.

Girls, it's up to you to lessen the noise in the dining-room! Keep your voices low; don't scream across the table to your best friend! If every girl would remember this, the dining-room would be a much pleasanter place for all of us. So it's your business, your own personal business, to take care of this, and what are *you* going to do about it?

"How kitosh!" we murmur, gazing at our latest friend's latest sweater — or else at the sandwiches in Mrs. Scannell's lunch-room. "It's simply *wonderful*!" shrieks the enthusiastic one, but we care not. It might be anything that's wonderful — or nothing — so why worry? Words are quaint things. As Humpty Dumpty, of Alice-in-Wonderland fame, says, a word, if you but treat it gently and pleasantly, will do anything and mean anything for you. We at Abbot are mild and kind-hearted without doubt; our words — pardon, our word — serves us well. But are we so kind? It dies, poor thing, of overwork, and we must find another. The latest-born is "Sw-w-e-e-ll!" Have you heard it? But really, it *is* a wonderful word — so expressive, you know.

Faculty Changes

Miss Sherman, for several years head of the French Department, and for the last year on leave of absence, has sent in her resignation from the faculty. We had looked forward to having Miss Sherman and her mother once more in charge of Sherman Cottage, and we shall miss them even more now that we know they are not coming back.

Miss Laura Pettingell, who has been at the head of the Latin Department for two years, was unable to return to school this year because she wished to be nearer to her mother. She is teaching at the Buckingham School in Cambridge.

Miss King, who taught History and Botany, and who did a great deal toward systematizing the library, is working for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Boston. She has been asked to start a branch of this work in Holyoke. This is the kind of work which always held a great interest for Miss King, and she is well fitted for it. Her duties consist of field as well as clerical work.

Miss Edith Aldred who, as resident nurse, has so successfully cared for the health of the girls for nine years, is this year the assistant supervisor of the Training School for Nurses of the New Haven Hospital.

We miss both Miss Parkhurst and Madame Wright this year from the French Department. Miss Parkhurst is teaching at Bethany College, Topeka, Kansas.

Miss Bixby has left her place as supervisor of the day scholars in order to complete a course of study in Tufts College, and Miss Pickering, last year assistant to Miss Mason in Chemistry and Physics, is teaching at Chevy Chase School in Washington, D. C.

There are several new faces in the faculty this year. Miss Hilda Baynes of Montreal, Canada, is in charge of the French Department. Miss Baynes, after completing courses in French at McGill University, Montreal, spent three years in Paris. She studied at the Sorbonne, received the "Diploma Superieure" of the Guilde International, and completed the course for the Licencée des Lettres. She has been teaching for the past four

years in Western University, London, Ontario. Miss Baynes's assistant is a native Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Alice Desplaces.

In the Latin Department, assisting Miss Marceau, is Miss Helen Robinson of Gloucester, a Smith graduate in the class of 1905. For nine years Miss Robinson has taught Latin in the Newburyport High School. Miss Janet Davison, Wellesley 1915, of Bath, New York, is teaching American and English History and is in charge of the library. The work in Household Science and Biology is being conducted by Miss Bertha Grimes of Lawrence. Miss Grimes graduated from Wellesley in 1912. She is also assisting in Chemistry and Physics.

Miss Elizabeth Bacon, Abbot 1917, is in charge of the day scholars, taking Miss Bixby's place. Miss Bacon, whose home is in Albany, N. Y., has completed a course at the Albany Business College. She is assisting Miss Dowd in the office.

The resignation of Miss Aldred has made it necessary to appoint a new nurse, and Mrs. Katherine Y. Boutelle of Danvers is filling the position in a very capable manner. Mrs. Boutelle received her training at the Worcester City Hospital, and in the Sloane Hospital of New York City. After the death of her husband, she conducted a sanatorium in Danvers very successfully.

Miss Marjorie Ashley of New Bedford, a graduate of Simmons College, was assistant to Miss McLean during the fall term.

Everyone in the school felt sorry at the resignation in January of Miss McLean, who since 1907 has been in charge of Draper Hall. We have always appreciated the comfort which Miss McLean's quiet but efficient management of the house brought us, but even more we have all felt the charm of her unfailing courtesy and kindly cheerfulness, and we shall miss her very much. - She and her sister will be for the rest of the winter in their pretty new house at 139 University Road, Brookline.

Miss McLean's successor is Miss Caroline M. Goodwin of Worcester, a graduate of Simmons College, who has had excellent experience in household management at the Misses Masters' School at Dobbs Ferry and as assistant in charge of the dining-halls of the Institute of Technology. With the opening of Sunset Lodge it seemed wise to have an assistant who should

have oversight of the household management of the three cottages, and Miss Mary Bishop Putnam of Danvers has come to us in that capacity. Miss Putnam has had large knowledge of schools, having been housekeeper at the Kent Place School in Summit and at Miss Shipley's and Miss Capen's schools.

Miss Marion Pooke asked for a leave of absence in January and hopes to spend the year in France doing Y.M.C.A. work. A friend, Mrs. Beatrice Whitney Van Ness, a Boston artist who studied at the Art Museum School under Mr. Benson, Mr. Tarbell, Mr. Hale and Mr. Bela Pratt, will take her classes at the school.

School Journal

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 19 School begins.
- 21 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Rules of the School.
- 22 Chapel. Miss Bailey: On Doing Everything as to the Lord.
- 29 Chapel. Rev. C. W. Henry: Lessons of the War.

OCTOBER

- 5 Hall Exercises. Abbot Patriotic League meeting.
- 6 Chapel. Mr. Shipman: On "Quarantining" Sin.
- 8 Old Girls' Dance for New Girls.
- 9 Picnic of Class Officers at Prospect Hill.
- 12 Hall Exercises. Patriotic meeting at which several girls told of interesting summer experiences.
- 13 Chapel. Mr. Gutterson: "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself."
- 15 Baby Party.
- 16 Senior Picnic at Haggett's Pond.
- 19 Hall Exercises. Miss Kelsey: Yesterday at Abbot.
- 26 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Our Relations with Boys.
- 27 Miss Helen Hughes: Drive for United War Work Fund.
- 29 Hallowe'en Party.
- 31 Miss Elizabeth Hazanovitz: Life in the Ukraine.

NOVEMBER

- 2 Hare and Hound Chase with Bradford at Abbot, followed by picnic at Poms Pond.
- 3 United War Work Fund Conference in Boston.
- 3 Chapel. Miss Bailey: United War Work Drive.
- 9 Hall Exercises: Rally for United War Work Drive.
- 10 Chapel. Dr. Stearns and Mr. Jones: The United War Work Drive.
- 11 Armistice signed.
Boys' Snake-Dance in the early morning.
Chapel Service.
Tea Dance at Phillips.
Church in evening.
- 12 Holiday. School marched in parade in afternoon. In evening, Nursing Sister Davis spoke.
- 16 Andover-Exeter football game.
Chapel. Dr. Barbour of Rochester Theological Seminary: The Great Work of the Y.M.C.A.

- 21 Senior Class entertained by Miss Bailey in the McKeen Rooms in the evening.
- 24 Mr. Birge of Y.M.C.A.: Moslem Girls.
- 25 Academic Seniors visit Mrs. Jack Gardner's palace.
- 27 Thanksgiving Service.
Holidays begin.
- 29 School opens.
- 30 Chapel. Dr. Fitch. United War Fund Talk.
Trustees came to dinner.

DECEMBER

- 5 Miss Helen Fraser: Women's Work in Reconstruction.
- 6 Miss Bailey spoke before New England Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges.
- 8 Mr. Carl Kepner of Y.M.C.A.: The French Poilu.
- 10 Corridor Stunt Party.
- 14 Hall Exercises: Patriotic League meeting.
- 15 Christmas Service.
- 18 Christmas Party in the McKeen Rooms.
- 19 Holidays begin.

JANUARY

- 8 School opens.
- 12 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Law of Service.

Lectures

Miss Kelsey spoke at Hall Exercises on Saturday, October 19th. She chose as her subject "Yesterday at Abbot", and she gave the early history of the school so vividly that we all imagined ourselves as students of the school in its earlier days, when Smith Hall was its principal dormitory and the school was just beginning to become well known. Miss Kelsey then told a few stories of Abbot Academy, the most important one being the raising of the funds to build Draper Hall, the dormitory of which we all are so proud.

On Thursday evening, October 31st, Miss Elizabeth Hasanovitz of the Ukraine region in Russia spoke to us in Davis Hall. Miss Hasanovitz came to this country when a young girl and after many struggles has risen to take an active part in arguments concerning labor and capital. At present, besides lecturing, she is writing articles for *The Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines. Her talk to us was about Ukraina from its early history to the present day. She also stated Ukraina's part in and feelings toward the Revolution, and she dwelt at great length on the Bolsheviki and as to whether we should recognize them as the rulers of Russia.

Nursing Sister Davis, who has the rank of a Lieutenant in the Canadian Army, spoke to us on the great holiday, November 12th. She has seen active service in England and France during the first years of the war and she told

us of the life of a nurse in the war camps and at the front. She was one of the first Canadian nurses to enlist for service on the other side, and she was very enthusiastic about the way in which the nurses and soldiers stood many hardships, side by side, and without one complaint. Her talk was in connection with the raising of funds for the United War Work Campaign, and after we had heard her we felt like giving even more than we had already given to so noble a cause.

On Thursday evening, December 5th, Miss Helen Fraser of London spoke to us in Davis Hall. Last year when she came to us her talk was about the war work of the English women, but this year a great change has taken place and instead of talking of war work she spoke of reconstruction work and the problems to be faced. This year, even more than last, she thrilled us with her stories of the great sacrifice of the boys, and her message to us was to make good these sacrifices and to carry on as never before.

School Charities

Beside the contributions to the United War Work Campaign Fund, there was a one hundred per cent Red Cross membership subscription. Sixty-five dollars was sent to Hindman, besides ten boxes of clothes and presents. Fifteen dollars was raised for Christmas for the poor children of Andover. The regular Sunday night contribution of last year amounted to \$2856.

The United War Work Campaign

On the evening of October 27th, in Davis Hall, we began to lay aside for this year frivolous things, and to work harder for the world without our school walls, being inspired thereto by Miss Helen Hughes, who spoke to us concerning the United War Work Campaign, and the seven organizations it comprised. We left the hall decidedly interested in her personality, and in the information she gave us, and prepared to save and give in a large degree.

The following Sunday Miss Bailey took a delegation of fourteen girls into Boston to a conference of representatives of the New England Colleges and Secondary Schools, which was held to determine what part the Massachusetts students should have in the campaign for \$170,000,000. The meeting was one of inspiration and information, and the several speakers, with their invigorating views of the privileges and difficulties of the task, opened the drive in such a way that one knew it could not fail. Miss Hill of Dana Hall, speaking feelingly of the joy and privilege of sacrifice; Dr. Stearns on the reasons, necessities, and methods of this present sacrifice; representatives of Mt. Holyoke, Dana Hall, and Phillips Andover on campaign plans brought the enthousaism and decision of the audience to a unanimous acceptance of the proposed goal of \$350,000, and a determination considerably to oversubscribe it. Mr. Brewer Eddy, in his closing address, full of illustrations of the worth of our small sacrifices to the men and women in many different uniforms, full

of feeling, enthusiasm, and knowledge dramatically imparted, summed up the afternoon's mental experiences, and left with all a determination to give things seemingly impossible.

The delegates tried to bring back with them these messages of the Conference, as well as the posters of the drive which appeared in the hall the following week. On the afternoon of Saturday, November 9th, a mass meeting of the entire school, faculty, students, and employees was held, which aroused decided enthusiasm in all quarters. This was augmented the next evening by Dr. Stearns, and Mr. Jones, the president of the local campaign in Andover, who spoke to us in Davis Hall. The latter, speaking of the financial side, and the plans and problems of Andover, was very illuminating. Dr. Stearns told us something about the needs of our boys, more imperative at this time of approaching peace even than before; and our appreciation of this doubtless increased our pledges.

A committee of pledge collectors was formed, the school being divided into faculty, corridor, house, and employee teams, and on Monday, November 11th, the drive officially opened. The tremendous excitement of that great day perhaps added to the desire immediately to "go over the top" — at any rate, a large part of the pledges were in that day, and the quota, \$1800, had been reached. On November 13th the pledges were all made, with a total of over \$2400.

Five days later a call came from headquarters asking for an encouraging report, as the student quota was falling below. The school responded by raised pledges and a mass meeting at which the drive posters and some original ones were auctioned off, bringing the total to \$2783.

The contributions of the girls were entirely their own, and the money in many cases was earned in various ways. Shoe-shining parlors, shampoos, manicures, darning, mending, cleaning, all sprang into instant favor. Nearly everyone had some service to sell, and many bought. Money was also raised by the auction of a cake and doughnuts contributed by the cook, and by a tax of a penny on the after-dinner dancing.

The money was promptly turned in by December 4th, and our Abbot campaign closed gloriously with a 100% subscription, totalling \$2801.

Entertainments

Our evening of corridor stunts opened with a highly successful musical number presented, so we were told, by the Tin Can Alley Symphony Orchestra. Now to just what part of our busy metropolis the aforesaid alley refers we are not sure, although we may venture to guess that it designates that bizarre and Greenwichian community, the fourth floor wing. But it matters not whence it came; suffice it that, with its stunning and spontaneous productions it charmed and delighted the enthusiastic audience beyond the footlights. With our spirits lifted by this soul-inspiring number we plunged for a too brief visit to that paradise of naughty little boys and dainty little girls, a dancing

school, from which scene of juvenile joys we were brought back suddenly and strikingly to the stern realities of life by a picture of the trials of the study-room. When our ears and consciences were beginning to burn hotly at this scandalous betrayal of truths, the curtain mercifully closed. Ah! Now we should doubtless see something a little less offensive to our sensitive feelings. Nay, say not so. Vain were our hopes, for we waited only to be confronted with an even more cruelly humorous picture of ourselves as others see us. Where we got all those extra feet and hands Heaven only knows, but there they were, faithfully portrayed in the painful scene entitled "The Abbot Battalion Drills". But Ha! What have we here? A movie, we murmur in wonder and awe, a movie, such a thing as we have not seen for three long months! Wonderful, marvelous! Here we have one right in our midst, and what is more, with all the delightful young gentlemen we could wish for in the wildest dreams of a Friday night. And that leads us to the last of these side-lights on self with which we were presented, "Friday Evening at Abbot Academy". No need to go into the details of that realistic scene, for we know it from a to z, from movement to movement, from bell to bell! And so ended this highly enjoyable, if illuminating, evening with many expressions of regret that there were not more of them. But only think, there's another one coming next term!

Athletics

This, as everyone remembers, was to have been a basketball year and we were all looking forward to the Bradford game. But owing to the influenza epidemic it was impossible for either school to get a team into proper shape, so that we were obliged to be content with the Hare and Hound Chase for our annual meeting. However, squads of enthusiasts appeared on the courts daily, and though no class games were played, basketball was very much in evidence throughout the fall.

There were only two class games in hockey this year, both of which were won by the Senior-Mids and Juniors against the Seniors and Junior-Mids, with the score 2-0, 4-2. From the looks of things at present we may judge that Bradford will have to look to her laurels when we meet her next year.

The tennis tournament went off much as usual this fall save for the delay caused by the epidemic. In the single finals Betty Wright defeated Elinor Sutton with the score 6-2, 2-6, 6-4, thereby winning the championship cup. The doubles were won by Betty Wright and Louise Clement against Elinor Sutton and Louise Robinson.

On Saturday, November 2nd, a very happy and unusual event occurred. Bradford, our worthy opponent, came to Abbot for its biennial visit; but not as a rival this time. On account of the influenza epidemic and the consequent lack of preparation for the usual basketball game, the two schools decided to have a Hare and Hound Chase. The Bradford Seniors ran with the Seniors of Abbot as the Hares, and the Senior-Middle classes of the two schools took the part of Hounds. Members of the lower classes were also on these teams.

After one short week of preparation and tryouts, the day on which the contest was to be held came, snappy, but clear and bright. From the minute our guests arrived the friendly spirit between the two schools was apparent. Abbot and Bradford girls were mingled together, and everyone seemed to be having a very happy time. We watched the start of the race from the slope in front of the Infirmary. During this time the schools sang to each other and to their respective teams. While waiting for the finish of the contest, we took the Bradford girls around our grounds, and danced with them in Davis Hall. The Hares won the game, 9 to 7.

After the race we had a picnic at Poms Pond. The Senior classes of both schools, the officers of the school organizations, the members of the teams, and the faculty were all there. We broiled "hot dogs" on sticks over the bonfires, toasted marshmallows, and consumed sandwiches, olives, pickles, apples, and everything else that one has at a picnic.

We were all glad of the opportunity of getting into closer touch with the Bradford girls, whose lives and interests and aims are so like our own.

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER—NOVEMBER 22, 1918

Virginia Miller, Elizabeth Flagg	92
Julia Abbe	91
Dorothea Flagg, Paulina Miller, Nathalie Page, Elinor Sutton	90
Natalie Bartlett, Mary Bushnell, Beatrice Goff, Helen Locke, Gertrude Lombard, Marjorie Miles	89
Elizabeth Armstrong, Eliza Bailey, Ruth Hathaway, Martha Morse, Marian Nichols, Leonore Wickersham, Helen Wygant	88

Items of General Interest

At the January meeting of the Board of Trustees Mr. Flagg announced the generous gift to the school of \$20,100 by Mr. George B. Davis of North Andover. The terms of the gift provide that the income from the fund shall be used for the upkeep, as it may be required, of Davis Hall and the Dorothy Davis Simpson organ, the balance to be used for the general educational needs of the school. It will be remembered that Mr. Davis gave Davis Hall in memory of his father, and that the organ was the gift of his daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Davis Simpson. At the same meeting Mr. Flagg announced a gift of \$1000 by Mrs. Ella Jenkins Smith of the class of 1872, in memory of her mother of the class of 1845. This money is to be laid aside as a separate fund to be known as the Rebecca Farnham Jenkins Endowment.

At a meeting of the New England Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges in Jacob Sleeper Hall in Boston early in December, Miss Bailey was one of four speakers to talk on the subject "After Victory — What?" Miss Bailey's exposition of her belief in the supreme importance of the spiritual side

in education was very eloquent, and was received with enthusiastic interest. Miss Bailey was also one of the speakers at the inauguration of Miss Coats as principal of Bradford Academy on December 16th.

Dr. Page of Phillips Academy has kindly offered to take charge of military drill and so enable us to continue the military training which we found so interesting and helpful last year.

Classes in Home Nursing for the Seniors are being conducted by our resident nurse, Mrs. Boutelle.

Rhythmic Expression work has been resumed this year under the direction of Miss Emily Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward, who own the farm on Prospect Hill, have very kindly offered the use of their little camp for picnic parties from the school. The officers of the school organizations have already taken advantage of this offer.

Rev. Markham W. Stackpole was transferred only two weeks before the armistice from the regiment with which he had served ever since he went to the training camp at Boxford, in the summer of 1917, and is now base chaplain at Marseilles. He is organizing the chaplaincy in new leave areas and convalescent hospitals in the Riviera.

We were very sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. Forrest Dryden in August. A very serious operation for mastoiditis was found necessary, which was followed by a slow convalescence. By October he was able to be about again. Mrs. Dryden was chairman for the State of New Jersey for the Y. W. C. A., and chairman of the Newark district for the Christmas Membership Roll Call of the Red Cross. The two organizations, Y. W. C. A. and Red Cross, kept Mrs. Dryden very busy all last winter. She was vice-chairman and chairman of the Membership Bureau of the Red Cross in Newark — a district which had approximately 100,000 members. Her son is first lieutenant in the Ordnance and has been serving in Washington as secretary of the Ordnance Priorities Committee.

Mrs. John Phelps Taylor is spending the winter at the Hotel Somerset in Boston. She came to Andover in December for the organ recital by M. Bonnet of Paris, at which the new organ in Stone Chapel was dedicated. The chimes of the organ were given by Mrs. Taylor in memory of Professor Taylor.

Miss Harriet Bixby began training as telephone operator, intending to go overseas in the service, but after the armistice changed her plan, and is taking the scientific course at Jackson College. She expects to specialize in chemistry.

Miss Margaret Elliott was working for the Government from July to January in the industrial service section of the Ordnance Department. She was in charge of conditions of work for women at the Watertown Arsenal, under General Tracy C. Dickson, as commanding officer.

Miss King's address in Holyoke is 133 Chestnut Street.

We were shocked to learn this fall of the death of Miss Parkhurst's brother. He was in the tank service in France, and he died of pneumonia there.

Miss Runner is living with her sister in New Canaan, Connecticut. Twice a week she goes to New York for lessons in Italian conversation. She hopes to do Immigration Community Work among the Italians.

Miss Carson is in France doing reconstruction work.

Elizabeth Tyler went to France in August to be secretary and chauffeur for Miss Edith May, who was Red Cross Inspector of hospitals for tubercular French soldiers. Miss May's work has recently been given up and Miss Tyler is now working in the Refugee Bureau. She enlisted for a year. Her address is Care Morgan, Harjes, 31 boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

Miss Harriet Payne is doing Red Cross work in the Children's Welfare Bureau in Paris.

We were very sorry to learn of the death in France in an airplane accident of Lieutenant Whitehead, to whom Miss Edith Metcalf was engaged. Miss Metcalf is at present in the Home Communication Service in France.

Mrs. Biscoe (formerly Agnes Slocum), with her husband and four children, is living this winter at 125 Jackson Street, Newton Center. Mr. Biscoe has come east for a year to do housing department work for the Government.

Mrs. William Walker Rockwell (Miss Converse) is on the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. and is chairman of the publication department.

Miss Ethel Priscilla Potter has been doing splendid war work this winter. She is recreational director for the blinded soldiers at United States Army General Hospital No. 7, in Baltimore.

Miss Melita Knowles is still teaching at the Brearley School in New York City. Her address is 317 West 45th Street.

An interesting and able woman died in September, who for a brief period touched and influenced the life of Abbot Academy. Miss Sarah J. Foster was a teacher in 1857-58, soon after graduating from Mount Holyoke Seminary. She married Rev. Samuel A. Rhea, and was missiophary and teacher in Persia for nine years. Her husband having died, she then became the first field secretary of the Presbyterian Woman's Board of the Northwest, and traveled widely, stimulating synods, presbyteries and assemblies in the cause of missions. It is noted as an evidence of her pioneer work that she was the first woman to address the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Albert M. Usher, son of Mrs. Adela Payson Usher, formerly teacher at Abbot Academy, died of wounds in France in October. Another son, Roland, became well known as the author of "Pan-Germanism".

Alumnae Notes

The notes in this issue have largely to do with war activities and the honors as well as the sorrows that have come through the war into the homes of Abbot girls. Other facts to complete the War Service Record (kept in a card list), both of present and former students and their immediate families, will be gratefully received by Miss Carpenter. This record will surely be of value in the coming years as evidence of the variety of service rendered, and the loyal and patriotic response of the Abbot Academy family to the country's call.

†1863. The brave spirit of Lucy F. Partridge, who died in November, was not daunted by the handicap of deafness, which compelled her to give up her beloved work of teaching colored students at Talladega College, in Alabama. She kept so closely in touch by letter with those who had been her pupils, as they were scattered over the South in different lines of work, that the extent of her helpful influence in many homes cannot be measured. They wrote her their problems, she gave advice and encouragement, and also practical help in the way of clothing, which she gathered from friends, and sorted with the most intelligent and sympathetic care, according to the need of each family, often sending with an article a little note of suggestion as to how it might be made over or prove most useful. This far-reaching service of friendship was her way of helping the world.

†1868. A happy occasion was the reunion in June of ten members of the fifty-year class (including one non-graduate), surely a remarkable showing when it is known that the living graduates number only twelve. It was a delight to see them engaged in eager talk as they sat about their round table at the outdoor luncheon on Commencement Day, and to hear their earnest words and spicy reminiscences at the Alumnae meeting. They made a substantial gift to the school, a thousand dollar Liberty Bond, to be added to the fund for the Chair of Literature, in memory of Miss Phebe McKeen. Those present were Harriett (Abbott) Clark ("Mother Endeavor" Clark), Katharine (Chapin) Higgins of Worcester, Rebecca (Davis) Spalding of New York, Clara (Fisher) Baldwin of Roxbury, Henrietta (Learoyd) Sperry of Boston, Octavia (Putnam) Thompson of Quincy, Elizabeth C. Sewall of Wellesley Hills, Mary A. Spalding of Boston, Abby (Stearns) Spaulding of Clifton Springs, N. Y., and Margaret (Duncan) Phillips of Salem.

†1868. Alice French has been most active in war work in Iowa. She was a member of the Committee for Patriotic Meetings of the Woman's National Council for Defense for Iowa, and found it a large task to arrange programs, transportation of speakers, and other details for large meetings all over the state. It was largely because of this work that she was unable to come to her class reunion, where she was greatly missed.

1869. Mrs. Ida Morrill McCurdy's son, Captain Sidney McCurdy, has been cited for distinguished conduct. As surgeon with the 18th Infantry, he was in

the thick of the fighting, and was for several weeks in the hospital with infection resulting from conditions of life at the front. Robert is in Washington ordering books for camp libraries, and Allan was for a time in the aviation production department at Buffalo, N. Y.

†1874. In an article in the *Boston Traveler* of January 7th, Mrs. George Gutterson urges "the spirit of democracy and responsibility in the home as the basis of the training of children".

†1876. News of the death, in September, of Rev. Lyndon S. Crawford, husband of Olive Twichell and father of Leslie Crawford Hun, †1900, came weeks afterward by cable through the Associated Press. Isolated for many months by war conditions in the city of Trebizond, Turkey, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford resolutely put aside the opportunity to escape, and gave themselves utterly to the needs of all within their reach, going through the bombardments of two sieges, and witnessing the untold sufferings due to Turkish persecution. Theirs was a daily heroism, cut off as they have been from home news, and much of the time with insufficient or unsuitable food, with no associates and often with hundreds clinging to them for protection and sympathy and sometimes for sustenance. It is expected that Mrs. Crawford will come home to America as soon as the way is open.

†1877. Josephine Richards Gile's youngest son, Harold, an aviation officer, was taken prisoner in the early summer, and was in prison camp at the Landshut. His family received the joyful news of his release before Christmas. Another son, Clement, was connected with the submarine service.

†1878. Mrs. Nellie Abbott Sawyer's son, Francis, recently called on Miss Agnes Park in Andover and brought news to her of all the family. Two other sons were in the service overseas. Their father died last spring at their home in Owatonna, Minn.

†1881. At a metropolitan meeting in Boston for the Fourth Liberty Loan three Abbot friends were surprised to meet as chairmen of the women's committees of their home towns. They were Margaret Fowle Sears of Woburn, Josephine Wilcox of Medford, and Mary Bartlett Walton, †1880, of Wakefield.

†1883. Mary R. Hillard, principal of the Westover School, Middlebury, Ct., has recently been given the honorary degree of L.H.D. by the University of Vermont.

†1889. Kathleen Jones has resigned her position as librarian at McLean Hospital, and is now field representative for New England of the American Library Association, establishing and supervising libraries in base hospitals.

1889. Alice Conant Wadleigh's son, Theodore, died in September of pneumonia, following influenza. He had just entered Dartmouth College.

1891. A letter recently appeared in the *Transcript* from an American officer in France, telling of his discovery in an abandoned dugout of a stirring story of Texas ranch life called "The Cowboy Cavalier". The book was badly water-soaked, but the officer dried it out to pass on to other boys. The author of the book was Harriet C. Morse (Mrs. Nicholas Richardson).

1892. Fanny Gordon Bartlett is one of the mothers who has bravely given a son to the Great Cause. Gordon enlisted in the American Ambulance

Corps before the United States entered the war, and won the Croix de Guerre in that service. He died of wounds on September 17th in France, at the age of nineteen years.

1892. Mary Beal Stephenson writes of their distressing experience last fall in Duluth. "The forest fire came very near to wiping out our entire city. The fires — carried by a perfect hurricane of wind — were on three sides of us, and cold Lake Superior on the fourth. Mr. Stephenson worked all one night bringing in refugees and for two weeks could not go to his office. He had to help at the Armory, the headquarters for the relief work. Our church opened its doors for sixty cots, and as president of the Guild I had charge. We lodged nearly 600 people in the two weeks and served 1405 meals."

†1894. There was great rejoicing in Honolulu when it was learned that Mabel Bosher Scudder would return this fall from Tokio as principal of Kawaiahao Seminary. Dr. Scudder was among the first called from Tokio for service with the American Red Cross in Siberia. Little Katherine, now over a year old, will of course be with her mother in Honolulu.

†1897. Mary Smith Churchill has been awarded a gold medal from a French Society, in appreciation of her work among tubercular patients, and of her efforts in establishing emergency stations in Paris, for the relief of victims of air raids and bombardments. Brigadier General Churchill has recently been made a Commander of the Crown of Italy by King Victor Emmanuel, in recognition of his great services to the Allies. As chief of the military intelligence department, he accompanied President Wilson to the Paris Peace Conference. He has just been made an Officer of the Legion by the French Government.

1897. Dr. Watson L. Wasson, husband of Pearl Randall, died in September. He was the superintendent of the Vermont State Hospital for the Insane and was an authority on mental diseases.

1898. Harriet Lord, who has been teaching in the Lawrence High School ever since her graduation from Mount Holyoke, has been a strong force for good in the school and the city. Before the United States entered the war, she organized home nursing classes under the Special Aid Society which were afterward transferred to the Red Cross, and has arranged for them ever since. She is also head of the Junior Red Cross in the school. A most important and growing work in Lawrence is the International Institute Branch of the Y.W.C.A., of which she is chairman. This is a settlement with four centers, giving helpful opportunities to young women of other races.

1898. Elizabeth Goodhue's husband, Dr. Claude M. Fuess, has returned to Phillips Academy after a leave of absence in the service. He was commissioned major in recognition of his able work in systematizing and directing the complex affairs of the personnel board at Camp Johnston, Florida. Her brother, Abbot, has been appointed by the Treasury Department one of three on an Inter-Allied Finance Committee, to negotiate loans between the United States and the Allies and neutral countries.

1898. Margaret Whittimore is supervisor of model teaching in domestic science in the College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.

†1899. Mary Marland Littleton has found plenty to do in the war activities of her city of Augusta, Ga., especially because of a soldiers' camp nearby. She has been second lieutenant of a canteen team, a member of the executive board of the local Red Cross chapter, and secretary of the Y.W.C.A. War Council and of the Augusta branch of the Women's Council of National Defense.

†1899. May Young's husband, Channing H. Cox, formerly Speaker of the Massachusetts Legislature, is now Lieutenant Governor of the state.

†1900. W. Huston Lillard, husband of Ethel Hazen, received this fall his commission as captain in the Adjutant General's Department.

†1900. Helen P. Abbott has charge of the Players House at Camp Upton, where entertainments are given for the soldiers.

†1900. In the exhibition of American artists in the shop windows of the Avenue of the Allies in New York, for the Fourth Liberty Loan, Arthur Speer (husband of Grace Chapman Speer) had a picture of the Kaiser wounding with his bayonet the crucified figure of Christ.

†1901. Evelyn Carter has this winter been taking a course in occupational therapy, in preparation for being a reconstruction aid.

1901. Helen Whitemore went to France in September as a Red Cross nurse, and has been for a part of the time at a base hospital not far from Lyons.

†1902. Mercer Mason Kemper has taken a house near Fitchburg this winter. Her address is Qualons, Massachusetts, R.F.D. No. 1. Anne Mason Gregory and her four children visited Mercer in November, and Anne and Mercer and Colonel Kemper and Lucy Ord came to Abbot one Sunday afternoon.

1902. Mr. and Mrs. Hernion H. Handy (Leonora Keeney) with their two children are living on Pineywoods Avenue, Springfield, Mass.

†1904. Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Baldwin (Helen E. Childs) and their daughter, Elizabeth, have moved from Philadelphia, and are living at 42 Cherryvale Avenue, Springfield.

†1905. Elizabeth Cole is associate editor of the *Andover Townsman*, published by her father. She is taking up the new work with characteristic enthusiasm and ability.

†1906. During the spring and summer Constance Parker Chipman was living in Chicago, where Mr. Chipman was engaged in Y.M.C.A. work. In the fall she returned to Winchester and is spending the winter with her mother.

†1906. Marjorie Bellows is living at 1654 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge.

†1906. Sarah Hincks, after a year of teaching at Mount Holyoke, has been recalled to Vassar as instructor in the English department.

†1906. Maud Sprague got up a food, vegetable and flower sale in the summer, which netted over one hundred dollars for reconstruction work in Fontenoy, France. Her brother, Arthur, in the ambulance service, was cited "for distinguished conduct in the counter attack of the Americans at Soissons".

†1907. Margaret Hall Wright's brother, Lieutenant Gordon Hall, died in September of wounds received in the fighting in the Argonne Forest.

†1907. We are very sorry to tell of the death from influenza last fall of Mr. Ellsworth Turner Rundlett, husband of Christine Wyer. Betty Wyer French and her little son are staying with Christine while Major French is in France.

†1908. Marion Allchin went to France last spring to do recreation camp work for the Y.M.C.A. She has been stationed at Lyons.

†1908. Esther Parker has gone to France to do canteen work under the Y.M.C.A.

†1909. Mary Bell Gilbert's husband, Mr. William G. McBride, died from pneumonia just three weeks after the birth of their daughter.

†1909. Florence MacCreadie has come to Bradford Academy as head of the Mathematics department. During the summer she was drill sergeant at Keewayden Camp for girls in Brewster.

†1910. Clarissa Hall has had four brothers in the service, two of whom are still in France. Merwin was wounded in the Argonne Forest, but has nearly recovered.

†1910. Edith Flynn's husband, Ensign Joseph A. Bain, has been engaged in transport service between the United States and France.

†1911. Charlotte Gowing has been doing reconstruction work in an army hospital in New Jersey.

†1911. Dorothy Bigelow is taking the course at the Boston School of Physical Education this winter.

†1911. Rev. Fletcher D. Parker of New Bedford, Katharine Ordway's husband, has been appointed to the important position of secretary and superintendent of the Boston City Missionary Society, to succeed Dr. Waldron.

†1911. Frances Pray is teaching in St. Mary's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

1911. Elizabeth Hincks is working with the Vocation Bureau of the Board of Education in Cincinnati, Ohio. She is helping Mrs. Woolley, a well-known psychologist. Part of her work is testing the mentality of children.

1911. Margaret Strong's brother, Ellsworth, a brilliant young lieutenant, was killed in action in August. He was the grandson of Elizabeth Mitchell, 1845, of Auburndale.

†1912. During the fall months Barbara Moore was at the Army School of Nursing in the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington.

†1913. Marion Martin Teeson has moved from Cambridge to New Haven, where her address until spring will be 114 High Street. Ruth Niles Thompson, 1911, is also living in New Haven at 948 Elm Street.

†1913. Esther Pickels has taken a three months' war course this year in bacteriology at the Institute of Technology.

†1913. Jane Newton Sheldon's husband was discharged from the service in December and they have returned to Minneapolis to live.

†1913. While her husband is in France, Marion Gould Smith is assisting Mr. Clark Carter, the city missionary of Lawrence, and has won high praise from him for her efficiency.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins's father, Brigadier General H. E. Wilkins, is stationed in New York, 8th Avenue and 34th Street. Margaret was in Washington in the fall working for the food administration, is now doing canteen work, and plans to give three days a week to the Greenhut Hospital for Overseas Wounded.

1913. On America's roll of honor is the name of Lieutenant Earle Billings (husband of Ruth Jenkins), who was killed in action in France last July. Ruth has gone to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, to stay with Kathie Jenkins Bubb.

1913. Elizabeth Brigham Roth's husband has come to Phillips Academy as instructor in History. They are living in Taylor Hall.

1913. Barbara Paine Morse's husband is first lieutenant in the 302nd Field Artillery and is expected home from France soon. Her brother, Lansing, was in the American Ambulance Field Service for nine months, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre in August, 1917, for his work during the Verdun attack. It was a divisional citation, so that he wears a silver star on the ribbon.

1913. Helen Gilbert has been doing canteen work evenings all through the fall, and in the daytime has been working for the Vocational Guidance Bureau of Harvard. In December she applied to the Y.M.C.A. to be sent as canteen worker to France. She passed her examination and hoped to be sent across in January.

†1914. Helen Burk is at the United States General Hospital, 6, Fort McPherson, Georgia.

†1914. Frances Dowd teaches nature study two days a week at "The Children's School" at 34 West 68th Street, New York City. She is also continuing at Teachers' College her training to be a supervisor of public school music. Her three brothers are all in the service; George and Douglas have been with the Expeditionary Forces in France, Douglas being in action on the front from July to the armistice.

†1914. Elsie Gleason, Lucretia Lowe and Lillian Conroy were all in the graduating class at Radcliffe in June. Elsie is now working at the Old Colony Trust Company on Temple Place, Boston, and Lucretia has a post-graduate scholarship at Radcliffe. Lillian has been appointed a teacher in the English department of the Salem High School.

†1914. Elisabeth Bartlett is doing Spanish Censorship work for the Government in New York. Her address is 130 East 24th Street.

†1914. Helen Hamblet is taking a course in reconstruction work in a Boston hospital.

†1914. Alice Sweeney is working this winter in the Quartermaster Department in Washington.

†1914. Katharine Selden volunteered as a nurse last summer and was assigned to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. She was summoned in October by an emergency call for nurses to Camp Humphries, Virginia, to help in the influenza epidemic. She resigned her position in December and is now studying at the Cambridge School of Landscape Architecture.

†1915. Charlotte Morris worked on a farm near Lodi, New York, last summer.

†1915. Ada Wilkey is stenographer for Mr. Brewer Eddy at 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

†1915. Eleanor Bartlett Atwater spent Thanksgiving in Andover. She is living in Maybeury, West Virginia.

†1915. Phyllis and Gwendolyn Brooks are both living at the Stuart Club in Boston. Phyllis is at the Pierce Shorthand School and Gwendolyn is continuing her work in art at Miss Child's School. Their brother, Alden, has received the French Croix de Guerre with a silver star.

1915. Lieutenant Alexander Bruce of the American Aerial forces was reported killed in action in August. He was a brother of Helen Bruce.

1915. Josephine Tonner is briefing commercial correspondence for the State Department at Washington.

†1916. Vera Allen, Edith Benson, Mary Flemming, and Gertrude Shackleton were all in the graduating class at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School last June. Vera is teaching this winter in Proctor, Vermont.

†1916. Dorothy Pillsbury is working at the Boys' Reading Club, on Tileston street in the North End. She is living with the Guttersons, 39 Kirkland Street, Cambridge.

†1916. Josephine Walker has been in Home Service work at Concord, N. H.

†1916. Agnes Grant has been elected a member of the Mathematics Club at Smith College. Other societies of which she is a member are Alpha, The Telescopian and the Physics Club.

†1916. Mildred Jenkins has charge of a lunch-room at the Technical High School in Newtonville.

1916. Dorothy Cole is at Russell Sage College, Troy, N. Y., specializing in art, and working for a B.S. degree.

†1917. Ruth Jackson is stenographer for Dr. Barton of the American Board of Foreign Missions at 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

†1917. Frances Gere's address is 535 Oak Street, Syracuse, New York.

†1917. Elizabeth Bacon is at Abbot Academy this year as supervisor of Day Scholars and assistant in the office.

†1917. Miriam Bacon is taking the nurses' training course at the Salem Hospital.

†1917. Lucy Atwood is doing Home Service work with the Red Cross in Boston.

†1917. Catherine Yeakle is doing secretarial work in Philadelphia.

†1917. Rachel Olmstead has been taking this fall an intensive course in Draughting and Mechanical Drawing at the Chandler School for Women in Boston. She is living at 14 Garden Street, Cambridge.

1917. Katherine Chen went to the Cornell Summer School at Ithaca last summer, where she took courses in analytic geometry, calculus, and an English course on Browning and Tennyson. There were eleven Chinese girls there and Katherine and two others lived together and did their own cooking. In

September she went to Syracuse for the Chinese Student Conference, and later in the month returned to Delaware. She has decided to study medicine and hopes to go to Johns Hopkins in the fall of 1920.

1917. Margaret Van Voorhis is doing girls' club work in Zanesville, Ohio, her home town. We were very sorry to hear of her mother's death in January.

†1917. Carita Bigelow has received honors for Freshman work for scholarship at Wellesley College and has also been elected a member of the House of Representatives.

†1917. Esther Hungerford has been taking the training course for student nursing at the base hospital at Camp Upton, Yaphank, New York.

†1917. Donald Emery, Doris Emery's brother, has been cited for "extraordinary heroism" in action near Dickenbush, France, August 22, 1918. "Displaying an absolute disregard of danger in caring for wounded under shell and rifle fire and a continuous cheerfulness under trying conditions, his courageous example was inspiring to his comrades."

†1917. Mary Church and Marion McPherson did emergency nursing among the poorer people during the influenza epidemic in Boston.

†1917. Cornelia Sargent is working this winter for the law firm of Channing and Frothingham in Boston.

†1917. Mildred Gilmore as a dental hygienist is with Dr. Brown at 43 Beacon Street, Boston.

†1917. Dorothy Small has been in New York this winter. She has been inspecting gas masks for the Gas Defense department on Long Island.

†1918. Of last year's college seniors, Louise Stilwell, Louise Colby and Julie Sherman have gone to Vassar, Avalita Howe, Lois Lindsay and Elizabeth Gray to Mount Holyoke, Helen French, Ruth Allen, Gay Miller and Betty Holmes to Smith, Dorothy Fairfield, Catherine McReynolds, Emmavail Luce and Mary Jepherson to Wellesley, and Margaret Speer to Bryn Mawr. Emmavail has been made president of the Freshman class at Wellesley. Avalita is captain of the Mount Holyoke Freshman basketball team. Dorothy Fairfield is class cheer leader and on the Freshman basketball team. Margaret Speer, Catherine McReynolds and Gay Miller were very ill with influenza in the fall, and Gay was unable to return to college after Christmas.

†1918. Mildred Greenough was doing canteen work last summer. She is taking a business course now. Her mother died December 9th.

†1918. Helen Robertson is working for the Tyer Rubber Company in Andover.

†1918. Katharine Righter is working in a bank in New York. She had the influenza this fall.

†1918. Marion McPherson did emergency work for the influenza this fall. She has been in Miss Bouvé's School of Gymnastics.

†1918. Mary Kunkel has been taking a nurse's training course in Philadelphia.

†1918. Natalie Weed has been doing canteen work, and is a librarian in the Associated Charities at Newburgh.

†1918. Dorothy Stalker is a stenographer in Boston.

†1918. Velma Rowell is taking a kindergarten course at Miss Wheelock's School. Her father died soon after school closed last summer.

†1918. Helen Martin is at Keene Normal School, Keene, N. H.

†1918. Marion Hubbard is taking a kindergarten course at Miss Wheelock's School.

†1918. Ruth Eaton is taking a post-graduate course at Pine Manor, Dana Hall.

†1918. Ruth Clark was hurt in a bad automobile accident and has been in the hospital most of the fall. In January she began the course at Miss Pierce's Secretarial School, where Beatrice Kenyon has been studying all the winter.

†1918. Louise Bacon and Dorothy Cutler are taking a course at Bryant and Stratton's Business School in Boston.

†1918. Virginia Vincent and Natalie Proudfit are both taking courses at Columbia University, Virginia in advertising, and Natalie in short-story writing.

†1918. Dorothy Bushnell has opened a morning school for little children at her home in Andover.

†1918. Irene Atwood has been taking a two months' Red Cross course in business at Boston University.

†1918. Katharine Pinckney is studying at the Pierce Shorthand School in Boston.

†1918. Clarissa Horton is studying at a kindergarten school in Springfield. She has a private kindergarten of forty little children to help teach.

†1918. Margaret Morris is studying organ in Philadelphia.

†1918. Elizabeth Doolin was at Russell Sage College this last fall, but had to leave because of influenza. Mary Davis was also there during the fall term.

†1918. Margaret Hinchcliffe is at Framingham Normal School, Framingham, Mass.

1918. Helen Leaycraft is in the New York State Woman's Motor Corps, stationed in New York.

Visitors

Sylvia Gutterson, †1916, Agnes Grant, †1916, Miriam Bacon, †1917, Louise Bacon, †1918, Mary Church, †1917, Eugenia Parker, †1916, Emma Stohn, †1916, Caroline Saunders Wilkinson, 1892, Amy Blodgett Moore, †1905, Irene Atwood, †1918, Elizabeth Gray, †1918, Dorothy Fairfield, †1918, Eleanor Bartlett Atwater, †1915, Adeline Perry Walker, †1890, Josephine Walker, †1916, Clara Thomson Blackford, †1901, Charlotte Fleming, †1916, Mrs. Biscoe, Helen Snow, 1918, Miss Elliott, Helen Robertson, †1918, Honora Spalding, †1902, Miss Pettingell, Miss Parkhurst, Miss King, Katrina Williamson, 1906, Katharine Odell, †1916, Ruth Farrington, †1918, Alice Littlefield, †1917, Emmavil Luce, †1918, Julie Sherman, †1918, Katherine Gage Cox, 1888, Mercer Mason Kemper, †1902, Anne Mason Gregory, †1903. Elizabeth Holmes, †1918.

Engagements

1913. Alice S. Knox to Mr. Pierce Brentwood Ellison.
1916. Irene Cora Baush to Mr. Henry Francis Hanmer.
†1918. Julie Pfingst Sherman to Ensign Howard L. Tibbetts of Winchester.
†1918. Elizabeth Holmes to Lieutenant Roy E. Wyatt.

Marriages

1892. KNOWLES—HILL. In Boston, July 6, 1918, Ella Augusta Hill to Mr. Louis Wingate Knowles. At home, 318 Tecumseh Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York.

†1901. STUDDIFORD—REED. In Belmont, August 27, 1918, Margaret Appleton Reed to Douglas Seabrook Studdiford, First Lieutenant, United States Reserve.

1912. MARJERISON—TEMPLE. In Andover, December 7, 1918, Beatrice Temple to Dr. Howard M. Marjerison. At home, 24 Prescott Street, Cambridge.

1913. FIELD—FLETCHER. In Andover, December 12, 1918, Hertha Morton Fletcher to Mr. John Howe Field, Jr. At home in Maybeury, West Virginia.

1913. MORSE—PAINE. In Durham, N. H., June 15, 1918, Barbara M. Paine to Lieutenant Adrian O. Morse.

†1914. MYERSCOUGH—CLARK. In Hot Springs, Ark., May 11, 1918, Marion Clark to Lieutenant Joseph W. Myerscough, of Andover.

†1914. SPRUANCE—WHIPPLE. In Santa Ana, California, June 12, 1918, Elsie Johnson Whipple to Doctor Horace Evans Spruance, Assistant Surgeon United States Navy.

†1915. ATWATER—BARTLETT. In Andover, August 10, 1918, Eleanor Wilder Bartlett to Mr. David Hay Atwater. At home, Maybeury, West Virginia.

†1915. SALZMAN—SHINN. June 29, 1918, Esther Sheldon Shinn to Mr. Bertrand Benjamin Salzman.

1915. WILLIAMSON—BISSELL. In Indianapolis, Indiana, November 4, 1918, Elizabeth Knight Bissell to Lieutenant George Morrison Williamson.

1915. PAGE—GOODRICH. In Marblehead, October 5, 1918, Mariette, Goodrich to Mr. William Merryman Page.

1915. BELLAWS—GILBERT. In Bolton, November 9, 1918, Dorothy Gilbert to Mr. Lyman Hubbard Bellows. At home, 40 Williams Street, Worcester.

†1916. PEARSON—GUTTERSON. In Cambridge, November 9, 1918, Sylvia Gutterson to Ensign Philip Clifton Pearson.

†1917. SMITH—DAVIS. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, July 13, 1918, Esther Kinney Davis to Lieutenant Andrew Raymond Smith, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps, United States Army.

†1917. PAEGEL—GILMORE. In Wellesley Hills, December 21, 1918, Mildred Ada Gilmore to Mr. Hollis Arthur Paegel, Lieutenant Aviation Corps, United States Army.

Births

†1900. In Cambridge, December 22, 1918, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Taylor (Constance Gutterson).

1900. In Quincy, Ill., October 2, 1918, a son, Alfred, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Castle (Eleanor Thomson).

1902. March 27, 1917, a son, William Lafayette, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Hadley (Leonora Keeny).

1902. August 29, 1918, a daughter, Eudora Denison, to Mr and Mrs. Herman H. Handy (Leonora Keeney).

†1904. In Springfield, January 15, 1919, a daughter, Ruth Childs, to Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Baldwin (Helen E. Childs).

†1909. In Denver, Colorado, November 30, 1918, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. William G. MacBride (Mary Bell Gilbert).

†1911. In New Britain, Connecticut, April 21, 1918, a son, Elbridge Noble, to Lieutenant and Mrs. Louis S. Jones (Jessie Wightman).

†1911. August 17, 1918, a daughter, Lillian Emery, to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Sagar (Lillian Walworth), of New Bedford.

†1913. October 23, 1918, a daughter, Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Patterson (Enid Baush).

†1913. In Brookline, August 1, 1918, a son, Carl Erickson, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tucker (Olga Erickson).

†1914. In Andover, June 8, 1918, a son, Judson Dean, to Mr. and Mrs. Dana J. Lowd (Wanda Dean), of Arlington.

†1914. June 18, 1918, a son, Edwin Burk, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Burk Estabrook (Dorothy Perkins).

Deaths

In Pasadena, Cal., September 11, 1918, Sarah J. Foster, wife of the late Rev. Samuel A. Rhea. She was teacher at Abbot Academy, 1857-58.

1846. In West Andover, August 14, 1918, Martha Ann Barnard, wife of the late George Russell.

1848. In Peabody, June, 1918, Lydia W. Proctor, wife of the late Rev. Isaiah C. Thacher.

1850. In Minneapolis, Minn., October 31, 1918, Lucy Ann Storrs, wife of Mr. Lloyd Barber. She was teacher in Abbot Academy 1855-56.

1855. In Wickford, R. I., October 7, 1918, Mary Alice Peirce, wife of the late Edson C. Chick.

1859. In Allston, June 1, 1918, Harriet A. Hollis, wife of the late Judge Henry Baldwin. She was the second president of the Boston Abbot Club.

1860. In Dover, N. H., December 1, 1918, Sophia Dodge, wife of Colonel Daniel Hall.

†1863. In West Medway, November 13, 1918, Lucy Fairbanks Partridge of Holliston.

†1879. In Brookline, September 29, 1918, Laura Nellie Barron, wife of Dr. John B. Brainerd. Her son, Lieutenant John, had only a short time before returned home after ten months' service in France.

1898. In Newton, October 30, 1918, Myra A. Southworth, wife of Mr. Albert S. Graves.

†1906. In Springfield, October 31, 1918, Mrs. Robert F. Day (Clara E. Castle).

†1914. In Raleigh, N. C., October 19, 1918, Margaret I. Blake. Margaret was working at the Peace Institute in Raleigh at the time of her death, and it seemed as if her life was sure to have been one of great service to the world.

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*On leave of absence from January, 1919.

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Calendar

1918-1919

1918

September 18, Boarding Students register before 7 P. M.

September 19, Thursday, 9 A. M.

Fall term begins

November 28, Thursday

Thanksgiving Day

December 19, Thursday, 12 M.

Fall term ends

Christmas Vacation

1919

January 8, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

January 9, Thursday, 9 A. M.

Winter term begins

February 1, Saturday

First semester ends

February 3, Monday

Second semester begins

March 20, Thursday, 12 M.

Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 2, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

April 3, Thursday, 9 A. M.

Spring term begins

June 10, Tuesday

School year ends

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Up to the window, open wide,
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And all is well, the battle won!
The window's shut, the task is done!
So I return to pillow's rest,
And think about my Latin test.

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I'm
terribly
lonely and
oh
so blue
Everyone
has a brother
but
me.
They're all
coming
home at
once
and I
haven't
even got
somebody
else's
brother.

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The Abbot Courant

June, 1919

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1919

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

THE
ABBOT COURANT

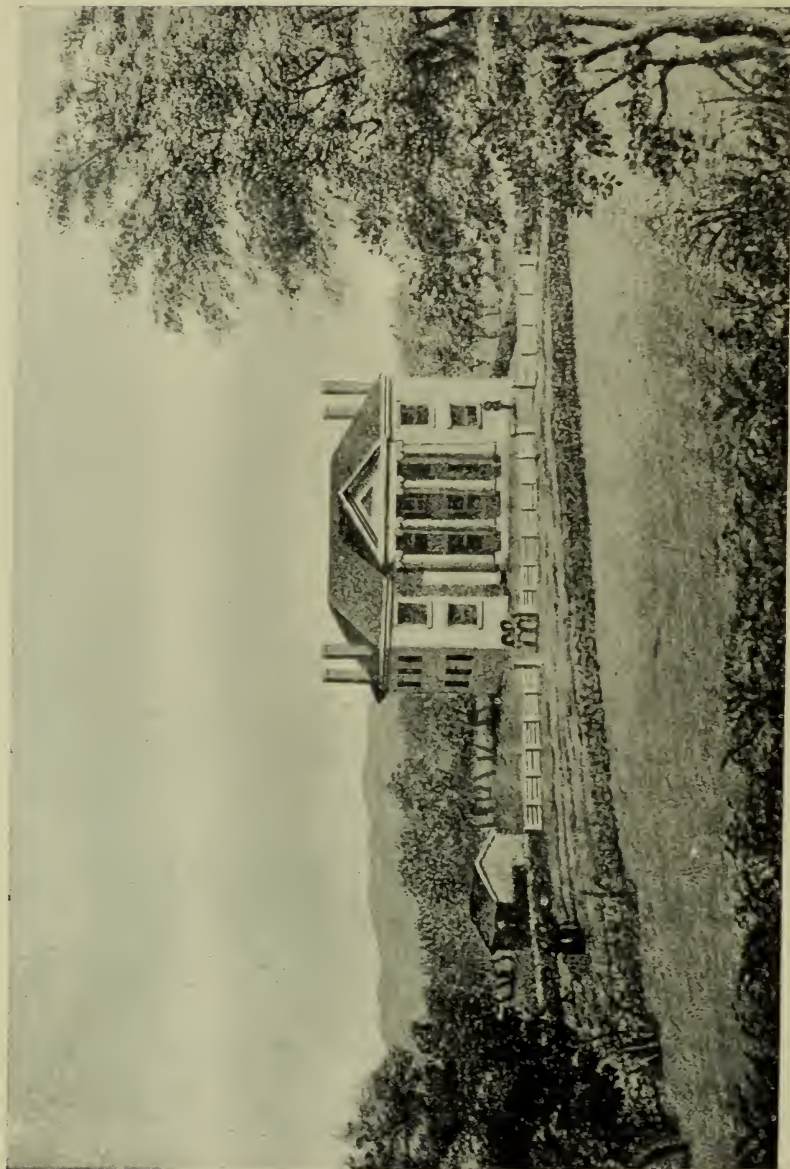
VOLUME XLV., No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1919

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The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents.
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ABBOT HALL,
About 1835

THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. XLV

JUNE, 1919

No. 2

A Desire

[Composed after the Chapel service in memory of Miss Tyler]

Life!

Filled full, full, full, and brimming over,

Love—Glory—Service—Joy—

Each day a golden ball.

And then—

Death!

At the height of all.

Death, with an up-turned face,

With Glory forever undimmed,

And ever untarnished days.

Paulina Miller, 1920

Elizabeth Tyler

[Elizabeth Stearns Tyler was born in Amherst, 1888, and was graduated from Smith in 1909, after which she spent a year studying at the Sorbonne. In 1913-1914 she taught French at Abbot; later she took her M. A. at Smith, and in 1918 her Ph.D. at Columbia. In August she went to France under the American Red Cross, and on February 21 died suddenly at Sedan, and was buried with full military honors in the little Protestant cemetery. The above poem was written immediately after the Abbot chapel service in memory of Miss Tyler.]

Those who love Elizabeth Tyler, and they are many, think of her life with mingled envy and exaltation. It was filled with such zest, such keen appreciation, such joy. There were difficulties, there were disappointments, there were problems; but what were these but stuff on which to try the force of a vigorous mentality. Each new experience was a new and high adventure. It might involve the changing of cherished plans, it might demand long and arduous toil: that mattered little, so long as, through it, life marched on and up.

She was an able and accomplished scholar, a gifted teacher, a rare friend, but best of all she was a person of distinction. The field of her thought, the work of education, the human circle that love her are bereft by her going; in all these she filled so large a place and gave promise of such rich development.

Weeks after her death, the thin volume, "*La Chancun de Willame*", that represents the strenuous effort of the last two years of her life, came from the publishers. Had she ever seen the finished book? Before the task was wholly done, she had heard the call of a larger service, the call of mercy, the need of humanity, and she was up and away, impatient to give herself in the effort to save. Nor was that work finished, when the great call came. Up! On to fresh adventure! On to nobler service!

Did we need her here? How do we know what higher tasks await a spirit so free and joyous! How do we know what heavenly service fills her heart and her soul in the larger life!

1914 — 1918

All of Hell,
And all of Heaven
Four years.

Desperation,
Desolation,
Shuddering immensity,
Despicable smallness
Of Hell.

And—
Bright, white splendor,
Merciful tears,
Intimate nearness
Of Heaven.

And after—?

Hell unconquered.
Heaven ungained.
Yet between — Earth.
And we — Alive, deepened,
Strong of ourselves
And with strength
Of those who have died —
We live, to make
This scarlet Earth
Golden.

Paulina Miller, 1920

Echoes of China

I hear them yet — those tall bamboos, rustling in the gentle breeze. I see them yet — those vast cherry orchards, not of trees, it seems, but of masses of soft petalled blossoms, pink in color, and yet not pink, but more of the roseate cream-color that makes so glorious the moment before the sun rises to greet China with yet another spring day. I hear them yet — those good old squeaky wheelbarrows, as they are trundled over the rutty road, by busy long-queued peasants, who are wending their weary way to the walled city where they hope to sell their wares, the result of patient labor through the long winter days. Here are hand-woven reed baskets, stools and all manner of wooden utensils, fantastically carved or rough hewn, as the case might be; bolts of newly dyed cloth of blue, Chinese blue, cheerful blue, in spite of the fact that it may have been stretched out to dry under the very gate of a gloomy temple court. And ah! There is a wheelbarrow full of small clay playthings, miniature idols, and dolls with stiff, unnatural faces and rigid arms, grown, as it were, to the clay body. And how do I know these toys are in the barrow? 'Tis true they are carefully covered, but listen to the kind-faced owner chatting along in his expressively intonated jargon, chatting, yes, and enjoying his long, narrow pipe, but getting over the ground swiftly, and easily balancing his load with his muscular dark brown hands. He tells of the family gathered together in the mud hut, working from morning till night on the perishable bits of clay; he tells of his opinion that the weather feels like locust weather, and at this his companions burst forth with curses, or entreaties to the gods. They know only too well what destruction is meant if clouds of locusts, creatures much like our grasshoppers, only brown, descend upon their fields. Alas! In two weeks' time not a blade of vegetation can be seen for miles around.

So as a dream comes and is gone, spring has left, and in its stead is a hot, parching season of drought and locust plagues. And when these unwelcome guests leave at last in clouds that blacken the sky, the people, patient still, plant again. But

no sooner has their crop begun to prosper than the so-called "rainy season" begins, and torrents of water, water, water, pour from the heavens, from the overflowing rivers, and the reinvigorated springs. Thus, sometimes for weeks at a time all things living, live on boats and rafts, and all things dead float on that part of the water's surface not covered with household goods.

But at last this trial too is gone, and with characteristic perseverance these patient Asiatics start again with undaunted forbearance. And soon, as if by magic, but really because of the painstaking farmer's skill and care, far and wide the fields are covered with a low bushy bean plant, browned by the hot Oriental sun. And perhaps this crop is left them, but many are the winters for which the bean crop has not been sufficient and there reigns a panic, unknown to our opulent country, that of famine. Famine! Do we realize the significance of this want — want with no relief in sight, want with no alternative but death?

And when we know of their courage through all these hardships we can but marvel at these fellow beings in the Orient. We can but marvel at their faith in those inflexible, man-wrought deities of stone and bronze. For, when the floods subside and again permit men to live on solid ground, the first thought and care is one of sacrifice and thanksgiving before the grim and hideous idols. And when the droughts become discouraging, their prayers and sacrifices to the god of rain are endless. More than this, their belief in the after life is so firm, that, as far as their hard-earned money permits, gorgeous subterranean dwellings are perfected for the out-going spirit, with carved and painted frescoes and decorations far more grand and imposing than the home above the earth.

It is hard to realize that to these people, whose every day life is a fairy tale to us, we, the people of America, are the standard of all things perfect, morally and intellectually. Those who have opportunities of progress snatch them most eagerly, throwing off the old bonds of idolatry and custom. And yet there are still thousands, living as their much esteemed ancestors lived before them, who have not seen the light, but, because of some instinct that it must be somewhere, are groping, groping in darkness. And the only light and inspiration they can find is within dusky

temple halls, lined as they are with awe-inspiring monsters, called — oh irony — called gods! And black-robed priests, with long and sour faces, kneel before the curling incense, droning out gloomy chants, long since learned by rote, and beating on hollow-sounding gourds, thus pleading for the attention of great chiselled masses of rock that are deaf and pitiless in their eternal silence.

Elizabeth M. Luce, 1919

A Victim, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-three

"Marie," exclaimed Monsieur Cartier, "At last my hopes have been fulfilled and you, my child, shall have full honor in their completion. Ah, my dear, how I have labored for this day! And now it has come and my time has not been wasted."

"Father, what do you mean? I know you have been busy lately and have been planning something big, but you have never once told auntie or me anything about it. You have not been going to church with us lately but always remain at home thinking, and Father dear, you have missed confession and communion a great many times."

"Enough! No, I do not go to your fake masses and kneel before a statue; no, I worship that which is true and not merely symbolical. I worship Reason, the supreme gift!"

"Mon Dieu, Father, you know not what you are saying. You know what the church means to me and what — what it meant to Mother. Surely you would not forsake God and Christ now"—Maria stopped and crossed herself, "Now that the state needs them so much. Just last week the terrible execution of Queen Marie Antoinette took place, and daily French people are being executed for trivial things. O my father, this is the time of all times to pray to God, Christ, the Virgin and the Saints."

"Marie, I won't hear another word from you. On November the tenth Notre Dame will be converted into a Temple of Reason and you will march in the procession of young women around the cathedral."

Her father left the room before she could find words with which to refuse him. Anyway she could not refuse him for he would force her to do his will. There was only one thing to do and that was to tell Pierre. She slipped out of the house alone, a thing which was forbidden by her aunt in these troublesome times, and ran to the cathedral. There, in that massive edifice she prayed as she had never prayed before and as she knelt the cathedral seemed to grow larger and larger and the vaults to reach higher and higher. The building dominated her feelings and an hour later when she left, she was refreshed in spirit and

strengthened by the restful yet yearning atmosphere in the dimly lighted cathedral.

She saw Pierre outside and much to her surprise he was in working clothes and looked as if he might belong to the third estate. She hurried up to him and she noticed that his face was drawn and white.

"Pierre, dear, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, Marie, except I'm helping to board over the Saints' statues because you never can tell in these days whether they will be hurt or not. But, dear, you shouldn't be out alone. Come, I'll walk home with you."

As they walked home hardly anything was said. Marie decided not to tell Pierre about her father's orders because she knew he was already worried and Pierre kept silent as he supposed she was in ignorance of the future that was destined for her own beautiful church. Marie loved only two things, her church and Pierre, but these she loved with an intensity strong enough to make up for all the other things she did not love.

The day came when the statue of the Virgin was removed from the altar. Pierre tried to stop the procedure but he was arrested by the guards who took him away as one likely to make trouble. Marie worried at his absence from her home that evening but she thought he was probably tired and unhappy over the changing of her cathedral into a temple, for he loved her Notre Dame as much as she did.

At last the fatal day came, the day when France would be de-Christianized. Marie's father was very happy and very proud. He saw that Marie looked very pretty in her white robe and then took her to where the two hundred maidens were forming for the triumphal procession around Notre Dame. Mlle. Maillard, the ballet dancer, representing the goddess of Reason took her place on the altar of Liberty where the Virgin Mary formerly stood. Everyone was happy except a few piteous souls who stayed indoors and looked through their curtains and mourned at the change.

As Marie began moving forward in the procession she overheard two girls talking about her.

"Oh, yes," said the first one. "That's Jean Cartier's daughter,

whose lover was guillotined last night for opposing the worship of Reason. She seems calm enough, doesn't she?"

"Yes," answered the second girl. "She's probably glad to get rid of such an old-fashioned churl and then she must be proud of her father. I know I —"

But Marie heard no more for she broke from the line and ran she knew not whither. Pierre dead? Ah, no, he could not be and yet they said he was guillotined, — oh! Marie felt herself losing all control of herself and she would first sob and then talk at random. How could she have consented to march in such a parade? How could Pierre be dead, how could all these things happen to her? Pierre was dead — and she had loved him so. It was this worshipping of Reason that killed him. Ah, how she hated and despised the Commune of Paris which was behind the movement. She cried aloud, "Down with the Commune!"

Some soldiers heard her sobbing and ran up to her and hearing her words of treason against the Commune one said, "Ha, ha! It is the little Cartier. She had better go join her lover."

Another said, "She's not so bad looking, a little wine would make her mighty good company. Come, let's give her a treat."

As quick as lightning Marie sprang away and ran. An officer who had been standing by the group said, "Don't let that traitor-ess escape. Shoot!"

Quickly the soldiers raised their guns and fired. Their aim was true and in this way died another victim of the year seventeen hundred ninety-three.

Kathryn Beck, 1919

A Song to the West

I sing to the open country,
I sing to the Western plain,
Where the road runs straight before you
Through the fields of growing grain.

Tall and straight, proud and straight,
Grow the fields of corn.
Tall and straight our Western men,
Proud as those same fields again
Of the land where they were born.

Wide and free, far and free,
Stretch the fields of grain,
Wide and free may souls expand,
Far beyond the prairie land,
Further than the Western plain.

Martha Morse, 1920

William Alexander, Sheepherder

William Alexander was a good man, as a great many men of Wyoming are; but he had one great fault, as a great many men of Wyoming have; and this great fault, like that of a great many other Wyoming men, was drink.

Alexander had a job now. It had been hard to get a job. The sheepman who took him to herd his sheep had looked him over before hiring him. There had been doubt in the ranchman's face when with a gesture of despair he said, "Well, I've got to have someone, I can't let that bunch of sheep run wild! I'll try you."

So here Alexander was on this cold, rainy night in September. He had done his work well and he knew it. He had promised himself never to take another drink but to-night the restlessness was upon him — the desire for drink! He tried to put the thought out of his mind by telling himself there was not any whiskey in miles of the camp.

He went to the wagon, dried himself and got his meager supper. As he sat down to eat, nothing tasted good to him so he fed most of the meal to the dog who sat beside him.

He got up from his seat on the side of the wagon and went to the door. He stood looking out of the small window into the black night. The rain had turned into sleet.

"It's a Hell of a night," muttered Alexander. "A Hell of a night for a man to go out into — God! For a drink!"

As he turned to pick up his coat his eyes fell on a bottle of lemon extract. He seized the bottle and drained it. Then he stretched himself and sighed a sigh of pleasure and relief. He turned to the door muttering again, "It's a Hell of a night — but those sheep have got to be bedded."

Then he turned to the dog, "Well, old fellow, what good are you anyway? You just go and bed those sheep." With this he opened the lower half of the door and let the dog out with a "Way round 'em, Shep! 'Way 'round 'em!" As he did this he was aware that he was wrong but that reckless spirit was upon him in full strength now. He threw himself on the bench and slept.

The next morning when Alexander awoke he was conscious that something was wrong. He went at once to look at the sheep.

As he opened the door the sunlight filled the wagon. The storm had blown over and left a beautiful day.

Alexander jumped down from the wagon and walked quickly over to where the sheep were grazing. He strained his eyes to see why they were so bunched — that wasn't natural. A few steps farther on showed him the whole story. It was a pile-up! Goodness only knew how many sheep he had killed by sending that dog out alone!

Then he saw himself. It would be the same thing over again — town, a rotten drunk, poverty and maybe a job — and that like many other Wyoming men of his class was to be William Alexander's life until he died of drink.

Catherine Greenough, 1920

Shelley — A Criticism

God has given to every human being a sense of the beautiful. This sense in some has never been aroused or encouraged so that eventually it has died. In others it has been smothered by less worthy senses and so stunted in its growth. But there are others to whom this sense of the beautiful is life and breath, whose whole existence becomes a struggle to express it in some form. Even such a one is Shelley. He throbs, vibrates with an aching realization of beauty, beauty in earth, in sky, in sea, beauty that leaves him stunned, breathless, awe-stricken. And in his works he strives one way and another, in short lines or in long, to put into something tangible that consciousness that fills his being. He throws down picture after picture, one impression after another, building a lofty pile of lovely images, colorful, delicate, exquisite. And in his anxiety to get all these things on paper, he stops not to sort them, to present them in orderly fashion, but puts them as they come to his mind. He loves his bright paints, and in his haste to use them smears them here and there, this way and that, in a riotous, dizzying confusion. Thus we see his poetry a lovely composition of mixed ideas but little more. We cannot call it great, not constructive, nor ennobling. For even as the great master presents his main subject in the foreground of his painting and blends his little side-touches into a harmonious background; or as the great composer constructs his symphony with a simple melody for a theme, using his rippling cadenzas and melting allegros as a background, an added charm to the whole, so should the great poet keep some high but single thought for his main point and use his outbursts of inspiration, his flights of fancy, merely to surround rather than to hide his theme. In this, Shelley misses true greatness, and we feel when we read him that we realize his failing. Shelley will live long as one of our most beloved poets, but he cannot be immortal.

Gwendolen Bossi, 1919

One Munitionette

Newspapers are so inconsistent. For days and days — especially war days — one may find them utterly dull and trivial. Then on some ordinary morning they may contain all the world, and leave one palpitating with hope or fear. Or after weeks of sameness they may whisper some trifle that is the key to countless memory storehouses.

Such proved an old, before-the-war London *Times* one breathless August day to a weary, slender girl in the uniform of a munitionette. The splendid courage that was her British legacy had dropped suddenly flat, leaving her no longer British, nor woman, nor anything but a terrified worn-out child, and sent her stumbling unseeingly into the friendly sunlight of an unused little room nearby. Away from the clash of the munition factory, from the ghastliness of sound, and sight, and smell, she drew a long breath and stood tense, hands tight against her eyes for a long time.

Then, a little half-sad smile curving her lips, she sat down on an old box for the moment of precious aloneness that would leave her brave and British again. And idle hands and eyes found the dusty old *Times* on top of a heap of old and new papers. There staring up at her was the face of a deeply beautiful girl. Not so much the exquisite line of cheek and chin and throat, nor the softness of dusky hair, nor even the tender, perfect mouth, gave the face its singular loveliness, but rather the charm of imperfect, mobile features, of a tiny crooked smile, of the depths of the long-lashed eyes. The faded type below said briefly, "Lady Olive Trevelyan in court dress."

The tired munitionette slowly lifted her head, to find in a cracked mirror opposite the reflection of that same face, and even the wistful, crooked smile. But the smile quivered now, and almost retreated, in spite of returning British courage. For this Lady Olive Trevelyan of 1917 was very different from the before-the-war Lady Olive. The face that she saw to-day was sadly, bravely yellow, the fresh young skin already withering, youth only in those dauntless eyes and finely smiling lips. Lady Olive

had smiled when she made her decision, had smiled during the agony of months of work with the mustard gases that had left her a "permanently disabled" British soldier, and could still smile, though she realized to the full her quiet sacrifice of beauty, youth, love, happiness, of all that is life.

The world, her dear, frivolous London world, had thought her mad when she did this thing. Sacrifice, yes. Nurse, or "Tommy Waac", or "V. A. D.", but not this ghastly — though necessary — work that would leave her yellow-skinned and hopelessly repulsive forever. That was what they all said. She was so incredibly beautiful and high-born, and wealthy, so sought-after, of the world, her life could be magnificent. She must not waste it. She smiled and agreed — and offered herself as a munitionette. She even smiled publicly as "her fair, sweet skin yellowed."

So, Lady Olive Trevelyan, munitionette, managed to laugh a little as she brushed a shining drop or two from her knee. And then she found something else in another and more recent paper. "Reported missing — Captain Fergus Stuart-Beith," it read. Wearily she drew her hand across her forehead. He too? Must she add him to the lines of ghosts that lived back of her eyes — he, the least forgettable and least known of the men who had crossed her life? Like a series of pictures she saw again — and not for the first time — their pitifully few, unforgotten meetings.

It had been in 1913 that she had come back from the continent, tired as only twenty-two can be tired, of a surfeit of clothes and fêtes and flatteries. One expected nothing really startling on the foolish little channel boats, but this time something happened. Fog, and a rough sea, the ship an old one, and then the sudden shock of a stray cruiser, the frightened pallor of faces, and the unwitting assailant had disappeared again in the fog. That was all, and the little *Dover* was left — to sink?

Olive was tired and despairing; the resulting confusion and panic strangely enough infuriated her. With head thrown back and crimson, scornful mouth, she was like a young avenging goddess; and Stuart-Beith had seen, laughed oddly, and gone to her side. Their eyes had met once, long and full, then together, with a calmness that was companionable and even amused, they

had quelled the panic-stricken passengers, and by some miracle the ship had tottered into Dover. Olive and Stuart-Beith had had one more long look, and parted. In Dover she learned that he was the son of a Scotch family whose utter poverty and indebtedness was the result of living and loving, not wisely but too well; that in his revulsion of spirit Fergus had separated from them, and with obstinate pride had lived an independent and widely-varied life. Olive wanted to see more of him, for he had left his eyes in hers too long for his strength to do anything but hold her; but in the meantime he had discovered her awful popularity and wealth, the countless lovers — of her money — that surrounded her, and his pride kept him cold and far away. This, because her eyes and her splendid, scornful youth were drawing him so.

Then she joined a gay house-party for a week of shooting in Scotland, and quite accidentally they met on a lovely, unfrequented bridle-path. As it happened, he was surveying (he was an engineer, it seemed) in a little town nearby. Her aristocratic friends frowned on her sudden interest in this unknown Scotchman, and half in annoyance Olive let herself go. With his whimsical smile Fergus did the same, and the resulting week was vital and unforgettable; until finally her nearness and dearness made him nearly forget her wealth and desirability so that his pride revolted, and he fled — angrily, reluctantly. And neither guessed that each would stay forever in the heart of the other.

In London they met later — coldly. And then the war came. Since then there had been nothing. And now — “Reported missing — Captain Fergus Stuart-Beith.”

Lady Olive bowed her head on her knees, and it seemed that there must be silence in all the world.

The munition work of course went on; and Olive Trevelyan, her beauty gone for her country, had still her beautiful, tender smile. Yet aristocracy — even war-softened aristocracy — frowned a little on her democracy of deeds, not words. And she was much alone.

And then little Scotland suddenly began celebrating, for a son had returned from Germany, from the dead. Major Fergus

Stuart-Beith told his experiences very quietly, but certain revelations were making him famous. He came up to London for the V. C., and was taken to the heart of London society. And Olive Trevelyan, munitionette, heard and thanked God — and looked in the mirror. Poor brave Olive! Her sacrifice was becoming almost unbearable.

Major Stuart-Beith was perpetually feted in London, and to confess the truth, he was bored. He was a tall, bronzed man, strong and fine-looking in his spotless khaki, but he seemed restless and ever-searching. There had been no word at all of Lady Olive Trevelyan.

It was at a convalescents' garden party and he was being prettily adored by an agreeable duchess when he chanced everything and said, "This reminds me — this enormous orchestra — by contrast, I suppose, of once when Lady Olive Trevelyan and I were the orchestra — on a comb and Jew's harp — for the dance of some small Scotch children."

"Did you know Olive Trevelyan?" inquired the duchess.

He nodded.

"Really? I suppose that poor lovely girl is one of our saddest tragedies, Major Stuart Beith."

Fergus had learned control in the last three years, and not a muscle twitched. But his voice was low and — to himself — oddly unrecognizable when he spoke. "I hadn't heard."

"No?" The duchess was pleasantly communicative. "Why, you know she was about the most beautiful thing London ever produced — and the richest." He set his lips in a grim, straight line. He knew. "And," she went on. "Early in the war she deliberately gave up all that, and went into a munition factory, and now — poor Olive! She's been there a long time, and I think she's the most hopelessly, incredibly yellow of them all. And she's simply thrown away her fortune for the war — she had no restraining family, you know. We never see her any more. I think she's one of our heroic, pathetic memories now, Major. Her life, of course, is quite ruined."

Stuart-Beith stood up very straight and tall. "You mean — that her beauty, and money, and happiness are — *gone*?"

"Why, of course," with arched eyebrows. "I tell you she's yellow and hideous. Naturally, after the war she'll come back to us, but hers will simply be one of our many war-broken lives."

"Will you please tell me where she may be found?" Fergus' eyes bored into hers and they were deeply glowing. Because of them she forgot all jesting and coquetry and gave him the address he wished.

It was rest-hour at the munition factory, and Olive stood wearily among her yellowed companions. The ghosts behind her eyes had been haunting her, and she was heart-breakingly sad — and shrinkingly yellow. When told that an officer wished to see her she languidly followed the attendant to one of the tiny rest-rooms. There were still cousins and friends who occasionally looked her up.

But the officer who slowly rose to meet her was no cousin. It was Fergus — he had found her. She caught back her shriek, and sank against the closed door for support. This time their gaze could not untangle itself for many moments. Then, "I've come back — and now I can come nearer," said Fergus Stuart-Beith hoarsely.

"You!" Olive whispered despairingly, and hid her yellow face.

"That you should have done this! Ah, but it makes you infinitely more wonderful!"

Olive looked up, piteously amazed. Why, he was *glorying* in her!

"I've come to make you marry me — immediately," he said.

"No," falteringly. "I tell you I can't marry. I'm *yellow*."

"You know you can no more help marrying me than I could help coming instantly — when I knew. You know it was because everybody wanted your money and your beauty, and your social position that my beastly pride kept me away. It was *you* I loved — always — and now I can say so. You've got to marry me — now."

"Do you know what you are saying?" But already Olive's sacrificed face was growing more deeply beautiful than ever the rose and white one had been.

"You know I do," insisted the man.

"Why — I do know it!" said Olive Trevelyan, and stepped forward to — happiness.

Paulina Miller, 1920

The Return

As those endless lines of khaki
Came swinging down the street,
The air seemed to throb and quiver
With the tread of marching feet;
Then suddenly behind those men
I saw those silent fields,
The wooden crosses, row on row,
The harvest France now yields.
And through that throbbing, throbbing sound
That filled the narrow street,
There came the pulse of a million hearts
That long since ceased to beat.

Ruth C. Hathaway, 1919

Moonlight and Music

"I'm afraid I can't quite agree with you," came the voice coolly sweet through the darkness.

"Well you just wait, and one of these days you'll be changing your mind!" I stormed.

"Oh, really," murmured the voice again, still more sweetly and still more coolly.

"Bah!" I ejaculated, too rudely, I must confess, but I was riled.

I swung off the porch and made my way down to the beach and out to the end of the pier where I seated myself and swung my white ducks in disgust. Why the mischief did Alice have to be so mean! Why couldn't she be decent once in a while and give a fellow a chance to be natural! At least while she was a guest at our cottage! I sat a while and as my thoughts cleared I became gradually aware that it was a rather wonderful night. The water was lapping gently on the sand and the moon was bright enough to light up the edge of the shore and to make a broad path of light on the bay. All of which sounds like a description of the "Beach at Waikiki". And that is exactly what it reminded me of. All it lacked was a ukulele and a Hawaiian girl. I especially needed the girl to take the place of Alice whom I was determined to forget. Hawaiian girls were always ready to do what a fellow wanted — they were real sports — at least I never heard of any that weren't.

I lay back on the pier with my hands caught under my head, gazing up at the moon and humming the strain of a once-popular Hawaiian song. I imagined how bully it would be — just a beach and one of those Hawaiian girls, and moonlight-on-the-water, and music — a thought came to me — I shouldn't be able to understand her language — but I could teach her a word or two and that would be all that would be necessary.

Suddenly I stopped humming and listened intently. Did my ears deceive me or was I hearing the very strum of a ukulele which the occasion had lacked? I raised on my elbow and looked in the direction from whence the sound came. With difficulty I suppressed an ejaculation, for there, in a patch of moonlight not

more than fifteen yards down the shore from the pier, was the swaying figure of a girl. I noted a few details and gasped. She wore a filmy gown with a dark girdle which revealed her lithe grace as she swayed in the moonlight to the rhythm of the ukulele which she was playing. She looked just like the girl on the cover of my copy of *The Hula Boola Girl*.

I stood up and quietly tiptoed along the pier to the beach, and then took a few steps along the beach in her direction. I was careful to move quietly, fearing to frighten her, but as I drew nearer I could see that her beautiful eyes were upon me and that she was smiling — just a little. In a moment I was at the edge of the patch of moonlight but her eyes kept me from coming nearer, although her lips continued to smile — just a little — and she continued to play — very softly. For a moment I was speechless with adoration. She was mine! She had come to me and her lips said that she —— Suddenly I found words.

"You fairy!" I breathed. "You darling! What has brought you so far from your island home?"

She smiled from half-closed eyes and murmured, "Moonlight and music."

Ecstasy burned within me. I yearned to clasp her lithe form and sway with it to the music of my heart. But I whispered again:

"Do you feel it too? Is it filling your whole being? Is it making you a slave to ——"

"Moonlight and music," interrupted the soft voice again, as she swayed toward me the least bit.

My mind suddenly returned to my recent contemplations. Just a word or two, I had thought,— no more would be necessary. And the words had turned out to be ——

"I love you," I choked, stretching out my arms, eager to take her.

She swayed backwards almost imperceptibly and smiling half-pityingly, her lustrous eyes shining through half-closed lids, she murmured,

"Moonlight and music."

My heart stopped beating and as I gazed fascinated, she glided slowly backward and before I had recovered sense enough

to move she had disappeared into the woods. Rubbing my hand across my eyes, I staggered across the patch of moonlight to the opening in the woods where she had vanished, but I could see no trace and the woods were so dark that I knew search would be useless.

I walked slowly back to the cottage and passing through the group on the porch without a word, I went to my room and to bed and tried to sleep. One idea was firmly fixed in my mind — she was mine and I would find her and claim her.

I rose late the next morning and the family were at breakfast when I finally started for the dining-room. I paused outside of the door as the shrill voice of my twelve-year-old brother, Jimmie, pierced my ears.

"And when they caught her she was dressed all funny with just a kind of a nightie and a sash on. They don't know how she escaped or ——"

"Oh, let me tell it!" burst in the hungry voice of Mary, my fifteen-year-old sister. "She's from the sanitorium over in Benzonia, and she went crazy two years ago when everybody was so wild over Hawaiian music. And she caught the rage and it went to her head and now ——"

The insistent voice of Jimmie again demanded attention and once more my ear-drums were pierced.

"She's forgotten how to talk and she keeps saying the same thing over and over — something about the moon shining on her fiddle ——"

"Oh, really!" came the interested voice of my friend, Alice.

And I dashed out of the house and in the direction of Benzonia, resolved to offer myself as a patient.

Martha Morse, 1919

Memories of My Childhood

Stowe! At the foot of the Green Mountains in Vermont! Shall I ever forget it? Impossible. How well I remember those cold winters when the snow was heaped up to the very windows, and the wind blew a fierce and bitter gale. How deep and cold that snow was, and how sharp and biting that wind. Five fires going night and day were not enough to keep us warm. Wrapped up like mummies we walked inside the house. If anyone spilled a drop of water on the floor, it froze immediately. We could easily have skated from room to room if there had been a flood. One winter my brother and sister and I had whooping-cough. Naturally in a climate like that we didn't get over it very soon. We stayed in bed for nearly six months. Those were long, weary days with sometimes only the frosty windows to gaze at. But there was one thing that made existence endurable for me, and that was a fascinating book by George MacDonald, *The Princess and the Goblin*. I spent long hours looking at the gorgeous, flaming color of the goblin prince's hair which was the exact color of my broth. To this day, I always think of that goblin prince when I have beef broth.

I remember queer things that my little sister did in those days. She was especially fond of chewing paper. But she seemed to have a vague idea that perhaps it wasn't *quite* the thing to do, and so she invariably ate her paper behind the piano where no one could see. It was a lamentable fact that the newest magazines were always missing, for she seemed to like best the taste of the most recent literature. She was also fond of hiding underneath the dining-room table and talking to herself. Many were the times when I came into the room and heard her little voice near my feet, "How do you do, Mrs. Pumpkin? Come right in, Mrs. Squash." Yes, those were interesting days in Stowe. And I had queer thoughts, for I was alone a great deal and liked to imagine things and make up strange stories about people. I was particularly fond of writing fairy stories in a little red book that I kept especially for that purpose. And I often made up absurd little jingles and rhymes about my play mates. I remember one about a little boy:

"Theodore, Theodore, sat at the front door,
Smoking a pipe of tobac';
Along came a spider and sat down beside him,
So Theodore ordered a hack."

And I added "Quack quack", because I thought it rhymed so beautifully with "hack". Then there was another one about "Gathering in Hay in the Month of May". A third was entitled, "Hear the Graceful Shuffle of Your Feet before the Door". Another one ran like this:—

"Once there was a little lad,
And he loved his dear old dad,
But his pa was very sad.

"His grandma was an old, old lady,
And her room was very shady;
Shady for an old, old lady.

"His mother had some hair of brown
Which made her look just like a clown,
And *never* did she tumble down."

One day there was a funeral next door. Two men came up the steps of the church carrying the gloomy coffin heaped with brilliant pink and red carnations. I wasn't near enough to see what it was that looked so bright and delicious, but I imagined that what was heaped upon the coffin was all the gorgeous Christmas candy that the man in the black box had eaten during his life.

When I was a very tiny girl, I stood outside the front door every evening and sang jubilantly, holding a little book (generally upside down). When I grew a little older and realized that it was a very ridiculous thing to do, I hid myself in the barn or in the attic and there lifted up my heart in song. Then when I went to bed at night, I played that my pillow was a piano, and sang myself to sleep. What happy days they were! I love Stowe because of them.

Julia Abbe, 1920

Curiosity Knocks

In the line of faces that swing through my mind on sleepless nights, composing the ever-shifting, ever-fluctuating circle of those known as acquaintances — one face and figure as it passes, always stimulates a tingle of sub-conscious amusement — a gaunt, black-clothed woman, a tense carriage giving her a peculiar forward tilt. In her right hand she grasps a black cotton umbrella, and from her left arm dangles a rather small, shabby, and yet distinctive black valise. There she goes across my mental street corner, precisely as she would pass my front window.

People call her eccentric; yet, in the long though intermittent acquaintance we have had, I have found no foundation for the judgment other than this: the bag and umbrella are *always* with her. To this alone can I trace her reputation for "queerness". Like little Miss Fleet and her reticule of papers, this woman is never seen without these accoutrements. But it is not conceivable that she is carrying the evidence of a law case about with her. On occasion I have known her destination to be an evening party or a boat-ride — in the most cloudless weather — yet as inseparable from her as her own long, spare nose are the cotton umbrella and the small black bag.

Instinctively one wonders — What are the motives behind that inexpressive countenance that urge this invariable observance? Can it be possible that this meek appearing woman is the perpetrator of some momentous fraud, some hidden crime? Are these unassuming, aye, plebeian articles, cloaking a deep significance? One has read of walking-canes that conceal revolvers, and jeweled hairpins that taper into daggers. An umbrella might quite easily be convertible into a bludgeon, and a handbag hide a conspiracy. Though the umbrella be all that it appears, does the black bag conceal — a bomb? or rubbers?

Surely the bottom of the matter cannot be a fear of inclement weather? It is possible that the poor lady is haunted by a strange maniacal fancy. Having been struck by a bolt from heaven in her infancy, does she seek to evade the sudden assault of rain-drops?

These suggestions are perhaps just the expressions of a curiosity-piqued brain. But how much more dreadful are the possible explanations of the cotton umbrella and the black bag!

Constance Ling, 1920

Welcome Them

Hail to them, welcome them,
A right royal welcome,
Honor and cheer them,
The boys who've come home;
Welcome them heartily, rev'rently, feeling
All they have done for us,
The boys who've come home!

Gertrude Lombard, 1919

Seasons

Singing birds. blooming flowers,
Springtime brings sun-flooded hours;
Deep blue ocean, yellow sand,
Bathers running hand in hand;
Swirling leaves, autumn breeze,
Nodding grass and bending trees;
Snowflakes falling through the air;
Bells a-jingling everywhere;
Seasons four comprise the year,
But summer's the one I hold most dear.

Rosamond Patch, 1920

"Children, Obey Your Parents"

"But, Mother, why not?" I urged. "Mary's mother let her read it and you know that Mrs. Miller wouldn't let Mary do anything that wasn't ——"

"We won't argue the matter. There are certainly other books in the library besides *Sherlock Holmes*. I do not want you to read it because I think best. We will let the matter drop."

So we did, although it dropped on the toe of a fond desire and hurt.

I joined Mary and Ethel outside and together we strolled down to the Public Library. It was only recently that Mary had run across *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and she had been so thrilled with it, and had talked of it so constantly that all of the girls had been drawn into the spirit of it. And it was a casual reference to this, dropped by me at the luncheon table, that had brought forth the firm order which had so blasted all my plans for enjoying the same thrills after Mary had finished the book.

We tripped into the library, giggling a little (I don't know why but it always makes us want to giggle a little when we go into the library; because it's so solemnly quiet, I suppose), and all went up to the desk while Mary returned her book. I had determined to get no book at all since the one of my desire was denied to me, so I stood by the desk while Mary and Ethel walked over to the shelves to look for other books. My eye wandered idly about, and happened to fall on Mary's late-returned book and with a start I noticed that it was "the" book. I didn't know that she was bringing it back so soon. I gazed with longing eyes, and as I gazed, the librarian picked it up to go through the formalities of restoring it to its shelf. As she flapped back the cover for the card, two or three pages flapped back with it and I caught a fleeting glance of a frontispiece with the lines and shading of my favorite illustrator. Mary hadn't told me that it was a new and modern edition. As the librarian was concluding her operations I considered. Mother had told me not to read the book. Her tone had suggested that I leave it alone altogether. But of course there would be no harm in looking at the illustrations.

The librarian laid the book down and I reached over and picked it up. I found the "List of Illustrations" and turned to look at one opposite page one hundred seventy-four. It was as attractive as I had hoped and it was exciting. I had really forgotten that the picture would have anything to do with the story. My eye fell to the lines of description below. They matched the picture for excitement. Almost without thought my glance shot over to page one hundred seventy-four and by some trick of fortune fell on the lines corresponding with those under the picture. My glance skimmed down the page. Without thinking I turned it and skimmed over the next. You can't imagine how exciting it was. I turned back to find the title of it and just then the girls called me.

"Hurry up!" said Mary. "I have to go to the store for mother and it's nearly six now."

For an instant I hesitated. Mother had told me that I could take all the time that I wanted, to choose a book, but that I should finish it, once I had started it, whether I liked it or not. Surely this principle would stand before any little rule for individual books, and anyway, I could just finish that one story that I was on and keep both rules — I would be finishing my story and yet I wouldn't be reading the whole book as I had been forbidden. I had the book transferred to my card and joined the girls.

The errand finished, we started home. At our walk I told the girls "Good-bye", and skipped into the house. I ran right upstairs to my room because I thought that mother might be around and I was sure that she wouldn't understand this case of having to look out for two rules at once. To make sure of avoiding any difficulties, I put the book under my pillow.

I went to bed early that night. I hadn't been able to do my lessons very well because I was so very tired. After the family had come upstairs and closed their doors I got out the book. I thought I might as well get through with it and get it off my mind, because I wouldn't be able to do a thing until I had.

I read and read and finally laid the book down, read through, just as the clock struck eleven-thirty. I reached up and turned off the light and turned over to go to sleep. But the particulars

of one especially gruesome tale kept running through my mind. It really had quite a different effect, now that the light was out and the house dark and quiet. But was the house quiet? A board creaked far down the hall, then one nearer, and one nearer still. I held my breath and my heart jumped violently. I thought of the story of the "Midnight Visitor". It had seemed rather impossible when I was reading it but now I realized how very possible and logical it was. It was an awful thought. I was sure that the creaking was coming nearer. I tried to think of what I might do. Suddenly there was a creak by the dresser and my heart skipped two beats. I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I would get mother. But — I stopped. What explanation could I give? Wouldn't she know right away that I had read the forbidden book? I knew that she would. She had instincts developed beyond most women. Another creak brought my heart into my mouth and made my eyes pop strangely open.

It wasn't until the grey light of dawn began to steal into the room that I dared to close my eyes and go to sleep.

The next morning I sought mother before breakfast and confessed that I had read the book. She looked at my bleary eyes and pale face and merely said, "Was Mother right?"

And I was to pass many another terrified night before I realized just how right she was.

Martha Morse, 1920

A Chin and Its Consequences

"But I didn't mean to, mother, I just forgot. Didn't she *know* she had a double chin? I don't see why she didn't like me to *tell* her she had one if she really knew she had one. Honestly, mother, I'm awfully sorry, but she *did* have one."

So I retreated into the back yard with the conviction that the world was made of senseless conventions. If I couldn't say anything that was so without being sent out of the room, and couldn't say anything that wasn't so without being sent to bed supperless, what could I say anyway? I threw myself down on the grass and wept. Then, like the sun after a thunder-shower, came my inspiration. I would run away. They would be sorry and hunt for me then; but they wouldn't find me. I should be gone.

Yes, that was what I would do. Hastily picking up my small six-year-old self, I started to run, but not without a glance back at the house. Just think what a good time I had had there before I had grown old and worn-out. For I was very old and worn-out at that moment. Why, there didn't seem to be any way for me to tell what I should do and what I shouldn't do. The only thing was to let people alone, and *I* wouldn't mind what I said to myself.

I ran on and on. It seemed as though I had been away from home for aeons. Here was a quiet little brook. "I will lie down here and go to sleep," I said to myself in an undertone. "But aren't there a lot of sticks and things around. Oh dear! I can't go to sleep. This is awful. I wish I had a happy home like other children. I must be an adopted child anyway. Probably I came from an orphan asylum. But mother is rather nice, isn't she? Well, I mustn't go back now. I'm going on. My, but it's cold! I wish I had my coat. I guess to-morrow morning I will eat something. I'm rather sleepy ——"

"Hello, Sulky," interrupted a big voice above me. "What are you up to now? D'you know that you're a long ways from home and you'd better be on the jump?"

It was the janitor at school, big, friendly. I got up and looked around. In a minute I came to my senses and began to imagine reasons for being there.

"Oh," I said, "I was just walking around."

He looked a little surprised, but pointed out the way home. I started off as briskly as I had started an hour earlier and by the time I was at home I had forgotten all my troubles. I remembered it sometimes and would wonder why I had been so crazy as to run away. But it wasn't very long before I forgot all about it and did the same thing over again.

Elizabeth Hawkes, 1920

A Tramp's Campaign

Weary Willy and Artful Dodger awoke from their sound sleep in the hayloft of Farmer Goodwin's barn.

"Oh hum," yawned Weary Willy. "This sure is goin' ter be a scotcher an' I ain't goin' ter work as hard as I did yisterday."

Artful Dodger broke into a loud laugh at this remark, which angered Weary Willy.

"What yer laughin' at? Guess yer hain't done much the last week yerself, an' didn't I ride a hundred miles hangin' onter a freight train and had ter keep awake all that time ter keep from fallin' off?" Weary Willy was fond of sleep.

Artful Dodger laughed. "What yer goin' ter do terday? Chaffeur goin' to call for yer at nine o'clock an' take yer ter the club fer breakfast?"

"Oh, yer think ye're funny," retorted Weary Willy, who evidently felt the need of his breakfast.

"Well," said Artful Dodger, "I know what I'm goin' ter do fust thing. There's a swimmin' pool over there behind them bushes an' I'm goin' ter take a swim, then I'm goin' over ter that field where I see a scarecrow what's wearing a much better suit of clothes than I'm wearin', an' I'm goin' ter offer ter swap, an' if he don't give 'em to me I'm goin' ter pitch him over."

"Well I tell yer," replied Weary Willy, "I'm goin' ter git some feed first thing."

"Where der yer think yer goin' ter git it? 'Spect the maid ter bring it up ter yer on a silver tray?"

"Well, if yer won't be so terribly smart and fresh, I'll let yer in on my breakfast. By the smell they're cookin' doughnuts 'round here an' I'm goin' ter happen round by the pantry window jist 'bout time they're coolin' off. Then I'm goin' out by that field an' try me hand at milkin' a cow. By that time I think I'd better be startin' or they'll discover the loss of their doughnuts an' set the dog after me."

Immediately they set forth, Weary Willy and Artful Dodger getting their prey without being caught; and then they started forth on their day's journey.

At some places they were forced to chop wood and work for their food (which was much to Weary Willy's dislike). At other places they received food without any work, but at still others they were sent away with harsh words and no food.

Thus the day went on for the tramps. They were favorably and unfavorably received; and at nightfall they met at an appointed place to talk over the result of their day's work, and to plan for the morrow's campaign:

Elizabeth Flagg, 1923

Editorials

ABBOT ACADEMY—NINETY YEARS AFTER

Ninety years ago, Abbot Academy was founded, in the fear of God, in a belief in the power of enlightened womanhood, in reverent recognition of the immortal destiny of the human spirit. Its very beginnings were marked by dignity, decorum, fitness. The school building was built to endure, adequate, appropriate, beautiful. The courses outlined were planned for the discipline of the mind and the upbuilding of character: the merely showy and superficial was forever barred.

In the years since, the school has grown in numbers and in material equipment. In Abbot Hall, where seventy happy girls gathered on that May morning so many years ago, there are now one hundred and seventy girls — still happy ones. The one acre on which the original building stood has extended to twenty-five or thirty. Instead of the single building then belonging to the school, the school property now includes sixteen, not all in use for school purposes. The curriculum has seen many changes and modifications, most notably, perhaps, the recognition of college preparation as a part of its work. The trustees, teachers, and students who so joyfully initiated the undertaking and many of those who followed them have served their day and generation, and have passed on to a larger service.

Yet in the school as it stands today, the past is still a living power. Though educational methods have seen great changes through the intervening years, and the school-room routine of ninety years ago might seem to us primitive, the work of the school today has not outgrown nor can it ever outgrow the inspired vision of its founders. Still the thought in extending the material equipment is permanence, adequacy, dignity, beauty; still the keynote of the school life is simplicity, courtesy, and gracious friendliness; still the purpose of those who teach is to inform the immortal mind, and to form the character for an immortal destiny.

Abbot girls have carried the memory and the love of Abbot Academy around the wide world, and wherever the loving memory of the Abbot fellowship is cherished today, thought is truer, hearts are warmer, life is nobler because of it.

Let us then, this anniversary year, give thanks anew for those who, so many years ago, laid here such fair and strong foundations, and let us anew pledge ourselves to untiring effort to build upon them the school of which they dreamed.

B. B.

In this ninetieth year of our school we are very glad to have as president of the Alumnae Association one of the most loyal and beloved of old Abbot girls. In writing to the COURANT about her memories of Abbot she says:—

"Should I write all that is dear to me of Abbot Academy days, the whole COURANT could not contain it. Just now the spring-time is strong in my memory. Although each season of the year has its own peculiar charm, springtime is especially lovely with flowers everywhere. Wonderful violets on what used to be Abbot Meadow, now Brothers Field; the columbines about Rabbit Rock Pond; the bird-foot violets in the field along the old railroad; the Indian pipe about Pomp's Pond; the lupines on the hill near the South Church; the pitcher-plants along the Shawsheen, and many varieties of violets and little bluets everywhere — all telling their story of joy and gladness in the sweet perfume of just plain happiness and the delight of simply being alive. The hills, the trees, and the flowers of Andover, bright in a sunshiny day, or misty with branches and leaves heavy with rain, make a wonderful stage for the perpetual drama of friendship acted at Abbot."

Abbot. What does the name mean to us? Merely a school, a place in which to study and play, a group of orderly buildings and well-kept lawns, a place where we were sent to learn to grow up? Perhaps once when first we came here it meant something like that. We wrote enthusiastically to our friends, "My dear, it's a heavenly place and I'm crazy about it!" with entire sincerity and truth. Now we do not say we are crazy about Abbot. The expression sounds flat and meaningless. Our first feeling has changed to something deeper, finer, more serious. We have learned to know the meaning of the name of our school, the meaning of its history, of all the lives that through ninety years

of love and service have held high ideals of noble womanhood. The past comes over us in a mighty sweep and carries us forward in spite of ourselves. And, conscious of the power and strength of that sweep of years, still we know that we, we today, hold in our hands the destiny of all that those in the past have striven for. We are but a tiny part of it all, but if we fall down we rob the girls of ninety years from now of a beautiful heritage. Dare we do it? Dare we take from those other Abbot girls that which has been so much to us? No; we cannot. May we ever be worthy to call our own this Abbot, the Abbot that we love!

We are all welcoming home from France our personal friends and seem to forget the terrible, long months of war when we see these "boys" again. But in our own personal happiness we ought not to forget a friend of the school who went across to help the boys whom we know. For Abbot has been well represented at the front by a trustee of the school, Mr. Markham W. Stackpole.

Mr. Stackpole went to France early in the war as a chaplain in the American Army and he was there until the armistice was signed. In doing the work of a chaplain, Mr. Stackpole has been doing one of the hardest, yet the most necessary, of the many things to be done overseas. Through everything an army chaplain must be patient and cheerful. He must keep high the morale of the men. It is not necessary to say that Captain Stackpole has been greatly successful in his work, and comes back with a rich experience.

Without the work of the army chaplains and the Y. M. C. A., all the strategy of the generals, and all the diplomacy of statesmen would have been useless — their work was to keep before each boy individually the purposes of the war and the high ideals for which we were fighting. Without this personal attention to the soldiers themselves the whole body of the army would have collapsed. While we rejoice in the return of our friends, we must realize that they are unchanged and cheerful not entirely by their own effort, but by the steadfast courage and determination to win that these army chaplains have given them. And Abbot is rightly proud that she has had a representative in France so well able to show what we all are trying to live up to here at Abbot.

Since the influenza we have had the epidemic habit. Things came in waves. At Prom time it was marcel's; at Easter, capes of many effects, although of one business-like color — that of the navy. Now come the joys of childhood, and one by one, blushing-ly or boldly, according to temperament, we wander back to the days of socks and dancing school — via the barber shop — and appear with bobbed hair. This necessitates the blithe behavior of a five-year-old; so perhaps, after all, Spring is not responsible for the recent gamboling and frisking of light-hearted Abbot girls on the pleasantly spring-like Abbot campus.

We are living at the present time in a crisis in the history of the world. We have now behind us long ages of suffering and bloodshed. But we are to decide in the next few months whether this slaughter is to go on indefinitely or is to give place to a peace that will live, to a peace belonging to every man individually, not to a kingdom or an empire, to a peace to be used for the welfare of each man, not as a period of preparation for the next war. It is for such a peace that our brothers have fought in France and it is for us to give it to them.

But however fine the terms of this compact are, and however great the ideals of the men who sign it, this treaty will be as nothing if the people of the future are not ready to take up the work where we leave it. The only way by which to leave this message with the men and women of the next generation is through the children now in our elementary and high schools.

Thousands of the boys and girls of New York City come to the city high schools every day under the Compulsory Education Law. These are mostly foreigners, anarchists, and atheists. They do not know what they want except that it is something different from that which is starving them and their families now. In place of a better idea they have accepted Bolshevism. Led on by the narrow-minded followers of Trotsky and Lenine they are converted completely to the principles of destruction. Teachers who are conscientious and patriotic try to show these young Bolsheviks the terrible results of anarchy; but the pupils refute their arguments by invectives that will stand no idle contradiction, arguments brought from Germany and Russia. Many



THE BEGINNINGS OF HOCKEY AT ABBOT

an excellent teacher has handed in his resignation because his class has maintained a steadfast opposition to the purchase of Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps.

The only way to bring about the needed change is to have instructors who understand their pupils and can gain their respect by having the courage of their own convictions. You may say, "Why, I can't teach; I'm not a scholar." But you are wanted; assuredly as there is a call for missionaries to teach the heathen Christianity, there is a call for strong men and women to teach the boys and girls of New York City the right way to freedom. If you do not want to see this country a second Russia, it is for you to lead on the boys and girls who are to take up the work of peace where we leave it.

Now that the war is over and we are returning to normal times again, we ought to consider the question which is on the lips of many lovers of hockey at Abbot. Why can't we have a new hockey field?

Possibly the greatest reason why we need a new hockey field is because of the greater esprit de corps which would be added to the school. Since our present field is several yards under size and of a very uneven surface, some girls object to going out for this our greatest sport. It is true that without the necessary instruments or apparatus it is hard to succeed in a profession, or to get real benefit from an undertaking. It is the same way in recreation; with a hilly hockey field which is too short, the girls can't get the most good out of hockey.

An objection which will be raised against the field will be the expense. That is quickly put aside when we consider that two years ago a Hockey Fund was started by the girls, and that now there is more than eight hundred dollars in the bank waiting to start work on our new field. Two thousand dollars could easily be raised by the girls who are here now and by those who loved hockey when they were here, and this would certainly be enough. For example, at Radcliffe a short time ago, a field was laid out for nine hundred dollars. At Milton, for only two thousand dollars a splendid athletic field was made out of a pasture. This field includes a hockey field, a football field, and a baseball

diamond. Surely a contractor could be found somewhere who could make us a field for a reasonable price. So we see that it isn't a case of lack of funds.

Every other year the Abbot girls go to Bradford to clash on the hockey field. Is it really fair that our girls should have such a disadvantage? Bradford has five wonderfully laid-out fields. Shouldn't we have one good one? The answer given to this argument is that we don't go to Bradford to win the game. It isn't right; we do go to win. Competition is one of the greatest things in the world, and we couldn't get along without it. Of course, to win the game isn't everything — not at all — but to have the real true sportsman spirit we should at least have a chance to win.

The ninetieth anniversary brings forth many memories and much gratitude, and together with that which has long been known and expressed comes occasionally an appreciation of something newly discovered. For instance, we have all been thankful for Miss Chickering in one way or another, and we have all had involuntary gratitude for basketball; but we have never connected the two. And yet twenty years ago, this school had no Miss Chickering, and only a feeble imitation of basketball. Imagine the horror of Miss Chickering, Bryn Mawr graduate, but still more important, member of the star Bryn Mawr basketball team, when she arrived at Abbot Academy, and witnessed a basketball game down by the old oak! A puzzled crowd of girls clad in long and voluminous skirts were tremblingly kicking the basketball about, under the direction of a young "Theologue" who had kindly volunteered to coach. In the background on the fence hovered the youth of Phillips Academy, watching with interest and, one fears, ironical applause. And the member of the star Bryn Mawr basketball team saw, gasped, and set to work to instruct, encourage, coach, and properly clothe that team, and in the course of five years made basketball what we now know. The teams of today should be profoundly grateful to the first basketball coach.

Is there not a tendency now to neglect the smaller courtesies of life? I wonder how many of us are thinking of the comfort of

other people before we think of our own enjoyment or ease. We are now living in the low-water mark of manners. In the last four years we have been working strenuously and earnestly for the cause of humanity, and we have been working so assiduously that our manners have been lost in our pursuit of other things. Moreover, while we are polite and thoughtful on special occasions, how about our everyday lives? Is not our family life as important as our social life? Emerson says that a beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures, it is the finest of the fine arts.

Here at Abbot we live in a little world of our own, and our means of knowing what is going on in the outside world is through the newspapers. We have seen the war through the newspapers, and now we are trying to find out about the great after-war problems through the same medium. Trying vainly, we fear. Reports are spread, denied, re-corroborated. Headlines are misleading. Imagine the condition of our minds as we conscientiously read the newspapers and believe everything we read!

Education consists of so many things. We are proud, we of the present day, and feel ourselves on the way to being educated. We not only comprehend Civics, and can penetrate to the depths of the mind after Ethics — or is it Psychology? — nor yet is Latin, even unto hexameters, our only talent. We proclaim it aloud — we can sew! Our Seniors have spent hours for Household Sciences over the baby dresses that comprise all conceivable kinds of sewing. They tell us so themselves with a just pride. We should be utterly awe-stricken were it not that we little lower classmen have done a few things in that line ourselves. Witness the pink and lavender and yellow organdies, the giddy plaids of trim gingham, the tilt of organdie hats. Needles and clever fingers have been busy and successful lately, and the results are enchanting.

We are most fortunate this spring to be able to have an exhibition of Joseph Pennell's war lithographs at the John-Esther Art

Gallery. During this war the artists of this and other countries have done much to create a great tide of helpful public opinion by their patriotic posters, cartoons and lithographs. Joseph Pennell has made about one hundred large lithographs recording our industrial, military and naval preparations. The exhibition here includes his Fuel and Food Series, British War Work and American War Work series. Lithography, which has been used so much during this war, is a most interesting process. A design or drawing is made on a grained stone with a greasy crayon or upon polished stone with ink in such a way that impressions may be made from them. The principle upon which it is based is the antagonism of grease and water. These lithographs of Joseph Pennell's are not only extremely interesting, but they are very beautiful drawings.

The Ninetieth Anniversary

PART I

ORGAN

Allegro	Handel
Minuet	Handel
Sarabande	Zahn

PROFESSOR ASHTON

COMMEMORATION

The Founding of Abbot Academy

MISS BAILEY

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER

REV. CHARLES H. CUTLER, D.D.

ALMA MATER SONG

SUNG BY THE ALUMNAE AND STUDENTS OF ABBOT ACADEMY

PART II

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES

MRS. EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON KENNEDY

Viola from "Twelfth Night"

Act I, Scene 5

Act II, Scenes 2 and 4

Juliet from "Romeo and Juliet"

Act II, Scene 2

ORGAN INTERLUDE — Scherzo

PROFESSOR ASHTON

Rousseau

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES

MRS. KENNEDY

Portia from "The Merchant of Venice"

Act III, Scene 2

Rosalind from "As You Like It"

Act III, Scene 2

Act IV, Scene 1

EPILOGUE

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

- 12 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Uselessness of Leadership unless it is for service
- 14 Senior-Middle Sleigh-ride.
- 18. Concert. The Longy Club.
Chapel. Rev. Charles R. Brown: The necessity of love and kindness in life.
- 21 Senior-Middle play.
- 25 Hall Exercises. Miss Chickering: Territorial questions before the Peace Conference.
House-warming of the Draper Homestead.
- 26 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The revival of religion through the spirit of love.
- 30 Mid-year examinations begin.

FEBRUARY

- 1 Abbot Luncheon at Hotel Vendome, Boston.
- 2 Chapel. Rev. Clark Carter: Labor Conditions in Lawrence.
- 3 Senior trip to Intervale.
- 4 Day scholars are guests of Miss Kelsey at dinner.
- 6 The Seniors return.
- 9 Chapel. Dr. John Timothy Stone: Neglect not the gift that is in thee.
- 11 Skating at Pumps Pond.
- 12 Lincoln Day Celebration. Reading by Miss Morgan.
- 15 Concert. Felix Fox and Adeline Packard.
- 17 Miss Pendleton: The Value of Intellectual Curiosity.
- 21 Phillips Promenade.
- 21-23 Washington's Birthday recess.
- 23 Chapel. Miss Sears: The Americanization Work in Lawrence.
- 25 English V plays presented.

MARCH

- 1 Abbot Dance.
- 2 Chapel. Miss Bailey said a few words in memory of Miss Elizabeth Tyler, a former member of the Abbot faculty.
- 4 Violin recital given by Edna Dixon, assisted by Ethel Dixon.
- 8 Concert. Mrs. Hudson Alexander.
- 9 Chapel. Miss Wiggin: Work of the Consumers' League.
- 11 Senior play.
- 14 Lecture. Dr. Kenyon: The Emotions.

- 15 Lecture. Dr. Kenyon: The Emotions.
- 16 Chapel. Miss Bailey: A short prayer meeting.
Northfield meeting.
- 20 School closes for spring holidays.

APRIL

- 3 School begins.
- 4 Vesper Service. Miss Bertha Harlan.
- 6 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Opportunities for immortal life on earth.
- 8 Violin recital. Miss Nichols.
- 9 Vesper service. Miss Bertha Harlan.
- 13 Chapel. Miss Mabel Emerson: The Significance of Palm Sunday.
- 15 Plays written by members of Odeon Society.
- 18 Vesper service. Miss Harlan.
- 20 Easter Service.
Rev. Ralph Harlow: Conditions in Turkey.
- 23 Ninetieth Anniversary of the founding. Mrs. Edith Wynne Matheson
Kennedy: Interpretation of Shakespeare's Heroines. Reception.
- 25 Parade of the 26th Division in Boston.
- 26. Chapel. Dr. Robert E. Speer: The Deepening of Religion in our
Soldiers.
Miss Bailey spoke at the New York Abbot Club.

MAY

- 1 May Breakfast in Town Hall.
- 2 Exhibition by classes in Rhythmic Expression.
- 4 Mrs. Otis Carey: Japan.
- 7 Trip to Nahant by Geology Class.
Trip to Wellesley by girls who are going there next year.
- 10 Recital of Molière's play, "L'Ecole Des Maris", by Madame Bing.
- 11 Chapel. Rev. J. Edgar Park: My Experiences in Army Camps in this
Country."
- 13 Miss Means spent the night at school.
- 14 American History class goes to Boston.
Senior-Middle banquet.
Senior class invited to tea by the Bradford seniors.
- 15 Miss Amelia Tileston: War work in Serbia.
- 17 Hall Exercises: Recital by the Vocal Department.
- 18 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Call of God.
Organ recital.

Commencement

The Commencement Exercises will be held from June 8 to June 10.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. David Brewer Eddy of Boston, and the commencement address by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, of Boston.

The Draper readers are: Joyce Gertrude Graham of Spring Green, Wisconsin; Katherine Olivia Kinney of Albany, New York; Elizabeth Stewart of Chicago, Illinois; Martha Elizabeth Morse of Kewanee, Illinois; Catherine Greenough of Dallas, Wyoming; Elinor Katherine Sutton of Andover, Massachusetts.

ACADEMIC SENIOR CLASS

Ruth Evelyn Alley	<i>East Lynn</i>
Elizabeth Armstrong	<i>Buffalo, New York</i>
Kathryn Atkins Beck	<i>Wayland</i>
Marea Miller Blackford	<i>Findlay, Ohio</i>
Ethel May Bonney	<i>Brookline</i>
Mary Ethel Brewer	<i>Worcester</i>
Gretchen Baker Brown	<i>West Somerville</i>
Marion Chandler	<i>New Gloucester, Maine</i>
Louise Rice Clement	<i>Belfast, Maine</i>
Katharine Spellman Coe	<i>New York City</i>
Charlotte Harvey Copeland	<i>Newton Centre</i>
Margaret Hamilton Dane	<i>Kennebunk, Maine</i>
Catherine Hancox Danforth	<i>New London, Connecticut</i>
Helen Aldrich Dole	<i>Lawrence</i>
Jennie Marr Dunaway	<i>Virginia, Illinois</i>
Cora Jeanette Erickson	<i>Brookline</i>
Dorothy Elliott Evans	<i>Andover</i>
Grace Murdock Francis	<i>Andover</i>
Gladys Mildred Glendinning	<i>Lawrence</i>
Harriette Harrison	<i>Lakeville, Connecticut</i>
Ruth Carter Hathaway	<i>North Wilmington</i>
Grace Myra Kepner	<i>Monett, Missouri</i>
Doris Knights	<i>Worcester</i>
Dorothy Beulah Korst	<i>Janesville, Wisconsin</i>
Grace Harriet Leyser	<i>New York City</i>
Thelma Elizabeth Mazey	<i>Newark, Ohio</i>
Virginia Edwards McCauley	<i>Canandaigua, New York</i>
Elizabeth Caldwell Newton	<i>Brookline</i>
Marian Maude Nichols	<i>Hampton, Virginia</i>
Dorothy Shapleigh	<i>Andover</i>
Dorothy Tibbs	<i>Springfield</i>
Dorothy May Williams	<i>Scranton, Pennsylvania</i>
Edith Elizabeth Wright	<i>Moline, Illinois</i>
Helen Thornton Wygant	<i>Newburgh, New York</i>

COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR CLASS

Gertrude Bowman	<i>Albion, Illinois</i>
Gwendolen Bossi	<i>North Adams</i>
Mary Vail Button	<i>Brandon, Vermont</i>

Margaret Fuller Clark
 Irene Fulton Franklin
 Mildred Harriet Frost
 Margaret Thornton Greeley
 Eva Josephine Hamilton
 Jane Carpenter Holt
 Muriel Archibald Johnson
 Helen Dorcas King
 Helen Turnbull Locke
 Gertrude Louise Lombard
 Elisabeth Middleton Luce
 Mary Frances Martin
 Marion Gladys Merrill
 Frances Moses
 Hazel Kathreen Noyes
 Nadine Elizabeth Scovill
 Julia Elizabeth Sjostrom
 Gertrude Ellen Stark
 Eleonore Kimbel Taylor
 Dorothy Morrison Tyler
 Margaret Eliza Worman

North Andover
Andover
Lawrence
Nashua, New Hampshire
Toledo, Ohio
Andover
Andover
Springfield
Chencho, Hunan, China
Haverhill
Shanghai, China
Warner, New Hampshire
Portland, Maine
Andover
Chestnut Hill
Waterbury, Connecticut
North Andover
Ballardvale
New Rochelle, New York
Newburgh, New York
Westport, New York

SPECIALS

Geraldine Murray
 Caroline Pease Richardson
 Harriet Burt Sanford

New York City
Janesville, Wisconsin
Glen Ridge, New Jersey

Lectures

On Wednesday afternoon, February the twelfth, Miss Bertha Morgan gave a reading in the McKean Rooms. She read "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida Tarbell. By her wonderful interpretation she made Lincoln seem real to us and we felt as if his presence dominated the room. We acquired a great deal of knowledge about Lincoln's character and personality and realized more than ever before how great a friend he was to everyone. We shall always be grateful to Miss Morgan for the pleasure she gave us and for bringing Lincoln closer to us.

On Monday evening, February seventeenth, President Pendleton of Wellesley College spoke to us in Davis Hall. Her subject was, "The Value of Intellectual Curiosity." She said that it was curiosity that enabled one to learn and that it was at the bottom of all the wonderful inventions in science and of all the great things in the world. Intellectual curiosity is of great value to us, not only in our school life but at all times, as it increases our knowledge and develops our resources.

The next morning President Pendleton gave a short address at chapel on "Why Go to College?" Her talk was so convincing in regard to the opportunities of college work and college life that the girls who were undecided whether to enter college or not now decided to go if they possibly could.

Miss Harlan, secretary of the Northfield League, led three of our Lenten services. She chose as her subject, "How Christ Affects Us in Our Everyday Life." Her three talks were given under the headings, "Jesus as a Friend," "Jesus as a King," and "Jesus as Rabbi."

Wednesday, April 23rd, Abbot simultaneously celebrated its ninetieth anniversary, and the three hundred and fifty-fifth birthday of William Shakespeare. We were fortunate in having with us that day Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy (Edith Wynne Mattheson) who more than ever impressed us with the loveliness of Shakespeare's heroines in her dramatic readings from "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "As You Like It." Dressed in flowing, shimmering draperies of blues, greens and browns, veiled with gold, Mrs. Kennedy nevertheless looked and was each of the four most beloved and very different heroines: a wistful, deeply devoted Viola; a Juliet all youth and innocence and love; a Portia of strength and also of submission; and a Rosalind that became more and more one of our favorite characters. After the delight of the afternoon we realized that we knew Shakespeare better than ever before, also Mrs. Kennedy, and above all the spirit of all womanhood for which she stood.

Mrs. Charles M. Fletcher, who as Miss Sally Utter was the gymnasium teacher in this school for a few years, has just returned from France where she has been engaged in important war work. She was here for a few days in April and spoke to us one morning in chapel. She told us a great deal about her experiences in the hospitals near Brest. Her work was to massage and to help the convalescing soldiers who had lost the use of their muscles. She had a fine idea of the spirit and courage of our American boys and made us feel proud of them.

We were all very glad of an opportunity to hear Madame Suzanne Bing read one of Molière's plays. She chose "L'École des Maris," and although we didn't understand it very well, her interpretation was so fine that we couldn't help feeling as though we really did understand the French. Before she began to read, Madame Bing told us a little about the work of the *Theatre du Vieux Colombier* in New York. This theatre has been presenting the best kind of French plays to the American public, in order to give the Americans a real idea of the spirit of the French. Madame Bing, in reading to us, gave exactly what she has been playing in the city, so that we felt as though we had heard her in Paris. All through the play she gave us an interpretation which made us forget that she was speaking in a foreign language.

Miss Amelia Tileston, who is Miss Chickering's cousin, spoke to us in chapel on May fifteenth. Miss Tileston has been in Serbia for the past two years doing important work among the soldiers. She cared for many wounded and rendered valuable service in numerous ways. She told about the Albanian retreat and of the horrors accompanying that retreat and then of the famous charge of the Serbians, which resulted in the glorious victory over Bulgaria last October, and caused that country to seek an armistice. She kept close behind the army and went through the devastated country. She was very enthusiastic about the Serbs, with whom she has been constantly, and said that Bulgaria's defeat was due largely to the courage of the Serbian army. We all gained a great deal of knowledge about the Balkan States, and feel as if we understood them better. Two hundred and thirty dollars was raised in the school and given to Miss Tileston for Serbian relief work.

Concerts

The first concert in our annual course was a recital given January eighteenth in Davis Hall by the Longy Club of Boston. This ensemble consists of six foundation instruments of the symphony, the flute, clarinet, bassoon, oboe, violin and cello. M. Longy himself, is an artist of international repute with his own instrument, the oboe, and the other members of the club are all well-known as musicians of the first order. This concert, besides being a most delightful musical treat, gave us an unusual opportunity to study individually instruments that were little known to us, so that we can now listen to the symphony with more intelligent and appreciative pleasure.

On Saturday afternoon, February fifteenth, it was our privilege to hear a recital given by Mr. Felix Fox, the noted pianist, assisted by Miss Adeline Packard on the viola. Miss Packard is well-known in Boston, where she does much ensemble work. Her tone is rich and true and her interpretation, especially of the Lefebvre Caprice and La Chambor d'Hervelois, was most interesting. As an accompanist Mr. Fox was sympathetic and able; as a soloist he showed himself an accomplished musician. His rendering of the Chopin and Liszt numbers was unusually effective.

A concert that we enjoyed perhaps more than any other was Edna Dixon's recital on March fourth. We have all heard Edna play many times before, but until we heard her for a whole evening we didn't realize what possibilities were in our midst. Each number was exquisitely done and the whole program carried out with skill and understanding. Ethel Dixon, besides accompanying the violin, gave two selections on the organ that were very cleverly interpreted. Abbot is justly proud of her two musicians and hopes to hear more of them in the future.

On Saturday afternoon, March eighth, Mrs. Hudson Alexander, assisted by Mr. Hugh Alexander, gave us a recital in Davis Hall. Her program opened with two groups of songs by Americans of the Revolutionary period which have been recently discovered and harmonized by Mr. Harold Milligan of New York and Mr. Samuel Endicott of Boston. These songs are of great interest, as they prove that there was music both written and sung by people of this country at that time. Mrs. Alexander also sang skillfully a number of other more modern songs by foreign writers and altogether gave us a most enjoyable afternoon.

We always look forward with great expectation to Miss Nichols' recital and we are never disappointed. This year she came to us on April eighth and gave us an unusually interesting and varied program. We liked every number but were especially delighted with the Wienawski Tarantelle and an odd little Irish jig by Scott, for whose peculiarities Miss Nichols felt it necessary to apologize. The whole evening was most delightful and we hope to hear Miss Nichols again next year.

On Saturday afternoon, May 17th, a recital of Miss Bennett's pupils, assisted by Glee Club and the String Quartet, was held in Davis Hall. We always await this occasion with expectation, for it is a unique pleasure to hear a concert given entirely by our own schoolmates. This year we were surprised by the presence of several new voices on the program besides those that we knew of old. The Glee Club, with its usual life and vim, and the String Quartet added much, and altogether the afternoon was a great success.

Plays

The Senior Middle Class presented "The Elopement of Ellen" by Marie J. Warren in Davis Hall on Tuesday evening, January twenty-first.

The cast:

RICHARD FORD, <i>a devoted young husband,</i>	Paulina Miller
MOLLY, <i>his wife,</i>	Catherine Greenough
ROBERT SHEPARD, <i>Molly's brother,</i>	Hope Allen
MAX TEN EYKE, <i>a chum of Robert,</i>	Virginia Miller
DOROTHY MARCH, <i>engaged to Max, a guest at Mrs. Ford's</i>	Martha Morse
JUNE HAVERHILL, <i>Wellesley, '06, who is doing some special investigation for economics courses during the summer</i>	Edna Dixon
JOHN HUME, <i>rector of St. Agnes,</i>	Julia Abbe
Directed by: BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN	
Stage Manager: LEONORE WICKERSHAM	
Property Manager: CATHERINE GREENOUGH	

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

Ellen, the much-prized maid of Mrs. Molly Ford, a young and inexperienced housekeeper, elopes with the coachman on the eve of the arrival of two guests, Max Ten Eyke, a chum of Molly's brother Bob, and Dorothy March, his fiancée. This leaves Molly in a very awkward position, as she has boasted to Dorothy of her capable maid and excellent housekeeping. Her husband telephones to the labor bureau and they promise to send out a new maid at once. She arrives that morning and encounters Bob, who immediately recognizes her as June Haverhill, an old friend. She explains that she has been doing some special investigation for her economics courses at Wellesley and had applied to the employment bureau for practical work, never dreaming she would be sent to a place where she is known. She starts to leave, but Bob persuades her to stay, since he is the only one who knows her.

All goes well until Max Ten Eyke comes upon the scene. He had been in love with June and she had refused him; but he now thinks that she has undergone a change of heart and is masquerading in this way in order to be near him. He thinks he is still in love with June; but he feels that he cannot break his engagement with Dorothy March, as only on condition of his marrying her will she inherit a large fortune. In a quarrel with Dorothy he finds that she has agreed to marry him only because by so doing he will inherit a fortune. When each finds out that the other is agreeing to the engagement through a sense of duty, they decide to break off the relationship. Max then finds a note expressing love and devotion in extravagant terms and signed "J. H.," which strengthens his opinions regarding June's feelings. June, however, disclaims all knowledge and it develops that the letter was written to Dorothy by John Hume, the amorous young rector of the parish. Max and Dorothy finally realize that they love each other after all, and June and Bob become engaged to the great delight of the romantic-souled Molly and her devoted husband. The employment bureau sends word that it has found a new Ellen and with everyone satisfied, we are led to believe they lived happily ever after.

Edna Dixon as June Haverhill gave a perfect portrait of the best type of modern college girl. Her acting of the part was bright and natural and we were delighted to discover that even make-up could not hide the dimples. Catherine Greenough as Molly was the most charming of young matrons and quite won our hearts; and as for Martha Morse as Dorothy! We can only say that we felt in kindred spirit with the young rector when he gasped at sight of her, "Aurora!"

Hope Allen, Paulina Miller and Virginia Miller as the gentlemen of the play all succeeded remarkably well in carrying difficult parts and deserve much credit for their clever acting. Julia Abbe as the sentimental rector made the part as humorous and delightfully ridiculous as only Julia could.

Much of the success of the play was due to the skilled coaching and tireless efforts of Miss Morgan, and the class of 1920 deeply appreciate her interest and sympathetic, effective work in their behalf.

The annual English V one-act plays were given this year in Davis Hall on Tuesday, February 25th, and were much enjoyed, judging from the evening's enthusiastic audience and the next day's appreciative comments. "An Affair of Family" by Grace Kepner, and "The Patched Cloak" by Elizabeth Armstrong were the plays chosen for presentation. Their own decided merit, and the excellent acting of the girls taking part — for which we offer thanks and

appreciation to Miss Howey, the coach of both plays — and the music provided by Edna and Ethel Dixon and Mary Martin, all made us very proud of our girls.

The casts and plots were as follows:—

AN AFFAIR OF FAMILY, BY GRACE KEPNER

SCENE—Summer Home of Hunnewells

TIME—The Present

Mr. HERBERT HUNNEWELL, <i>a wealthy business man</i>	Ruth Hathaway
MRS. HUNNEWELL, <i>his wife</i>	Elizabeth Newton
MRS. WINTHROP LOWELL, <i>his sister</i>	Elizabeth Stewart
BOBBY LOWELL, <i>her son</i>	Bertha Worman
BETTY LOWELL, <i>her daughter</i>	Dorothy Fisher
RICHARD JOHNSON, <i>a young business man</i>	Helen Locke

Mr. and Mrs. Hunnewell are still deeply grieved over the loss at sea some years before of their only son, a boy of about fifteen, but are nevertheless, deeply interested in the love affair of Betty Lowell, their sister's daughter, and a rather unknown but prepossessing youth, Richard Johnson. The sister, Mrs. Lowell, is much incensed at the affair, for the young man is of an unimportant and even unheard-of family, and Mrs. Lowell is a snob. But the unintentional exertions of her small son Bobby and a relation of his vaguely remembered past by young Johnson discover him to be Dick Hunnewell, who was thought drowned. This established social position renders Mrs. Lowell suddenly affectionate and amenable, and Betty and Dick and the world in general are left pleasantly happy.

THE PATCHED CLOAK, BY ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG

Scene — An Elizabethan Inn

CAST

DICKON, <i>the tapster</i>	Gwendolen Bossi
SAM, <i>the hostler's boy</i>	Anna Hussey
SIR HUGH	Carol Perrin
LADY JOAN	Eliza Bailey
THE LANDLORD	Martha Stockwell

In the taproom of an Elizabeth tavern sit two lads shining tankards disinterestedly, and talking with animation of the chivalrous Sir Walter Raleigh, and the glory of a life on the open sea. When left alone, Dickon, the more romantic of the two, acts out with his patched cloak, the scene, as he had witnessed it, between Sir Walter and Queen Elizabeth, but is interrupted by the appearance of a charming lady in distress, whose tale of a cruel brother's pursuit stirs Dickon's chivalry deeply. He sets her, disguised as a barmaid, to shining tankards, and when an impatient and handsome nobleman enters he persistently refuses to betray her, until a threatened blow from the irate young lord makes her reveal herself. As the ardent Sir Hugh and capricious Lady Joan talk to, at, and against each other, Dickon learns of their true relationship, he an impassioned lover, she wilful, yet almost willing, and of their wager whose price is her kiss. He considers himself used as a tool, and is enraged. However, it develops that his chivalrous protection of Lady Joan

has won *him* the kiss. In sudden embarrassment, and under strong pressure from the young nobleman, he sells the kiss for service under Sir Hugh and a home and happiness for his mother, to whom he swiftly runs. Half afraid, Sir Hugh claims the kiss, which is paid petulantly enough — on his forehead. His despair melts her, and under the protection afforded by the presence of the landlord who blunders in, she answers him as he wished — with her love — and the curtain goes down, leaving Sir Hugh about to be satisfied, and the audience already very much so.

The Senior Class presented their annual play this year, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", on Tuesday evening, March 11, in Davis Hall. It was so exceedingly well done, the costumes so attractive, the dancing of certain rhythmic Seniors so graceful, and the music of the trio and Glee Club so effective that the audience found itself transported to a Shakesperian fairyland, and watched "enacted the misadventures of four lamentable lovers, and the humours of Bottom the weaver," as the Old English programs pleasantly announced.

The action never dragged for a moment and the acting was vivid and interpretive, keeping the large audience continually charmed and laughing. Miss Morgan is to be congratulated for the successful result of her careful coaching, and also Miss Adams, who coached the dancers.

Among the mortals, Elizabeth Armstrong as Lysander was a low-voiced, passionate lover of a sweetly childish Hermia, Ruth Alley, and a lovely scorned and scorning Helena, Helen Wygant. Eleonore Taylor made a charming blonde Demetrius. Theseus and Hippolyta looked on graciously, but Egeus was more disturbed — poor, distracted parent! The impromptu performers coached by Doris Knights as Quince were so splendid that words fail. Quince's shrill-voiced directions, the love troubles of Pyramus and Thisbe (Charlotte Copeland and Elizabeth Wright) as assisted by their companions, and the other troubles of Bottom amused us immensely.

The fairy band, led by a lovely, shimmering king and queen, and dominated by the most bewitching and light-footed of Pucks, were so entirely sprite-like that our childhood belief in fairies revived in full force.

"The love we bear our master, gentle William Shakespeare"—again the program speaks—and the love we bear our Seniors, made the evening a thoroughly pleasant one.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Cast of characters in the play:—

THESEUS, <i>Duke of Athens</i>	Jennie Marr Dunaway
EGEUS, <i>father to Hermia</i>	Marian Nichols
LYSANDER }	Elizabeth Armstrong
DEMETRIUS/ <i>lovers to Hermia</i>	Eleonore Taylor
PHILOSTRATE, <i>master of Revels in Theseus</i>	Katharine Coe
QUINCE, <i>a carpenter</i>	Doris Knights
SNUG, <i>a joiner</i>	Cora Erickson
BOTTOM, <i>a weaver</i>	Charlotte Copeland

FLUTE, <i>a bellows mender</i>		Elizabeth Wright
SNOUT, <i>a tinker</i>		Ruth Hathaway
STARVELING, <i>a tailor</i>		Louise Clement
HIPPOLYTA		Grace Leyser
HERMIA		Ruth Alley
HELENA		Helen Wygant
OBERON, <i>king of the fairies</i>		Marea Blackford
TITANIA, <i>queen of the Fairies</i>		Grace Kepner
PUCK, <i>a sprite</i>		Josephine Hamilton
PEASEBLOSSOM	} <i>Fairies</i>	Dorothy Stibbs
COBWEB		Margaret Clark
MOTH		Marion Chandler
MUSTARDSEED		Dorothy Evans
FIRST FAIRY		Dorothy Korst
CLOWNS		{Thelma Mazey {Ethel Bonney

FAIRIES ATTENDING TITANIA: D. Stibbs, M. Clark, M. Chandler, D. Evans, D. Korst, D. Shapleigh.

FAIRIES ATTENDING OBERON: E. Newton, H. Harrison, M. Greeley, C. Richardson, N. Scovill, E. Sjostrom, M. Brewer.

ATTENDANTS TO THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA: M. Dane, K. Beck, G. Brown, M. Johnson, G. Francis.

ATHENIAN LADIES: E. Luce, G. Glendinning, I. Franklin.

On Tuesday evening, April 15, we had a great pleasure in the presentation by the Odeon Society of two one-act plays, "A Homespun Romance" by a girl of the Hindman School in the Kentucky mountains, and "Experience" by Mildred Frost, a member of Odeon. Again we were very proud of our girls, both in the very entertaining little play from among those written by the Society and in their clever acting, the coaching of which Miss Howey and Miss Marceau kindly and successfully undertook.

Odeon has been quietly doing fine work this year in the various ways afforded by one-act plays, stories and poems. It has also established an interesting precedent in beginning a leather-bound book which contains the type-written work of the Society last year and this year, and is to be continued for five years, thus forming the foundation of an Odeon library of accomplishment.

Between the two plays Dorothy Williams sang two ballads of the Kentucky Mountains, "Sourwood Mountain" and "The Little Mohee". These were quaintly humorous, the music delightful and full of repetition, and we loved them.

The casts and plots of the playlets were these:—

"A HOMESPUN ROMANCE"—HINDMAN PLAY

Prologue by Josephine Hamilton

GRANNY SAL	Martha Morse
REBECCA BAXTER	Mildred Frost

MRS. TALLY, <i>Ben's mother</i>	Elisabeth Luce
ELIZA JANE	Charlotte Vose
AUNT MARIA PERKINS	Eleonore Taylor
BEN TALLY	Kathreen Noyes

This little play shows simply and intimately a scene in the daily life of the mountain whites. A little love story between Ben and Becky, and the incessant conversation of visiting Aunt Maria Perkins are the chief events about which the picture of mountain life was arranged. The playlet deepened our interest in the fine work of this school.

Martha Morse made a realistic and rheumatic Granny Sal; Eleonore Taylor charmed us with her everlasting prattle; Mildred Frost and Kathreen Noyes quarreled and made up pleasantly as the young farmer and his sweetheart, and Elisabeth Luce and Charlotte Vose added atmosphere in their respective parts, all to our great satisfaction.

"EXPERIENCE", BY MILDRED FROST

STUART <i>college chums</i>	Kathreen Noyes
RODNEY	Martha Morse
POLLY, <i>Rodney's sister</i>	Mildred Frost
VIRGINIA, <i>Rodney's fiancée</i>	Josephine Hamilton
AUNT MINNIE	Eleonore Taylor

In this sprightly comedy, Stuart, in despair over his inability to propose to Polly in spite of his adoration of her, is helped out by her brother Rodney; this youth giddily tries April Fool jokes on the two with the unconscious assistance of Aunt Minnie, to whom he makes Stuart make love. The resulting confusion is finally calmed by Stuart's desperate and public avowal of his love for Polly, and the play ends with the two pairs of lovers happy, Rodney self-congratulatory, and Aunt Minnie ruminating — from experience — on man's proposals.

Kathreen Noyes and Martha Morse made two strongly contrasted and engaging young men, whose respective inexperience and sophistication kept us perpetually amused. Mildred Frost and Josephine Hamilton were the most delightful of sisters and fiancées and Eleonore Taylor made a charming and experienced Aunt Minnie.

The proceeds of the two plays, over fifty dollars, went to the Hindman Scholarship Fund of Abbot Academy.

Rhythmic Expression

On a Friday in May we were very glad of an opportunity to see what had been done in the Rhythmic Expression classes all through the year. A formal pageant was not given, but the classes went through their regular every-day work. First those of the girls who had studied it most did the technique, which was very simple. After the technique the development, from the bears stumbling through the forests to Apollo driving his fiery chariot across the

skies, was shown. And as a final dance two girls represented Alpheus and Arethusa. The remarkable thing all the way through the exhibition was the absolute lack of self-consciousness with which most of the girls danced. It was a pleasure to see how beautifully they could get into the spirit of the dancing. Indeed it seems as though the audience, too, was in the spirit of it.

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER, 1918-1919

Virginia Miller	94
Julia Abbe	92
Elizabeth Flagg, Paulina Miller, Martha Morse	91
Elisabeth Luce	90
Kathryn Beck, Dorothea Flagg, Beatrice Goff, Gertrude Lombard, Dorothy Moxley, Marian Nichols, Natalie Page, Elinor Sutton	89
Katherine Damon, Ruth Hathaway, Helen Locke, Helen Wygant	88

THIRD QUARTER, 1918-1919

Julia Abbe	93
Virginia Miller	92
Ruth Hathaway, Martha Morse, Marian Nichols, Natalie Page, Elinor Sutton	90
Kathryn Beck, Beatrice Goff, Helen Locke, Elisabeth Luce, Paulina Miller	90
Elizabeth Armstrong, Dorothea Flagg, Elizabeth Flagg, Elizabeth Newton, Carol Perrin, Elizabeth Stewart, Susannah Welborn, Frances Thompson	89
Eliza Bailey, Anna Davidson, Josephine Hamilton, Gertrude Lombard, Dorothy Moxley, Nadine Scovill	88

Items of General Interest

We are all interested in Miss Pooke's "adventures". In writing to Miss Bailey she says:—

"Greetings from this most lovely city of France! Oh! it is so wonderful everywhere I look that I count myself most fortunate that my work holds me here for a month at least, and perhaps longer. Have you guessed it is Paris?"

Of her landing in France she says:—

"On landing at Brest we went immediately to headquarters and were informed that General Pershing was within, so we waited outside en masse (being looked over at the same time by all the inhabitants) and were soon rewarded by his coming out and speaking to us. It was all most exciting."

Of Brest she writes:—

"Such a picturesque place as Brest is, such quaint Breton costumes, queer streets and wonderful sights in every direction. I immediately longed for

paints and brushes. There was a picture every way I turned and on the trip on the train that afternoon I was fairly enchanted."

Of her own work she says:—"I found I had arrived in Paris at exactly the right moment. They are launching an enormous Fine Arts Department and it was just two weeks old when I appeared and this is what I have to do. With two other girls we are opening up ateliers at the base hospitals in Paris. We go through the hospitals and find the men who are interested in sculpture, painting, drawing, architecture, interior-decoration, city-planning, etc., open up an atelier and so the men are able to keep up with their work as at home. . . . And do you think we are busy? The men simply come in crowds and work from morn until night, perfectly thrilled. . . . They want *girls* to do this first work. *They* can get the men to start better than men can. Isn't it odd? We were told that the hospitals had been canvassed and no one was interested. We went around and have found so many interested by talking with individuals that we have much ado to find room for them."

In May Miss Bailey spoke in New York to the Abbot Club at their annual meeting. She spoke on May 15 to the freshman class at Wellesley on the subject of Teaching as a Profession.

Miss Means spent a night at the school early in May, and we had a pleasant visit one afternoon from Charlotte Root Patton, who has been making a month's visit in the East with her baby daughter, Margaret, the other two little girls staying in Detroit with their father.

On Lincoln's birthday a flag was presented to the school in memory of Mrs. Draper's birthday.

During Miss Robinson's illness Miss Anne Brooks of Athol took charge of her classes.

In order to arouse an interest in photography this spring there has been a prize offered for the most artistic and beautiful snapshot. All have been invited to join the contest and it is hoped that many very beautiful and interesting pictures will be offered.

The first boy to enter the Great War from the town of Andover was Norman McLeish, who was working at Abbot Academy. He was only sixteen then and ran away from home to enlist. He returned in April in his kiltie, with a campaign stripe on his coat, having been in active fighting both in Flanders and Salonika, and for many months in a Malta hospital with malaria.

Mrs. Alden has recently given the school two very interesting collections made by Mr. Alden, for so many years a trustee of Abbot,— one of the different stages in the preparation of flax, the other to illustrate some of the products made by the distillation of coal, prepared by Mr. Alden with great care and used by him in connection with his very interesting lecture on coal-tar products.

From the estate of Mrs. Sarah N. Carter there has come to the school an interesting collection of coins made by Dr. Selah Merrill. They are mostly copper coins of about 400 A.D., — a few of them Turkish of a later date.

We are very grateful to Miss Mills for the offer of two Artist Proof engravings. These are of the "Marriage at Cana" by Paul Veronese, and the "Transfiguration" by Raphael.

The Boston Abbot Club has made a gift to the school of \$15.00.

A very interesting recent gift to the school is from Mrs. Pierson Page of Andover — a very large and valuable chronological chart of ancient, modern, and Biblical history, with maps of the world's great empires and all kinds of useful historical information picturesquely presented.

Miss Gertrude Sherman has for several months been teaching French in the Springfield High School.

Since last January Miss Runner has been working at the International Institute in Paterson, New Jersey. She is one of two workers with the Italian immigrant women and is most enthusiastic about it all.

Miss Margaret Elliott, who since February has been working for the Child Labor Bureau of the Department of Labor, received orders in March to proceed to Spartanburg, S. C., to form part of a field party which is engaged in a study of southern children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, which is the period at which the Child Labor Law is applicable. Miss Elliott was doing the work of a mental examiner, giving simple mental tests to the children to supplement the work of the doctors.

Miss Adele Martin, teacher of Latin, 1916-17, has been in Y.M.C.A. work as extension secretary in Roanoke, Va. Her brother was first lieutenant in Infantry service overseas.

Since February, when Miss Goodwin was obliged to resign because of illness, Draper Hall has been in charge of Miss Frances Augusta Wheeler of South Weymouth. Miss Wheeler was at one time the social secretary of the Congressional Club in Washington and has recently been head of one of the Smith College houses.

Athletic Notes

Owing to bad weather we were unable to hold our field day on May 21, as was planned, but the various contests were played off during the following week.

In hockey, the Senior-Middlers and Juniors defeated the Seniors and Junior-Mids by a score of 5 to 2.

In basketball they were also victorious with a score of 10 to 9.

The tennis tournament was won by Elizabeth Wright, who defeated Elinor Sutton in the finals with the score of sets 6-1, 3-6, 6-2.

The cup was won this year by the classes of 1920 and 1922 by a score of 30 to 20.

An exhibition of military drill was also scheduled for field day but was given later.

Alumnae Notes

There was a large gathering of Abbot girls at the mid-winter lunch of the Alumnae Association and Boston Abbot Club, many old girls being present who had not been back for several years, notably Mrs. Otis Cary from Japan, whose husband is having a year's furlough, Mrs. Darling, the new president of the Alumnae Association, and Mrs. Mary Beal Stephenson of Duluth. Miss Means, who is president of the Abbot Club, presided, and interesting addresses were given by Mrs. Darling and Miss Margaret Elliott, Mrs. Darling about her work among the soldiers at Hampton, Virginia, Miss Elliott of her work as manager of the women's department at the Watertown Arsenal. Miss Bailey gave what everyone was very glad to hear, the latest news from Abbot Academy.

1858. Mrs. Henrietta Hamlin Washburn was knocked down by an automobile and seriously injured, in the winter. Both hips were broken, one a bad fracture; but aided doubtless by the characteristic Hamlin will-power, she has recovered sufficiently to sit up, and may yet be able to walk about. Her son, Dr. George Washburn of Boston, who went to Turkey shortly before the accident as a member of the relief commission, is expected home soon. Her grandson, Arthur H. Washburn, is teaching in Phillips Academy.

1858. A pleasant letter has recently been received from Mrs. Emma Stowell Bartlett, now living in Duxbury, of whom nothing had been known for many years. She was one of a group of four sisters who were in school for several years from San Francisco. She has been brought in touch with the school again through Miss Charlotte Swift, †1858, of Andover, who is always very thoughtful about reporting news of former pupils.

†1868. Mrs. Harriet Abbott Clark's son, Eugene, has recently been advanced to a full professorship in German at Dartmouth College.

†1868. Olive Higgins Prouty, who is a well-known writer of short stories and books, is the daughter of Mrs. Katherine Chapin Higgins of Worcester, who is active in the work of the Parent-Teachers Association. "The Star in the Window" is perhaps Mrs. Prouty's best work. The *New York Tribune* speaks of her "fine spirit of realism and the wholesome tales of human life, as interesting as life itself should always be".

†1874. Mrs. Belle Wilson Pettee, who is in the United States on furlough, with her husband, spent the winter in Illinois, but hopes to attend the reunion of her class in June. Dr. Pettee was recently given a reception by his Dartmouth classmates at the Christian Endeavor headquarters in Boston. Among those present were the husbands of at least two Abbot girls, Harriet Abbott Clark and Lizzie Whitcomb Adriance.

†1876. Mrs. Harriet Chapell Newcomb and her daughters, Ruth W., †1910, and Cornelia C., †1917, have the sympathy of a large circle of Abbot Academy friends in the death of Mr. Newcomb on May 10.

†1877. Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary, who is on furlough in this country, has spoken at the Boston Abbot Club and to the girls at the Academy where she spent the week-end of May 4. Her daughter, Alice, is engaged in work for refugees in Siberia with the Red Cross.

†1877. Mrs. Sarah Bird Harris's son, Henry, was second lieutenant in the 76th Infantry, and Arthur had the same rank in the Ordnance Department.

†1878. Ellen Conant Stinson's oldest son, Daniel Chase, member of the U. S. Marine Corps, was killed in action last June. He was reported missing and it was many months before her suspense was ended by a comrade's testimony as to his death. A memorial service was held February 16, in Roxbury.

1884. Dr. and Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton (Pauline Whittlesey) left Boston on May 8 for a six months' tour in the East, visiting mission stations in Japan, China, and possibly India. Dr. Patton represents the American Board of Foreign Missions in this part of a world survey now being carried on by the Interchurch World Movement, one of the most remarkable undertakings of the age. Mrs. Patton is identified also with good works at home, and is well known in Massachusetts as the able president of the Woman's Home Missionary Association of the Congregational Church.

†1887. Rev. J. B. Lewis, husband of Olive Pearson, has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in East Longmeadow.

1888. Mabel Paradise Barnard's son, Foster, took the course at the Cambridge Radio School and is third class electrician on sea duty.

1891. Mrs. William C. Miller (Alice Fleek) was secretary of the Red Cross in Newark throughout the war, and this spring in recognition of her invaluable services a dinner was given her by the Red Cross Society, at which she was presented with a very beautiful watch.

†1897. Frances Hinkley Quinby's husband was welcomed with great rejoicing by the Phillips Academy boys on his return to Andover in May after his year overseas. His work since the armistice has been at a great physical instruction center, teaching the French our methods of directing army games.

†1899. Mary Ryder has been appointed teacher of English in the Elmhurst, Long Island, High School, which is in the New York City school system. She has been teaching for some years in a much larger school in Newark, and enjoys her new work very much.

†1900. Mary Morgan Norwood of Baltimore did some efficient war work as chief clerk in the office of the Food Administration of Maryland, with sixty-five clerks under her. Her husband was assistant steel constructor in the naval service and her brother served as physician in France.

†1901. Evelyn Carter received a government appointment in a Washington hospital in January, soon after completing her course in occupational therapy.

†1905. Frances Cutler has been teaching in the department of English at Simmons College, and expects to study at Columbia University next year.

†1907. Harriet Chapman has been teaching for several years in the public schools of Avon, Mass.

†1908. Esther Parker has gone to France with the Y.M.C.A. She is doing canteen work near Chaumont.

†1909. Louise Norpell Meek has been in New York in the employ of the Y.M.C.A. War Work Council. She expects her husband and two brothers back from France and Italy shortly. The former, a major in the 112th Field Signal Battalion, has had three years of army life and has recently been decorated for bravery.

†1909. Edith Van Horn Matson has moved to Perry, New York.

1909. Mrs. Jarvis sent the sad news of her daughter, Edwina Jarvis Keithley's, death from pneumonia in her far-away North Dakota home four days after baby Eleanor's birth. Little Virginia is only two years old.

†1910. Mira B. Wilson has been giving a course of lectures at Boston University this year on the Psychology of Adolescence, and has also been an instructor in community schools in Boston and Lynn for the training of Sunday School teachers.

†1910. Edith Flynn's husband, Ensign Joseph A. Bain, was killed by an explosion in the navy yard in New York on May 2. They had been married only a year.

†1911. Dorothy Bigelow has been elected president of Student Government at Miss Bouvé School, and Marion McPherson (†1918) vice-president.

†1911. Rev. Fletcher Douglas Parker, husband of Katharine Ordway, preached twice in Andover this spring, once at the chapel and once at the South Church. Mr. Parker has recently been appointed Boston City Missionary, succeeding Dr. Waldron.

1911. Ruth Niles Thompson has a little daughter named Elizabeth Sabina.

†1912. Ruth Draper has been nursing in the Base Hospital at Camp Meade, Md., and expects to be sent in an organizing unit to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

†1913. Esther Pickles has been helping at the International Settlement of the Y.M.C.A. in Lawrence.

†1913. Laura Northey Marland is at Jackson College and has won the Goddard Prize for a Political Science thesis, the Alpha Xi Delta Prize Scholarship, and the Phi Beta Kappa key.

†1913. Marion Gould Smith has been assisting Rev. Clark Carter in the Lawrence City Mission this year. Her husband is still on duty in Germany.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins has been spending some months in the Panama Canal Zone with her father, Brigadier-General Harry C. Wilkins, U.S.A.

1913. Ada Brewster is in the graduating class of Simmons College.

1914. Hildegard Gutterson was married on January 30 to Dr. Judson Smith, and a few days later sailed with him in a large party under the auspices of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East. The news of almost unbelievable need in Turkey makes it a great satisfaction to have the school represented in this far-reaching reconstruction movement. Hildegard has followed the example of her mother, Emma Wilder Gutterson, of the class of 1874, who went to India soon after her marriage.

†1914. Helen E. Gilbert sailed for France on the *Manchuria* in March as Y.M.C.A. girl, and has been in charge of a Y.M.C.A. hut in Chaumont.

†1915. Marion Hamblet, Patty Williams, Arline Talcott, and Muriel Baker are in the graduating class at Wellesley.

†1916. Katharine Odell is graduating this June from Miss Neil's Kindergarten Training School in Boston.

†1916. Agnes Leslie has changed from Wellesley to Barnard College.

†1916. Ruth Lindsay has been working this winter in the Andover Savings Bank.

†1916. Marion Selden has been chosen one of the juniors to carry the ivy chain at Commencement at Smith.

†1916. We are sorry to report the death of Eleanor Frary's brother, Donald.

1916. June Perry is taking a nurse's training course at the Newton Hospital.

†1917. Mildred Gilmore Paegel's address is now Mrs. Horace A. Paegel, 1779 Irving Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.

†1917. Mary E. Wuichet was appointed in January a teacher in the home economics department of the Dayton public schools.

†1917. Carita Bigelow had a prominent part in the Sophomore play at Wellesley.

†1917. Hilda Temple graduates in June from the Skidmore School of Fine Arts in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

†1917. Gertrude Goss and Margaret Mitchell are graduating this June from Miss Bouve's School.

†1918. Clarissa Horton is recovering from a serious operation for appendicitis.

†1918. Emmavail Luce was Queen of the May at Wellesley College.

1918. Esther Milliken has been studying with Miss Bennett this winter and sang at the recital of Miss Bennett's pupils in May.

Visitors

Mrs. Mary Beal Stephenson, †1892, Mrs. Annis Spencer Gilbert, †1889, Mary Church, †1917, Norma Allen, †1915, Miss King, Miss Pettingell, Emma-vail Luce, †1918, Mary Jepherson, †1918, Emma Stohn, †1916, Eugenia Parker, †1916, Mrs. Fanny Fletcher Parker, †1872, Bertha Birtwell, 1909, Winona Algie, †1900, Mrs. Caroline Sanders Wilkinson, 1892, Anna I. Nettleton, †1893, Charlotte Hardy, †1898, Mrs. Sally Utter Fletcher, Elisabeth Bartlett, †1914, Katherine Tougas, 1917, Clara Jackson Hukill, †1907, Charlotte Root Patton, Miss Means, Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne, †1878, Margaret Van Voorhis, 1917, Louise Bacon, †1918, Dorothy Pillsbury, †1916, Martha Grace Miller, †1918.

Engagements

†1906. CARR-MACKINTIRE.—Persis L. Mackintire to Mr. Homer Denison Carr of Middletown, N. Y.

†1916. Josephine Walker to Mr. Edgar Foster Woodman of Concord and Cambridge.

†1916. Esther Van Dervoort to Mr. Maurice Wilton Howe.

1918. Lois Gaudreaux to Ensign Ralph C. Lowes, Jr., U.S.N., of Peoria, Illinois.

Marriages

†1899. YOUNG-CHILDS.—In Brattleboro, Vermont, November 25, 1913, Ruth Wentworth Childs to Mr. Ernest C. Young. At home, 390 Riverway, Boston.

†1908. WILBUR-EYER.—In Los Angeles, California, April 26, 1919, Marguerite Knowlton Eyer to Mr. Van Rensselaer Gideon Wilbur, Jr.

1909. FARNSWORTH-MILLS.—In Brookline, April 26, Helen Holmes Mills, daughter of Helen (Holmes) Mills, 1884, to Lieut. Charles Edward Farnsworth, recently returned from aviation service in France.

1910. SHERMAN-HENDRICKS.—At Madison, Wisconsin, June, 1916, Gertrude Winnifred Hendricks to Mr. James M. Sherman.

1913. ATKINSON-TEMPLE.—In Andover, June 23, 1918, Ruth Tripp Temple to Mr. George S. Atkinson. Address, 213 White Street, Hartford, Conn.

1913. ELLISON-KNOX.—In Bradford, February 22, 1919, Alice Safford Knox to Mr. Pierce Brentwood Ellison.

†1914. SMITH-GUTTERSON.—In Cambridge, January 30, 1919, Hildegard Gutterson to Dr. Judson Smith.

†1918. WYETH-HOLMES.—In Boston, January 22, 1919, Elizabeth R. Holmes to Lieutenant Roy E. Wyeth, Canadian Army.

Births

†1904. In Chicago, February 6, 1919, a son, Newell Eddy, to Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson McCabe (Laura Parker Eddy).

†1906. In Portland, Oregon, March, 1919, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Bridge Hastings (Rena Porter).

†1907. In Ashland, Kentucky, September, 1918, a daughter, Hilda, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers Peebles (Hilda Seaton).

†1908. In New York City, January 12, 1919, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James B. Cheney (Marion Cole).

†1909. April 19, 1918, a daughter, Doris Rice, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dwight Miller (Gladys Perry).

1909. In Fargo, N. D., February 7, 1919, a daughter, Eleanor Spencer, to Professor and Mrs. J. R. Keithley (Edwina Jarvis).

1910. In Andover, April 16, 1919, a son, Frank, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Brien (Dorothy Dole).

†1913. March 8, 1919, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Ercell A. Teeson (Marion Martin).

1913. February 18, 1919, a daughter, Cornelia, to Mr. and Mrs. Lynmont Albion Trumbull (Hazel Norcross).

†1914. In Asbury Park, New Jersey, May 8, 1919, a daughter, Marie Winsor, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Franklin Appleby (Marie Estell Winsor).

Deaths

In Sedan, France, February 21, 1919, Elizabeth Stearns Tyler.

1855. In Summit, N. J., March, 1919, Ellen Silvester, wife of the late Peleg Wadsworth, M.D., of Malden.

1855. In South Boston, February 4, 1919, Mary Nichols, for many years a teacher in the Bigelow School.

1855. In Wolfeboro Falls, N. H., May 14, 1919, Mrs. Oliver P. Berry (Mary L. Rea).

1859. In Gloucester, October 29, 1916, Mary J. Lowe, wife of the late Charles E. Parkhurst.

1864. In Brockton, April 8, 1919, Ella Frances Southworth, "known to hundreds of people because of her philanthropic work".

1866. In Newark, N. J., May 11, 1919, Jessie Emerson, widow of Mr. George H. Taylor, who was the son of Dr. S. H. Taylor, former principal of Phillips Academy. Her only surviving child, Harvey, could not be with her in her illness as he is in Italy serving under the Y.M.C.A.

1866. In Constantinople, Turkey, January 3, 1919, Abbie Frances Hamlin, wife of Professor Charles Anderson of Robert College, and daughter of Henrietta (Jackson) Hamlin, 1829. She went to Turkey in 1888 and has been engaged in missionary work there ever since.

1867. April 24, 1919, Helen Cummings Allen of Peabody.

1869. In Brockton, April 12, 1917, Ellen F. Blanchard, wife of Abbott W. Packard.

†1876. In New London, Conn., on May 10, 1919, Frederic Seymour Newcomb, husband of Harriet W. Chapell, †1876, and father of Ruth Newcomb, †1910, and Cornelia Newcomb, †1917.

1886. In Brookline, March 16, 1919, Mary A. Ripley, wife of Rev. Frank R. Shipman.

1898. In Lawrence, April 12, 1919, Helen Stanley, wife of Mr. Irving W. Sargent.

1909. In Fargo, N. D., February 11, 1919, Edwina Jarvis, wife of Professor Joseph R. Keithley.

1910. In Washington, D. C., July 24, 1918, Gertrude W. Kendricks (Mrs. James M. Sherman).

MARY APPLETON RIPLEY SHIPMAN

Mary Ripley Shipman was the daughter of Colonel George Ripley, long a trustee of the school, and of Mary Aiken Ripley, of the class of 1854. She married Rev. Frank R. Shipman, who was for twenty years pastor of the South Church of Andover. She died in Brookline on March 16, after an illness of several years.

It would be hard to tell just what was the rare quality which made Mary Shipman's life mean so much to her friends. Perhaps it was her ready smile, her quick responsiveness and sympathy, her keen wit and deep perceptions. But surely it was her joyous, buoyant spirit — so generous, so fine — her indomitable courage. And there was in her too the strength, the dignity, the peace that comes from a sure faith — the faith of one who had learnt

“With an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
To see into the life of things.”

Calendar

1919-1920

1919

June 10, Tuesday

School year ends

Summer Vacation

September 17, Boarding students register before 6 P.M.

September 18, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Fall term begins

November 27, Thursday

Thanksgiving Day

December 18, Thursday, 12 M.

Fall term ends

Christmas Vacation

1920

January 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

January 8, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Winter term begins

January 31, Saturday

First semester ends

February 2, Monday

Second semester begins

March 25, Thursday, 12 M.

Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 8, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Spring term begins

June 8, Tuesday

School year ends

Abbot Academy Faculty

BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL

Psychology, Ethics

KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

Mathematics

NELLIE MARIA MASON

Physics, Chemistry

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, B.A.

History, English

MARTHA MELISSA HOWEY, B.L.

Literature, History of Art

MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, B.A.

English

RUTH ELEANOR LANE, M.A.

Mathematics

JANET ELIZABETH DAVISON, B.A.

History, Librarian

MRS. HEDWIG DOROTHEE (ENGELL) CRAMER

German

RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.

Latin

HELEN DANFORD ROBINSON, B.A.

Latin

HILDA BAYNES, B.èsL.

French

ALICE DESPLACES

French

OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS, B.A.

Spanish, Latin

BERTHA ADALINE GRIMES, B.A.

Biology, Household Science

LOUISE ADAMS WHITING

Physical Education

EMILY ADAMS

Rhythmic Expression

BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN

Vocal Expression

JOSEPH NICKERSON ASHTON, M.A.

Pianoforte, Organ, Harmony

EVELYN FRANCES HATHAWAY

Pianoforte

MABEL ADAMS BENNETT

Vocal Music

MARIE NICHOLS

Violin

MILDRED GATES

Violin

MARY SNOW BLAIKIE

Violoncello

*MARION LOUISE POOKE, B.B.

Drawing, Painting

Mrs. BEATRICE WHITNEY VAN NESS

Substitute for Miss Pooke

RACHEL AUGUSTA DOWD, B.A.

Secretary to the Principal

ELIZABETH HARLOW BACON

Supervisor of Day Scholars

PHILANA McLEAN

In charge of Draper Hall to January, 1919

CAROLINE MARION GOODWIN

In charge of Draper Hall January, 1919

FRANCES AUGUSTA WHEELER, A.B.

In charge of Draper Hall

MARJORIE LOIS ASHLEY, B.A.

Assistant to Miss McLean

MARY BISHOP PUTNAM

Assistant in charge of the cottages

Mrs. KATHERINE YARDIE (KEARNEY) BOUTELLE, R.N.

Resident Nurse

JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.

Keeper of Alumnae Records, Andover.

* On leave of absence from January, 1919.

Lecturers

PRESIDENT ELLEN FITZ PENDLETON
DR. JOSEPHINE H. KENYON
MRS. SALLY UTTER FLETCHER
MRS. EDITH WYNNE MATHESON KENNEDY
MME. SUZANNE BING
MISS AMELIA P. TILESTON

Speakers

REV. CLARK CARTER	MISS MABEL EMERSON
REV. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE, D.D.	ROBERT E. SPEER, D.D.
MISS AIMÉE SEARS	REV. RALPH HARLOW
MISS MARY WIGGIN	MRS. OTIS CAREY
MISS BERTHA HARLAN	DR. J. EDGAR PARK
REV. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, D.D.	

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MISS EDNA and Miss ETHEL DIXON
PUPILS OF Miss MABEL ADAMS BENNETT

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<i>Vice-President</i>	ELISABETH LUCE
<i>Secretary</i>	HOPE ALLEN
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GRACE LEYSER	KATHREEN NOYES
MARIAN CHANDLER	EDNA DIXON
KATHERINE COE	JANET WARREN
ELISABETH LUCE	ETHEL DIXON
RUTH HATHAWAY	

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<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	GRACE LEYSER

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MILDRED FROST	CHARLOTTE VOSE
ELISABETH LUCE	ELSA BAALACK
ELEONORE TAYLOR	MARGARET CLARK
JULIA ABBE	FLORENCE MATILE
CATHERINE GREENOUGH	JOSEPHINE HAMILTON

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<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH HATHAWAY
<i>Secretary</i>	VIRGINIA MCCAULEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY MARTIN

Glee Club

<i>Leader</i>	VIRGINIA MCCAULEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	DOROTHY WILLIAMS

Class Organization

Senior '19

<i>President</i>	KATHARINE COE
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELISABETH LUCE
<i>Secretary</i>	MILDRED FROST
<i>Treasurer</i>	ETHEL BONNEY

Class Motto: "Duty, Service, and Sacrifice"

Class Flower: Rose

Class Colors: Rose and Silver

Senior Middle '20

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<i>Vice-President</i>	HOPE ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	EDNA DIXON
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN THIEL

Class Motto: "Carry On"

Class Flower: American Beauty Rose

Class Colors: Dark Green and Red

Junior Middle '21

<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH WELD
<i>Vice-President</i>	ETHEL DIXON
<i>Secretary</i>	MARIANNA WILCOX
<i>Treasurer</i>	FRANCES GASSER

Class Flower: Violet

Class Colors: Purple and White

Juniors '22

<i>President</i>	JANE BALDWIN
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE DAMON
<i>Secretary</i>	LOIS KIRKHAM
<i>Treasurer</i>	FRANCES THOMPSON

Class Flower: Sunburst Rose

Class Colors: Blue and Silver

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MRS. ELLEN CHAMBERLAIN BLAIR

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And I've so mixed up the two,
That I can't tell when I'm happy
And I can't tell wehn I'm blue.
For my days at dear old Abbot
Are fast drawing to a close
When I leave it all behind me.
What I'll feel like goodness knows.
For you see I've been at Abbot for about five years and so
I'll be really mighty lonely when it does come time to go,
For I've had such good times here.



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But it's been fun in the doing,
And one doesn't like to shirk
So you see at last I'm finishing
And all the folks I know
Call these days the happiest of my life
And they are flying so!
As now I leave behind me such full and happy years.
I don't seem to be worrying of past or future fears,
But my one prayer at going is that one day I may be
Really worthy of the treasure that my years here gave to me.
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LET US HAVE CHANGE

There is nothing new under the sun.
Even the birds
Learned how to sing
Before we did.
But at least we have more variety,
Which is gratifying.
One bird always sings the same song,
Or if not he is supposed to.
But one girl, even though she does sing
The same song
Most of the time,
Changes the song every few days.
And it isn't always ragtime.
She frequently chants the alto
Of a Fidelio classic, let us say.
And sometimes the martial strain
Of a well-loved hymn
Floats forth.
But in Springtime she loves especially
The music of former days,
And estatically, reminiscently
Warbles
(To her ukulele)
The love songs of 1911.

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